TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

APRIL, 1832.

BOUND
52/10.19

MR. LEIGH HUNT'S POEMS.

A handsome and correct edition of a poet's works has been described as the noblest monument that can be raised to his genius. Such an edition of the poetical writings of Mr. LEIGH HUNT is about to appear, under auspices which will render the publication at once interesting and memorable. The work is to be brought out, as was Pope's Homer, under the affectionate guardianship of personal friends and admirers, and of such literary and public characters as are entitled to shew that they can sympathize with a man of genius, suffering from broken health and domestic difficulties. Among the names of the sponsors to the forthcoming work, it is gratifying to find in alliance those of WORDSWORTH and CAMPBELL. The price of the volume is to be one guinea; and, besides *Rimini*—a work which will not soon be forgotten—and Mr. HUNT'S shorter pieces, it will include a new poem of considerable length. It is needless to say how cordially we wish success to this scheme of making Mr. LEIGH HUNT'S early labours minister to his present comfort, and to placing him, as his friends say, "in *advance* of his difficulties." We are peculiarly desirous to see this design liberally and handsomely supported in Scotland, believing that, nationally, we owe such atonement to Mr. HUNT as may prove that this country is no party to the offence and injury which have been offered him. We need scarcely remind our readers that his case was the instance, by which the *Edinburgh Review* chose to illustrate that organized system of persecution and calumny, brought to bear upon every literary man, who dared to entertain and express an honest or independent opinion on any public question. An early opportunity may be looked for of speaking of Mr. LEIGH HUNT'S literary productions as we feel; it is enough that his private hardships have been public gain. With less honesty, and more tact, he might have been a prosperous, as he is confessedly a talented man; but we should then have had no *Examiner*. Laying aside his fine, versatile, and graceful genius, displayed in many walks of literature, we rest his claim to public gratitude on that periodical alone, and consider it one of urgent weight. In the "worst of times," under his pilotage, it held on its course with courage, perseverance, and single-minded consistency; and we are at this day, in triumph, reaping the fruits it sowed under persecution and opprobrium. These are not services to be lightly forgotten.

The small spark of the sacred fire, cherished in defiance of the fiercest intolerance, and often threatened to be extinguished, has now burst forth,

Like fire to heather set;

but every feeling of justice and generosity forbids that its wide-spread brilliancy, and the eager crowd of new worshippers that now surround its altars, should obscure or hide from view, were it but the least of the original high priests of Freedom. Among that band Mr. LEIGH HUNT is eminent. His past services have a more powerful claim than his present sufferings. Taken together the plea is irresistible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The times are political, and so, of course, are we. This is an apology to our literary correspondents; the public at large requires none, for it is too much engrossed with the business of real life to find leisure for imaginative indulgence. Next month we hope to find room for some of the many valuable contributions in the department of elegant letters, with which we have been favoured.

We humbly beg to impress upon the minds of our friendly correspondents, that "brevity is the soul of wit." We like an article all the better for containing much matter, but we object to its being extended over much space. Gold is, in our eyes, more valuable in the grain than in the leaf.

Young authors are proverbially subject to a nervous affection—a fluttering impatience to know the fate of their articles. They may be assured of our sympathy; but really our time is too valuable to be spent in practising "the soothing system," which their malady requires. No definitive answer respecting the fate of an article can be given earlier than the first publication-day subsequent to its transmission.

We may take this opportunity of stating, that all contributions, advertisements, and bills, must be forwarded to W. TAIT, Edinburgh, and SIMPKIN and MARSHALL, London, at the very latest, by the 8th of the month.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE MINISTRY.

It is proverbial that men, individually honest, will be, collectively, roguish; whence, observes the poet,

"Chartered boroughs are so great a plague;"

and the reasons of this truth do not lie very deep: but it baffles all philosophy to explain how it is that men, so able individually as are some of his Majesty's ministers, are, collectively, so incapable. Tory cabinets were compounded like the witches' charms:—a number of worthless things—newts, toads, baboons' blood, and ounces of a red-haired hypocrite, were flung together; and the mess worked potently for mischief. But the contrary is the effect of mingling the good qualities of Whigs, which, as if by a chemical process, render a result having no property in common with the chief elements employed. Three men of stronger *will* than Lords Grey, Durham, and Palmerston, could hardly be brought together; and yet, indecision and wavering have marked all the conduct of the administration, excepting in the single instance of their constancy to the bill—to which, however, they were fixed by the country; and, though firm in adherence to the thing, they have been unsteady in their mode of carrying it on, and have tottered most uneasily under the precious burthen. For talent again, there are Lords Brougham, Melbourne, and Grey; Lord Althorp too, a sensible man—one certainly above the average understanding, though not acute or felicitous in the delivery of his thoughts—and yet the counsels directed by such men have been feeble and crude; and they have been set forth with a *niaiserie* of manner, which has even disgraced their intrinsic demerits. Lord John Russell, though never rated as a miracle of sapience, was reputed a man who would not run his head against a wall, or walk into a well, and yet he has amazed all by the surface of insufficiency he has developed. In one respect, both he and his noble colleague are godlike. When the enemy pierces them with logical arms, the weapons pass through and through without making any impression, or producing any other effect than the discharge of a humour fitter for Heaven than for earth. That there must be a radical fault in the cabinet is clear, when so much strength is included in it, and so much weakness mani-

fested. The truth is, that it is composed of incompatibles; the talent is connected with conflicting principles. The ministry may be thus classified:—

POPULAR.	ARISTOCRATICAL.	SEE-SAWING BETWEEN THE TWO PRINCIPLES.
Lord Brougham,	Lord Melbourne,	Earl Grey,
Lord Althorp,	Lord Lansdowne,	Lord Goderich.
Lord Durham.	Lord Palmerston.	

Again, rating these men according to ability, they would stand thus:—

TALENT.	OFFICIAL APTITUDE.	RHETORIC.
Lord Brougham,	Lord Palmerston,	Earl Grey.
Lord Durham,	Lord Goderich.	
Lord Melbourne.		

There is no head here for Lord Althorp:—honesty is his denomination. We are yet more at a loss for a place for Lord Lansdowne. He has not enough talent, official aptitude, or rhetoric, to come under the heads, and yet he does not fall so short as to make the justice of his exclusion clear. He is a lover of ease and his order. Most of these men are, however, so mottled in their opinions and affections, that it is difficult to assign them any distinct denomination. Lord Durham is believed to be the staunchest reformer. He cannot be called *teres et rotundus*; but he has the reputation of being a most indisputable thorn to the declared enemies and false friends of the people. He is honoured with the fiercest hatred and most virulent abuse of the Tory party. Lord Brougham, by those who best know him, and whose judgment is of high authority, is said to have all good objects at heart: but his reputation lies at this disadvantage, that he is perpetually finessing against himself, while his friends are backbiting and his enemies slavering on him. The retainers of the aristocratical ministers are incessantly throwing suspicion and abuse on the Chancellor. It is no bad rule to judge of the affections of the masters by the conduct of the servants. This would give us the clue to one weakness of the Cabinet. The reputation of Lord Melbourne for talent we take on private report. Certain it is, that his talent has not manifested itself in the cause of reform, or in connexion with any one popular or useful object. His defence of the new beer bill, so important to the comfort of the poor, and the purity of the magistracy, was worse than any attack could have been. He is one of those men who are said to be very clever, only they do not show it. He is reported to be an extraordinarily great man in his Home Office. His affections, however, have long been notorious for every thing severe and unpopular which a man professing Whig politics could favour without losing caste. He has been a Whig who might much better have been cast a Tory of the Castlereagh school. Lord Palmerston again was a Tory of this iron school, a thorough hack for the road to ruin; there he exercised his best paces, and used to kick at Joseph Hume. Lord Goderich is an amiable man, *par negotiis*, who would pull very well with other men of a right sort, but whose leanings will be to the worse, (the aristocratical side,) where there are two, because his timidity inclines him to the stationary party; as we see an old woman in a carriage-way stand stock-still under the horses' noses, lest she should run into danger. We now come to the character, the development of which has been such a surprise to the country, Earl Grey. The world gave him credit for statesmanship. They who knew him more closely, were aware that he was wanting in the first essential of statesmanship, the knowledge

of the *status*. For years he had kept up no acquaintance with the world, either through books or conversation. The changes which have been so rapidly taking place in the public mind, have been unmarked by him. He is a political neophyte in his old age. He takes up the world as he laid it down, and thinks it will yet bound submissive to the ruler's racket. In rhetoric, he is as accomplished and vigorous as ever; in his understanding, there seems to be but the one fault, that he knows not what he has to do with. He is like Dominie Sampson, resuming the early lessons of "little Harry Bertram," six feet high, precisely where they were broken off, when he was whipped up by the gauger. He spouts as mere phrases, sentiments which have ceased to pass as phrases, and are resented as propositions of oppression. The reception of his talk about vindicating the rights of the Irish clergy and crushing resistance, must have astonished him about as much, as the poor Dey of Algiers was amazed in Italy, when a question was raised, as to his privilege of strangling one of his attendants, and peremptorily decided in the negative. The exile had simply forgotten the difference of time and place; and Algiers does not differ more from Italy, than England as it is differs from England as it was, when Earl Grey finished the impressions of his mind. For years he has lived in a haughty retirement, suffering much from ill health, and vacant for hypochondriacal fancies. It is still a matter of wonder, that so bold and well cast a measure as the Reform Bill, should have proceeded from such a condition of intellect. Here was no misapprehension of the state of opinion, and the necessities of the times; but while he espouses the cause, he sets himself against the consequences,—while he affords the means of redress, he declares for the inviolability of abuses. Again, in the conduct of the Reform Bill itself, there is the precise converse of this inconsistency. As in the reform pregnant with all other reforms, he affords the means, while he pledges himself to resist, the objects; so, on the other hand, in the conduct of it, he has proposed the object, and, up to the hour at which we write, withheld the means. One moment we see him busy, and earnest in making bricks without straw; and, at another, we hear him declaring, that not a part of our tottering pile shall be altered or amended. He would and he would not. He would give the people their rights and continue their wrongs. He would give the people power with the one hand, and oppose their resistance of abuses with the other. He reforms a corrupt Parliament, and threatens to vindicate with the bullet and the bayonet, an exaction for which no service is rendered.* He would concede to public opinion in the ruling measure, and resist it at the hazard of civil war, in the instance of a particular abuse, intolerable to seven millions of people subjected to it, and to another twelve millions who witness it, and make common cause as to the principle, and sympathize with those engaged in the struggle against it.

These various inconsistencies favour the opinion that the plan of reform was the work of a mind bolder and more cognizant of the times; and to Lord Durham it is attributed. However this fact may be, and whatever may be the causes of the contradictions we have noticed, it cannot be denied that the Premier's advocacy of the measure has been pre-eminently able and intrepid. In rhetoric there has been no failure on his part. The failing has been in the incomparably more important

* Lord Althorp has since explained, that it is not intended to maintain the tithe system, but to punish resistance to it before justice is rendered.

point of action. Indeed, his have been the only speeches denoting any breadth of view, and piercing comprehension. It is strange that a man who so accurately apprehended the state of the public mind, with relation to this question, should show so profound an ignorance of it in other instances, in which it is unequivocally manifested. None, however, "are so blind as those who will not see."

The distribution of the ministerial patronage is another example of the neglect of means, which seems hardly reconcileable with zeal for the objects professed. What are the people to think when they see arms from their own arsenals presented to their enemies? The effect is not singly to deprive the popular side of certain powers, which go to increase the hostile force; but also the sanction of opinion is conveyed to the enemy by these signs of extraordinary preference. The argument is, that their merits must be great, their claims overwhelming, when even their adversaries are compelled to pass over their own supporters, and acknowledge the superior qualification of their foes. As this elates the Tory party, so it abashes the Liberals; who have to bear the scoff of their opponents, and either to confess their own unworthiness, or to call in question the justice and courage of their leaders.

All men were amazed that Lord Hill, the nominee of the Duke of Wellington, was continued in the command of the army. Why was it to seem that the Tories only could produce a man fit to be Commander-in-Chief? Why were the Tories' bellowing threats of civil war to be comforted in their folly, by seeing one of their faction at the head of the army,—an enemy in our camp, and in command of our camp! Lord Hill did not vote on the Reform Bill. Sir Henry Parnell did not vote on the Russian Dutch Loan. Lord Hill was continued in the command, which should never have been confided to him. Sir Henry Parnell was instantly dismissed from the only office in the Government held by one whose qualifications far exceeded the place assigned for their exercise. Sir Henry committed a fault, but unconsciously. It is a pregnant fact, that he had no notion that his withholding his vote would be offensive to the Ministry. He had seen them so negligent of support, so careless of absolute hostility, so tolerant of actual injury, that he could hardly suppose, that, in taking the precise course on a secondary question, which Lord Hill had pursued on the vital one with impunity, he should provoke his colleagues to a rupture. But it was the old quarrel of the wolf and the lamb. Sir Henry had long discovered himself to be too good an economist for his colleagues. He did not leave his principles at the door of his office, and they were disagreeable where such things are not customary. He talked of retrenchment as if he were still on the "other side" of the House. To most fabrics there is an outside and an inside; the outside smooth and specious, the inside less fit for inspection, and laid next to self; it is especially so with the mantle of Government, the wrong side of which comes next the skin.

Earl Grey's use of his patronage has not been more blameable than Lord Brougham's, which is next in importance. A capital error, and apparently without a motive, was the appointment of Mr. Horne to the Solicitor-Generalship. As the new Chancellor was deficient in knowledge of equity, it was the more necessary that he should have a Solicitor-General who could assist and upbear him. We need not say how he has provided for his wants. The thing is ludicrous—the jest of the court and the commons. Then, in the new Bankrupt Court—that notable specimen of blundering, for the costly clumsiness of

which the country is not, in fact, indebted to the Chancellor, but to one Mr. Vizard, whose oracles are preferred to those of Bentham, albeit his name is better known in connexion with the business of making members of Parliament, than with the science of jurisprudence,—in the appointments to this precious piece of handy-work, (with its four judges to work, and four more to look over them, with such uses as the Gog and Magog in the old Hall might amply have supplied), errors of a less pardonable nature are to be traced. One may be specially instanced, the alleged motive for which was the part which the learned gentleman had taken in the suppression of some mysterious papers affecting Royalty. The question is, whether services of this sort constitute qualification for judicial office. While we are touching on this subject, we are tempted to notice a curious illustration of the rebuke of the mote in a brother's eye, in complacent unconsciousness of the beam in the censor's. Among the official assignees selected by the commissioners, were two persons, one of whom happened to be a brother, another a brother-in-law of members of the electing committee. The brother had declined to vote. Of the qualifications of the gentlemen chosen there was no doubt or question. The Chancellor, however, when he saw the names in the list, took alarm, and rejected them, signifying his displeasure that persons should have been nominated, the brother and brother-in-law of whom were on the committee. The idea of a brother having any part or influence in preferring a brother, was shocking to him, though of *his* own act he had appointed *his* brother to a mastership. For this fraternal preference there was the sanction of no committee of disinterested persons, nay there was not the approval of any one man in the country acquainted with the merits of the choice. Here Lord Brougham's favouritism, we believe, stops; Earl Grey's takes a far wider range, and we only lament that he had not five hundred more kinsmen to promote in different parts of the empire, in lieu of those enemies of the good cause, whom he has, in default of personal partialities, invested with power. Inexplicable it is that a nobleman, who, in 1810, demanded as a condition of office, that the Prince's household should be turned out, has, at the present conjuncture, so incomparably important, suffered posts of influence and command to be filled by bitter and avowed enemies to his counsels. The stake has been boldly and generously proposed, but the game has been ill played, though we have little doubt that it will ultimately be won. He who plays ill, with a nation to back him, may almost call his cards. Much mystery has been thrown about the creation of peers. One would think that Earl Grey, from tenderness to the order, wished to induce a belief that it is a difficult matter to make peers. As Teddy the tiler says, in the farce, to his brother hodman, "You baste, sure you suppose it as easy to make a peer as to make a hod of mortar." Our opinion is, that there has never been any real difficulty about the matter; though the satellites of those ministers whom we account disaffected to popular objects, have been most loud in imputing the delay to the disinclination of the King. They had, however, represented the same obstacle to the dissolution of the late Parliament, and we remember how nobly the slander was confuted by his Majesty's right majestic exercise of his prerogative. Certain we are that the persons to whom we allude, would not dare whisper against the Crown, but at the instance of their patrons for some shabby party purpose.

The Whigs have not the knack of holding their tongues. If IN or OUT depended on it, they could not help cackling in their clubs. They

are from long habit incontinent of counsel, occupied for so many years as they have been, in saying instead of doing. The babble of Brookes is irrepressible. Hence it has been no secret that Lord Lansdowne is warmly opposed to the creation of peers; indeed, he is said to have shewn such an energy in resisting this essential to the national peace, as he has never testified in any other instance of his political life. He is reported to have been comforted and abetted by Lord Melbourne. Here then we come to a new classification of ministers and official personages, in which we shall adopt the nomenclature of mothers with daughters on hand, who style younger sons, *detrimentals* or *vipers*.

DETRIMENTALS.	VIPERS.
Lord Lansdown.	Lord Melbourne.
Lord Hill.	Lord Palmerston.
Lord Shaftesbury.	
Mr. Stanley.	
The Solicitor-General.	

Until some of these are weeded out, the ministry will not work freely towards any public object, and the weakness and wavering resulting from conflicting principles will be seen in its policy.

The squeamishness which some have really felt about the creation of peers is wonderful. When a man throws himself out of a window, it is not the stone on which he falls that is to be blamed for his cracked skull. The vote on the Reform Bill, and not the creation, will have to answer for the damage of the institution. Every man not deluded by the fancies of Blackstone and De Lolme, was aware, that the House of Peers must be one of two things; either an irresponsible body, which is a despotism, or an arm of the legislature obedient to the royal will. In the rejection of the Reform Bill, it gave us a specimen of what its despotism would be; and now it will be reduced to its second condition, that of an organ of the royal pleasure. As the Commons are brought to represent the people, so the Lords will henceforth represent the ministry, whose roots of power must be in the Lower House. That poor sport of his own vanity, Mr. H. Hunt, who speaks for the only praise he can get, the praise of the Tories, has delivered himself of this piece of nonsense. "He must solemnly say, that it was the common sense of the thing, that if they made it a precedent to create a number of Peers to carry what they considered a good and constitutional measure, it would be used against them as a precedent for carrying an unconstitutional measure." The answer to this is simply, that on the speaker's showing, when the brains are out, the man must die. If the first creation of Peers reduces the power of the Lords, as contended, no second creation can raise them to the power of mischief. Every increment to the House would sink it lower in public respect and in legislative incapacity.

The House of Lords once put, by a creation, in harmony with popular opinion, may run on smoothly with the Commons; but it will never, on any important question, be able to resist the Commons, unless the Commons have ceased to be representative of the nation. The last discord has been heard; and we hope, ere this appears in print, resolved into a new harmony, in the key of that popular letter A. In this we see no sort of evil. A delusion is dissipated. The Lords have only discovered the anti-national qualities belonging to one of their two conditions—that of irresponsibility; and they must be reduced to the other—that of subordination to the existing government.

A TETE A TETE WITH MR. TAIT.

TAIT.—Well, Mr. Smith, now you have read my prospectus, what do you think of my prospects?—Is there not room for me?

SMITH.—Room, man! room! There's always room for those who will make room for themselves.

TAIT.—But see you not that I propose to take unoccupied ground?

SMITH.—Unoccupied ground! tut, tut; unoccupied ground is barren ground—ground that no man has thought worth the trouble of cultivating. Elbow your way into the thickest of the crowd;—where many are speaking, they are heard best who speak the loudest—where many are shining, they are seen to most advantage who shine the brightest. Look ye, Mr. Tait,—I see you are half-inclined to be frightened by the popular croak of bad times, rivals, and overstocked markets. Heed it not;—our enemies are our best friends, for, by their means, we have conflicts which invigorate us, and conquests which delight us. Oh, what an appetite it gives a man for his supper, to wipe the sweat from his brow and the blood from his wounds! Never does a cock crow with such ecstasy on unoccupied ground, as he does on ground from which he has driven a conquered enemy.

TAIT.—Very true, Mr. Smith, very true; but I must contend that there is a demand at this time for a magazine of liberal principles, of independent spirit, bearing upon the times, bringing out the sympathies of mankind.

SMITH.—Mr. Tait, listen to my views of political economy in the matter of the book trade. You may talk till doomsday about demand and supply, and all that sort of thing; but I will ask you one plain question:—You have kept shop in Edinburgh some few years, and you have occasionally sold a copy or two of the Waverley novels; do you recollect that, before those novels were published, any customer came into your shop with money in his hand, saying, "Now, Mr. Tait, here is money, which you shall have, if you will produce, or cause to be produced, an interesting and lively narrative, called a novel, but written fifty times better than any novel that has been produced for the last twenty years." Or, in the whole course of your existence, and in all your intercourse with the reading and thinking public, did you ever set your eyes on any individual of whom you could positively pronounce,—"Such an one is in want of a good novel, a good magazine, or a good poem?"

TAIT.—Mercy, mercy, my good friend, don't talk about poetry, it puts one in mind of hot-pressed foolscap—of hard-pressed foolshead. There is clearly no demand for poetry. Put anything into the form of verse, and you proscribe it; nobody will read it, and what is worse nobody will buy it.

SMITH.—And yet at this moment John Murray is putting forth a large impression of Lord Byron's works. So far from there being no demand for poetry, there is at this moment offered a premium of ten thousand pounds for a really sublime and original poem on any topic which the writer may choose.

TAIT, *(in great astonishment.)*—A what? A premium for the best poem?

SMITH.—No, Mr. Tait, no premium for the best, for bad is the best; but a premium for a good one, for a poem that has the life of life, the vigour of strength, the spirit of glory, and the soul of beauty.

Tait.—And who offers the premium?

Smith.—The public.—Mark me now. It is the supply that creates the demand. The want of a good book is not felt till a good book is published—then all the world is dying to read it; but if the public, looking for good books, finds nothing but froth, froth, trash, trash, flummery, and mummery—things that have been said a thousand times before said a thousand times worse than ever—thoughts from those who think not, and who cannot think what thinking is—tales from those who have not heads—observations from those who observe not,—it grows disgusted, and rejects reading altogether. Depend upon it, Mr. Tait, the public is not an ass, it knows good from bad; some few readers, who cannot think, will read for reading's sake; but they who can think will prefer their own wordless thoughts to others' thoughtless words. Have you ever seen a thriving citizen sitting down to a well-dressed dinner of three courses; and have you observed, if, sitting at the same table, you were not too busy to observe, with what deep glee and intense delight of application, he has given up his soul to the meats before him? Then you have seen the public with a good book. On the other hand, have you ever seen a lean, gaunt, rib-displaying, hungry dog, prowling about in the vicinity of a slut's kitchen, where divers dirty bones lie begging for a dog's tooth in the sun; and have you seen the poor beast first take up one and then another, and then another, and then walk away in hungry despair and unfed sorrow? Then you have seen a lover of printed paper, in a reading-room, on the first or second day of the month, mumbling and grumbling over the periodical publications; taking up one and yawning at the first page, taking up another and yawning at the second page; sneering at one that it smells of perfumery, at another that it smells of blood, or at another that it smells of brimstone, or at another that it is scentless, bloodless, fleshless, lifeless, soulless and altogether stark naught, driven at last, in despair of managing to get through an article, to read the advertisements, or to meditate on the meteorological table.

Tait.—All this I have seen, Mr. Smith, and so has every body who has eyes. I know that nothing but that which is excellent has a chance of excelling; but I think that I have a double chance of success—from the talent of my contributors, and the comparative originality of my plan.

Smith.—Of the talent of your contributors I have not the slightest doubt; but as to the originality of your plan, be kind enough to enlighten me.

Tait.—I can do it in three words, Liberality, Spirit, Utility.

Smith.—Have we never had them before?

Tait.—Never united.—We have had periodicals of liberal politics, but then they have been tame, flat, and flabby: they have carried with their liberality a mighty weight of dry goods, prosing disquisitions, spoony tales, pointless epigrams, and endless twaddle, which has appertained as much to the politics and interests of the moon as to those of our own miscellaneous and wondrous planet. Their liberality has been the liberality of the editor in inserting articles which must have been heavy enough to break down an iron press and to set the printer's devil yawning. I have sometimes been tempted to imagine that magazine editors have occasionally inserted papers by way of making the writers ashamed of themselves, and shewing the world what vapid nonsense some men can write, when they set about it in good earnest.

Smith.—I believe you, I believe you, Mr. Tait; but you are

speaking very boldly, man. Suppose now that I were to let the world know what you have been saying to me; would they not expect, think you, that Tait's Edinburgh Magazine will contain no trash, no balderdash, no flat wishwash, muckery and moonshine?

Tait.—To be sure they would, and so I would have them; and they shall not be disappointed in their expectation. Have I not said in my prospectus——

Smith.—Pish!—beg pardon for interrupting,—but in a confidential conversation like this, what signifies alluding to a prospectus? I want to have from your own lips your own notions of your own words. Now, for instance, you profess liberality. Who in the name of wonder would ever put forth a prospectus professing illiberality?

Tait.—No one professes illiberality: but they put it forth under the cloak of very fine words, with which the foxes of old used to sing the geese to sleep; they talk of venerable institutions, and glorious constitutions, of the pride and envy of surrounding nations, of the test of ages, and the time-honoured pinnacles,—which have just as much meaning as the buzz of a cockchafer;—

Smith.—And are as great a nuisance. I do confess to you, Mr. Tait, that of all mental operations, if mental it may be called,—or to speak more properly, of all uses of the ears, I know none more utterly disagreeable or annoying than listening to a long prosification in the shape of argument in favor of exploded whimwhams, all about nine-tenths of nothing at all.

Tait.—But if you hate the wearisome buzz of pretended argument in favour of Toryism, toadeatory, and the like, what think you of the jesuitical trash and trickery of putting together cock-and-bull stories all about the abominations of the French Revolution, as if every movement in favour of liberty and equal laws were necessarily and inseparably connected with bloodshed and brutality?

Smith.—Capital, Mr. Tait, capital! Oh, I do admire it with all my heart.

Tait.—Eh—what! admire it! Do you believe such tales? Do you not regard such tales and representations as either absolute falsehoods or gross exaggerations?

Smith.—Neither one nor t'other, Mr. Tait. They are all true enough; but peradventure there may be a little poetical embellishment about them,—no more. When I saw the attempt that was made to discredit the cause of Parliamentary Reform by means of dreadful stories of the French Revolution, I smiled—smiled not from any delight or satisfaction that I had in reading the tales, but I smiled at the simplicity of the logic of those good people who used weapons that destroyed their own arguments. Why, man, if these tales be true, and I have no doubt that they are, what a story do they tell of the deep and grinding oppression which drove passive humanity, when it could be no longer passive, to break out into such a dreadful fury of loud resistance. When I read or hear of violence bursting forth, I am naturally led to ask, "Is there not a cause?" My very heart bleeds to think what insolence man must have endured from his fellow man, in the way of political and social oppression, before he could have been driven to that outrageous reaction which appeared in the first French Revolution.

Tait—*(attempting to conceal an incipient smile).*—But you do not read, Mr. Smith, of any such violence used towards the people of France,

by the nobles and clergy, as was used by the people towards the nobility and the clergy.

Smith.—You may well have a difficulty in keeping your countenance, when you affect to think that nothing but physical force can provoke physical violence. You know as well as I can tell you, that insolence is one of the most irritating parts of oppression. A friend of mine, lately deceased, told me, that he was in Paris a few months only before the breaking out of what we now call the first French Revolution, and that, being in a carriage with a French nobleman, a sudden jolt was felt, which led the owner of the carriage to ask his coachman what was the matter. The coachman told his master that it was only a poor man whom they had run over. The nobleman made no other remark than "*Pauvre Diable! Tant pis pour lui!*" This nobleman, my informant told me, was a perfect gentleman, a most amiable man; but he had been brought up, like the rest of them, from his very cradle, to regard nine-tenths of his fellow creatures with the utmost contempt. So far from considering the horrors of a revolution as any argument for a pertinacious adherence to superannuated crotchets and ancient institutions, I view them as the most irrefragable demonstration of the necessity of conforming to the Spirit of the Times.

Tait.—There now, you have just expressed my own views of what I mean by liberality. I have no objection to laws, customs, institutions, or the like, so long as they have a meaning, or have a use; but when we have outgrown them, we should cast them away from us as incumbrances. It is well enough for the people of China or Hindostan to go on, from century to century, in their old habits, forms, and customs; but mutability is the very essence of the European constitution. In Europe there is nothing old. Its changeableness is its strength and glory; and those people are the most powerful who have had the most changes. How farcical and ridiculous it is for us, by the side of Hindoos or Chinese, to talk of our venerable institutions and time-honoured laws which have stood the test of ages! We are perpetually changing, and changing in every thing; in laws, which we are continually making and re-making, enlarging, explaining, altering, modelling, and adapting to circumstances; in dress, which scarcely lasts a month in the same shape and colour; in language, literature, arts, cookery, dinner-time, breakfast-time, furniture, beds, bedding, drama, dancing, music, manners, building, smoking, drinking, snuff-taking; in fact, we change so much from generation to generation, that could we see and hear our grandfathers and grandmothers they would appear to us as foreigners. My view, therefore, of liberality, as concerns my Magazine, is, that we should conform to these mutations, and join them in their progress towards something yet more desirable, which we always have in prospect and never in possession. When I speak of liberality, I am not speaking of any ephemeral party, or any crotchety knot of grumblers, but of a broad, generous, right-down, straightforward, upright, honest principle that hates humbug, cuts blarney, explodes cant; that looks facts boldly in the face, and laughs outright at the absurdity of men wearing their grandmother's petticoats, or peering through their grandfather's spectacles. Talk about change! why, sir, what a venerable set of beings are the Hottentots, who have no more social or political mutations than the very beasts of the field!

Smith.—Your liberality, Master Tait, seems to be exceedingly broad

and comprehensive. But run you not some risk, with your passion for liberality, of becoming a bigot to liberality? We have heard of such.

TAIT.—We have so;—but mind me—my liberality is not so much a matter of excess as of comprehensiveness. I don't so much hate a man for being a Tory, as I love him for being a fellow-creature. We should pity a man for being a Tory in these times. He is a poor creature that the march of events has left behind; he is like a short-legged drummer-boy who cannot keep up with the movement of the regiment; he is a being of a bygone age, singing an old song, telling a forgotten tale; his mind is hung with cobwebs; he is the preter-pluperfect tense of politics; he is an extract from the lumber room where we have thrown our ghosts, witches, and alchymists. We may laugh at Tories—there is no harm in that—inasmuch as no man is morally culpable for doing what he cannot help. But I would not persecute the poor creatures. I would let them live, if it were only for antiquity's sake.

SMITH.—But you are speaking of *bonâ fide* Tories who are such from incompetence of judgment, slowness of perception, or simplicity of heart.

TAIT.—Verily, I am; what else are you thinking of?

SMITH.—I am thinking there may be some rank coxcombs who, proud of the Belial wit, which can make the worse appear the better cause, or interestedly subservient to their lordly feeders, lend the aid of their little logic to the cause of despotism, by contributing to abuse the public mind, and using, for that purpose, arguments, the hollowness of which they see and know even while they use them.

TAIT.—For such I have no lib—— Yes—yes—I beg pardon—I have a great deal of liberality for them. I would liberally lash them, liberally expose them. I think it quite enough, Mr. Smith, for man to have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea;—I think it quite enough that he should appropriate to himself the speed of the horse, the strength of the ox, the fleece of the sheep, and the plumage of the birds;—man may be content with the mastery which he has over nature, subduing the elements to his use, riding on the waves of the sea, guiding the rivers in their course, catching the vagrant winds, and making the flaming fire his servant; he may be content with all this, without making a slave of his fellow-man, by force, or humbug; as for those who contribute to the slavery of their fellow creatures, by blarney and sophistry, I have for them the utmost liberality of a hearty scorn.

SMITH.—Pray, what do you think of the wisdom of our ancestors, Mr. Tait?

TAIT.—Which of our ancestors?—our fathers, our grandfathers. our great-grandfathers——

SMITH.—Or our great-grandmothers?

TAIT.—Or, again, our Protestant ancestors, our Catholic ancestors, or our Druidical ancestors? I cannot affirm or deny anything concerning our ancestors as to their wisdom, or their lack of wisdom, till I know what is meant by the term, "ancestors." If the term be designed to include all who have gone before us, it merely affirms that the present generation is the silliest set of men that have ever dwelt on the face of the earth. Now, where the dickens, for we must not say devil, is the proof of it? Has the world been struck silly all at once, or have we been growing stupider and stupider from one generation to another, so that the farther back we trace our ancestry, the wiser the world was? On

this supposition, then, our Catholic ancestors were wiser than our Protestant ancestors, and our Druidical ancestors wiser than all.

SMITH.—Capital.—Very well put, Mr. Tait, very well put. I see you are not disposed to swallow words and fancy them wisdom. Definition plays the deuce with humbug. Slang words are bandied about and pass from one to another with such rapidity that they are never examined; but when you catch hold of them and bring their noses to the grindstone of definition, they squeak out *peccavi*, and vanish into thin air. But you said something about spirit as being one of the recommendations of your magazine. Will you enlighten me a little on that point? You are not afraid of definition.

TAIT.—Why, man, don't you know that spirit is breath, and breath is life? By spirit, I mean that my magazine will be distinguished for its life and living interest; that it will talk of that which living people talk and think about; that it will not look like a thing of the last century; that there will be no necessity to examine the date to know whether it be a work of the present or the past age; that it will not merely talk of things that are, but that it will talk of them in the spirit of one that apprehends, feels, and is interested in them.

SMITH.—But may you not make it too ephemeral?

TAIT.—Not at all. It cannot smack too much of the day. Take up an old magazine that was published in the days of your grandmother's youth, whom you have heard talk of Wilkes and Liberty; and what are you disposed to read in that magazine, now? Not spoony tales all about Damon and Phillis, and fleecy flocks; not essays on friendship and gratitude; not sonnets to the moon, or meditations on moonshine; but the anecdotes, events, biographies and *livingnesses* of the day. For, how can that which has not a present life expect a future life?

SMITH.—I agree with you. There is in composition a fashion as there is in women's bonnets and caps; that which is at one moment superbly elegant is at another exquisitely absurd. I have seen, and for mere curiosity read, articles in old magazines which appear now to be the very quintessence of insipidity and slop; but in the very same magazines have been articles concerning the things and thoughts of the day, not only readable, but well written; so that the very articles which seemed to belong to all time belong to no time, and those articles which have the aspect of the day, have the interest of to-morrow. I can, therefore, readily apprehend your notion of making your magazine a thing of the day. But by spirit, Mr. Tait, some people seem to mean personality, scurrility, scandal, and defamation.

TAIT.—A very bad spirit is that, Mr. Smith.

SMITH.—I must own to you that when I see authors descending to dirty personalities, quizzing one another's noses, be they snubby or be they puggy, delineating for the amusement of a set of gaping geese all the particularities of a man's domestic life and personal history, I am very much reminded of the grimaces of pantaloon and the sly slaps which a nimble harlequin administers to the clown in a pantomime. I take it for granted that your contributors are gentlemen?

TAIT.—They would be very angry if you did not.

SMITH.—But is a gentleman, who has a regard for character and decency, a match for a foul-mouthed puppy who cares not what filth he may handle, so that he may bespatter an opponent? If a gentleman be provoked to throw mud upon a scavenger, it is only done with a silver spoon, which holds so little, that the scavenger laughs at it. Besides,

they who make it a busines to expose themselves, must be totally invulnerable to such an attempt to expose them.

TAIT.—It is even so, Mr. Smith. No, Sir.—The spirit of my magazine shall be a good spirit, sportive and gentle, strong, and pure. It shall not contain the words of recollecting readers, but the thoughts of observing thinkers. You have opened many a book, and shut it again, without reading a word? Have you not?

SMITH.—I have, certainly,—but what is the drift of your question?

TAIT.—I will tell you. By a mere glance on the printed page, you can see at once whether the book be written in the English language or not.

SMITH.—I can so, undoubtedly.

TAIT.—And in like manner, can you not see, by a single glance—ay, even without reading a sentence, that there is life and spirit in an article? There is some writing, Mr. Smith, which seems to lay hold of your eyes as soon as you open the book, and which springs up and says, "Come, read me."

SMITH.—I have indeed experienced that.

TAIT.—And you shall experience a great deal more of it, if you will read my magazine. You shall then see what I mean by spirit, that I do not mean insolence and impertinence; that I do not mean slang and balderdash; that I do not mean personality and dirty satire; but that I mean gladness of soul, elasticity of heart, truth of thought, clearness of expression, and that dexterity of mental distillation which draws from the chaotic wash of an agitated world the essence of truth, of beauty, and of goodness.

SMITH.—By my troth, Mr. Tait, but I begin to think that the world has had a great loss in not having had your magazine before.

TAIT.—I think so too, and as it has fasted so long, I hope it will now set to with a good appetite.

SMITH.—I see now what you mean by spirit, the truth is, that you mean poetry.

TAIT.—Poetry! No, no, Mr. Smith, poetry will not do, the world has outgrown it: there is no relish for it: the very sight of verse is a kind of *noli me legere.*

SMITH.—My dear fellow, I am not talking about verse; verse has grown into disrepute, because it has so frequently lacked poetry. For my own part, I love poetry so deeply, and so dearly, that I can scarcely bear the sight of verse. It is like the empty house of a departed friend—

> "Its echoes, and its empty tread,
> Do sound like voices from the dead."

Poetry is not in the eye or the ear, nor is it at the finger-ends; it consists not in the distortion of words, or subversion of sentences, or in jingling epithets linked to limping nothings. Poetry is that mental electricity, whereby the heart holds living converse with the soul of nature, and the living invisible spirit of the material and visible world. Poetry is every where, and in every thing, in light and in darkness, in joy and in sorrow, in love and in hatred, in form and in colour, in motion and in rest, in day and in night, in summer and in winter, in cities and in deserts, in prose, and, sometimes, but not always, in verse.

TAIT.—Ay, ay, poetry, as you speak of it, is all very well. I have no objection to it; the more of it the better. There would be some utility in that.

SMITH.—Ah! now my good friend, I am delighted to hear you talk of utility and poetry in one breath. I must confess to you, that when I

first read your prospectus, and saw the word UTILITY, I began to have qualms about spinning jennies and steam-engines, and all the apparatus of meat, drink, and clothing, as if a man's whole being consisted in nothing but eating mutton chops, and wearing breeches.

TAIT.—You must then have had very narrow views of my views.

SMITH.—My good sir, you must know that there is a set of men in this strange world of ours, who, when they once get on a hobby, will ride it to all manner of excess and absurdity, and there is perhaps no word in the language that has been made such a fool of as the word UTILITY. It has been construed to mean nothing but the visible and tangible; nothing but that which has a direct and positive tendency to fill the belly or cover the back. Your super-super-utilitarian Quixote would tear all the fringe from our curtains, would dash the capitals from our columns, and the gold from our gingerbread. When I was a young man, and had a little propensity to quizzing, which, I now trust, I have totally subdued, I once asked an old maid, who was prodigiously wise and sagacious, which was most useful, a fiddle or a frying-pan.

TAIT.—And she decided in favour of the frying-pan?

SMITH.—To be sure, she did; and you will find that to be the case almost all the world over, that second-rate wits, and deputy wise-acres, think nothing useful that does not contribute to the support of life, as if being were of more importance than well-being. They speak of the useful and the ornamental, as if the one were opposed to the other, and, as if that which is ornamental is not useful.

TAIT.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Smith, I have a very great respect for you, and a good opinion of your discernment; and, therefore, I take it for granted, that you merely wanted to draw me out on the subject of utility; but, if I could believe that you deliberately thought me such an ass as to be an utilitarian of the class you are alluding to, I should be very much tempted to hand you to the door, and to make you a present of a kick for a keepsake.

SMITH.—You are safe enough from all such temptation, for, if I had ever suspected you to be guilty of such high-treason against common sense as not to see the use of ornament, I never would have darkened your doors with the shadow of my earthly tabernacle.

TAIT.—So far, Mr. Smith, am I from denying or doubting the utility of ornament, that I absolutely hold that the very value of all the substance of life and being consists in its susceptibility of ornament. Is not sight a blessing? Is not the eye a most eminently useful organ of the body? Yet, wherein consists the glory and beauty of its usefulness? Is it merely useful in preventing us from knocking our noses against a post, and breaking our shins against chairs and tables? Or, is it not principally useful in feeding the soul with forms of beauty, and delighting the heart with the substance of sublimity? Ornament is the perfection, the refinement, the acme of utility. Every thing that contributes to the enjoyment of our being, and the perfection of our nature, is useful; and what is life without beauty and embellishment?

SMITH.—Very good, Mr. Tait, very good. If your magazine should be a beautiful, it will be a useful production.

TAIT.—And, if it be useful, it will be beautiful, for use and beauty are inseparable.

SMITH.—Now I understand you. If you adhere to these principles your Magazine *must do,—shall do.* If it be not well received by the public, never again believe a word you hear from any man of the name of Smith.

THE REVOLUTION.

THERE is a double meaning hid under the word Revolution, which has done excellent service to the opponents of political amelioration. Strictly taken, it means nothing more than the transfer of political power from one set of holders to another. But transfers of this kind have at times been accompanied by anarchy, havoc, and desolation; and these disagreeable images are viewed in minds of a certain calibre, as necessary and unavoidable component parts of all Revolutions. Keeping in mind this confusion of ideas, we would say to that defeated faction now clamouring so loudly and piteously, that, if by "Revolution" they mean a transfer of political power from themselves to the people, they are not far wrong in calling our Reform Bill, Revolutionary. If they mean that the adoption of that measure must end in anarchy, it is their own self-willed, anile conduct alone, that can verify their lugubrious prophecies. When a man ventures to predict that a house will be burned, it is his own fault if he prove a false prophet: and low as we rank the talents, contemptuously as we estimate the might of our adversaries, we believe that some of them are quite capable of making an analogous attempt.

There is no great harm even in an ill-favoured name, so long as its injustice is known. We may allow the enemies of Reform to call it Revolution if they will. It is our part, humouring them by the adoption of their vocabulary, eschewing vain contests about words, to submit such explanations to the public as may defeat their incendiary intentions—by letting in a little light upon them. To this end we propose to shew that our present frame of government, the child of two revolutions, calls imperatively for the helping hand of a third. By our first revolution, supreme and irresponsible power was wrested from the feudal nobles and Romish Church. This was effected by a chain of almost imperceptible innovations, from the time of Henry VII., to that of Elizabeth. By our second revolution, the king of Britain was made the organ, not the controller of the law. This, after many a bloody struggle, was effected by the unresisted expulsion of James II. By the third—with which the parent nation now labours in the throes of parturition,—and God give her a speedy, quiet, and joyful delivery!—the power of a juggling oligarchy will be stricken down for ever.

By the revolution of 1688, the sovereigns of Britain, who had endeavoured to claim as their heritage the power of which time and events had deprived the aristocracy—and the Romish hierarchy, were brought back within more modest limits of authority. Unfortunately, however, sufficient pains were not taken to ensure to the people the election of all their own representatives, or a sufficient control over those whose nomination was in their own hands. The King was now little more than the first nobleman of the land; and the aristocracy, emancipated from his control, limited in their numbers, and on that account able to act in concert, united among themselves by blood and intermarriage—possessed in the hold, which their close boroughs gave them over the House of Commons, a power of governing the state according to their own pleasure, which only differed from that possessed by their ancestors of the feudal period, in the secret and underhand manner in which they were under the necessity of exercising it. So long as the majority of their body were united, their influence over the

other House gave them the power of controlling its deliberations; but the temper of the people had now become such that it might have been dangerous to let them know in what manner they were shackled and immeshed by the nobility. This English House of Commons created by the Peers, was yet further corrupted by the admixture of forty-five members from Scotland, in the election of not one of whom was there the least alloy of popular suffrage. The united body took an early opportunity of securing itself yet further against any encroachments on the part of the people, by the passing of the act for septennial Parliaments. Upon this corporation, in a short time, devolved the whole of the laborious department of government. The aristocracy, disqualified by their habits and education for business, gladly laid the burden upon the shoulders of an assembly whose feelings and interests they knew to be identified with their own. The power which it possessed of checking and controlling the King's ministers rendered it impossible for him to employ any confidential servants from which its support was withheld. Thus the whole power of the state, as well executive as legislative, became vested in the House of Commons; in other words, in those noblemen and that small portion of the Commons who had the power of nominating its members. Thus, after centuries of vain aspirations and desperate struggles for the attainment of liberty, was the whole power of the state again lodged in the hands of a small faction, with interests necessarily different from those of the whole community, and, unlike its predecessors, reigning not with the shew of brute violence, which necessarily revolts humanity, but under the specious pretence of being the people's choice, and acting in strict accordance with law and justice.

The reign of force was now over—that of intrigue and corruption had begun. The quick eye of ambition was not long of discerning that whoever was supported by a majority of the makers of the House of Commons was master of the King, Lords, and Commons. To Walpole belongs the unenviable distinction of being the first to discover the infallible method of securing such a majority. He was the first who dared boldly to act upon the principle that even a nobleman might have his price. Through the cloak of public spirit, or high gentlemanly feeling, he saw the soul of the boroughmonger; and he spoke to it in the only language it was capable of understanding—interest, in its thousand forms of power, gold, and parade. The sums of money which as minister he held at his disposal, increased by the new found El Dorado of the borrowing system—the immense number of sinecures and employments with disproportioned emoluments, which our ill-organized system, and above all, the church, enabled him to bestow, were liberally applied to secure for him followers and supporters, even at the hazard of draining the exchequer, and leaving the machine of state to stand still.

So coarse and vulgar a method of obtaining power was "level to the meanest capacity." With, perhaps, the exception of Chatham, all his successors, Whig and Tory, have acted upon it. In proportion as the country extended its territory, and the inhabitants grew in intelligence, enterprise and wealth, greater means of corruption were placed at the disposal of Ministry; and in proportion as the pressure of the system grew less and less endurable, the power of enlisting a numerous and well-disciplined phalanx of defenders increased. At first the buyers and sellers of power had modesty enough to be ashamed of the iniquity of their traffic, and the grace to conceal it, although at the expense of a lie. Like prostitutes, however, they by degrees grew brazened enough to

avow their profession openly. And, now, men of genius must be suborned to wrest the truth, and make falsehood appear the better reason—to wreathe the deformity of falsehood, oppression, servility and avarice with the flowers of fancy, wit, and humour—to lend an air of grace and gallantry to meanness and self-abasement. The grave preacher was taught to inculcate, from the pulpit, lessons of slavish submission and acquiescence in wrong, calling them religion and morality. The hired buffoon was employed to represent patriotism as ignorance, narrow-mindedness, or hypocrisy. The long-breathed, brazen-faced wrangler was placed in Parliament to talk down all opposition. The diffusion of knowledge was hunted down under the cry of sedition, irreligion, and immorality. The passions of the ignorant multitude were pandered and appealed to; as witness amongst a thousand other instances the destruction of Priestly's house, books, and apparatus at Birmingham. The structure founded in usurpation, and built of corruption, was white-washed over with the fair pretext of morality, social order and boon-companionship.

Under such a system of government the chief direction of affairs was not confided to transcending talents or approved honesty. Plausible conciliating manners, and a liberal distribution of the wealth and power sucked from the nation, seated a Minister firmly in office. Possessed of such qualities he might be the veriest imbecile under the sun, still he was fit to govern. From North or Newcastle, down to Vansittart or Sidmouth, such a succession of incapables, and with so slender a sprinkling of men of talent, will rarely be met in the annals of the world. At times when their blunders had periled the very existence of the system, a man like Pitt would be called upon, not to re-place it by a better, but to cobble up the old crazy machine so that it might hang a little longer together. The principles of government and plan of policy which one set of Ministers have inherited from another during the period we are now treating of, may be briefly described.

The first great object of government—the good of the governed—was not acknowledged. Our oligarchy was the legitimate successor of Kings by divine right. The people were an engine which he, who managed to scramble into power, might apply in any manner to serve his own purposes. These purposes were dictated, according to the character of the individual, by the purblind passions, avarice, ambition, or love of show. One Minister wished for the reputation of conquering new territories: another sacrificed the national interests to the vain-glorious dream of settling the quarrels of all Europe; a third was intent upon heaping up treasure for himself and his relations. On one point all three were agreed;—while encouraging, as far as was consistent with their ulterior plans, the industry and accumulation of the country—to secure the means of drawing as much of its wealth into their own hands as possible. To this desire, accompanied by incorrect notions of the nature of trade, must be attributed our colonial policy, invented with a view to prevent, if possible, the least particle of property eluding their grasp:—to this, the anxiety of every ministry to concentrate, if possible, a power of taxing every British territory in the Parliament of this Island. The presumptuous endeavour to tax unrepresented America' roused her to assert her independence, and a similar encroachment called forth the energies of the Irish volunteers. And here we may remark, in the partial and oppressive distribution of taxation, the subserviency of the members of Parliament to those who have made and unmade them. The merchant

and manufacturer are considered by the great landlords, just as they were in the feudal times, as a sort of Amalekites whom it is lawful to spoil. They are patronised as bringing wealth and splendour in their train, but they are made to pay well for the patronage afforded them. The burden of taxation is laid upon their shoulders.* They are prohibited purchasing food from other lands till their patrons have no more to sell; they are obliged to purchase the raw produce of their tolerators in preference to that of every other country. They are first fleeced to fill the pockets of the landlord, and then forced to pay the Government which treats them in this manner. The money exacted from the people, was, as already hinted, expended differently at different times. Sometimes our armies and navies were fitted out with a needless parade of force; at other times they were allowed to decrease in numbers, or to rot in the dockyards, while the Minister was stuffing his own pockets; but whether employed or not, the people must pay for them.

It is evident then, that under the outward show of free institutions, we have been governed since 1688, by an oligarchy limited in number, and rapacious in character. Its rapacity has increased as length of years has rendered it more hackneyed in the ways of deceit and oppression. This fact explains the sympathy which our rulers have ever shewn for the despotic monarchs of the Continent. Their cause was one. Hence our accession to the first unholy league framed to crush the young liberties of France. Hence our incessant intrigues on the Continent until the restoration of the Bourbons was achieved. Hence our profuse expenditure in hiring nations and dynasties to fight in their own defence. Hence Castlereagh's coquetting with the Holy Alliance. Hence Wellington's and Aberdeen's jeremiads over our secession from that nefarious association. The whole of these proceedings, in which the resources of the country have been wantonly squandered, and its character compromised, had their source in the conviction that the Kings of Europe, and the oligarchy of England, stand in the same relation to their respective nations, and that their only safety is to be sought in a compact mutually to defend each other against every mutiny of their slaves.

A plan of rule under which the interests of the governors have, for a century and a-half, been systematically preferred to those of the governed—under which avarice and imbecility, on the part of the rulers, have contended for the mastery—under which every amendment of our social organization has been scornfully and contumeliously rejected—under which the people have been plundered, and their wealth squandered upon undertakings which were either indifferent or prejudicial to their interests—under which brother has been stirred up to hate his brother for difference of creed, or for a mere fancied incompatibility of their pecuniary interests—has, at length, brought us to the situation which might have been anticipated. Trades which have been called into factitious existence, are giving signs of their sandy foundation,—trades which have been injudiciously checked, are depressed to a fearful extent. The agriculturist, who has been encouraged to ruinous speculations by restrictions upon the importation of foreign agricultural produce, shares

* It is true that all taxation falls ultimately on the consumer, but indirect taxation upon commerce and manufactures, by checking industry, doubles the sum really paid by the merchant and manufacturer. Besides the landlords, when they resisted a proportional increase of the land-tax, were not aware that even indirect taxation must ultimately reach their own pockets as consumers. They had the will, if not the power, to shift the burden entirely from their own shoulders.

in the general depression. The sum wrung from the nation, under the form of taxes, continues amid all this distress and poverty unabated. The poor labourers whom the capitalist cannot employ, he is forced to feed least hunger should drive them to desperation.* To crown all, the workers of the evil have been, at last, driven to admit its existence; and by their attempts to cure, have but rendered the disease more complicated and inveterate. They dared not admit the real cause of the distress—their own incapacity to govern. Even the remedies that were suggested; restoration of the currency, liberation of trade from its fetters, church law and financial reform, they have adventured upon with a timid hand. They have tried and abandoned each by turns, unable to perceive that each, without the others, was useless. They have shaken the compactness of the old system without amending it. They have made "confusion worse confounded."

Out of all this evil arises a fair promise of future good. The spirit which awakened at the Reformation, and triumphed at the Revolution, although it has been suppressed, has never been extinguished. The language of Defoe and the Legion Club were caught up in America by Franklin and Jefferson, and their voices were echoed here by Price and Priestly. The example of France encouraged the love of liberty. Bold words were spoken, the sound of which yet tingles in our ears. From that time to this, although liberty has been trodden down and scorned—her name made a mockery and a by-word—there has been in the country a small faithful band which has not ceased to pay to her the homage of the heart. The retributive suffering which has at length followed in the train of tame submission to falsehood and oppression, and the diffusion of knowledge which has been effected in despite of every opposition, have at last awakened the universal nation. The tyranny under which we have groaned—the third against which this nation has been called to struggle—based as it is on delusion and false pretences, needs but to be fairly looked in the face that it may be destroyed. It is a nightmare whose empire is amid darkness and dreams, and which is annihilated the moment we awake. The nation is now asserting its right to govern itself; and, notwithstanding the syren wailings of the interested in every coruer of the land—notwithstanding the denunciations of our modern Coriolanus and his blustering retainers—it will succeed. The sceptre which has dropped from the grasp of the oligarchy must be transferred to the people. Whether this object be effected by the measure which has so long been depending before the Legislature, or by another and more comprehensive, is to us a matter of the utmost indifference. Those who manage the affairs of State must in future be the nominees of

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* The population of England and Wales in 1831, was 13,894,574 by the census. The amount of poor-rates, expended for the relief of the poor in the year ending 25th March, 1831, was, by returns lately submitted to the House of Commons, £6,798,888, 10s. The Rev. John Thomas Becher stated in his evidence before the Committee of the Lords, on the state of the poor-laws, that a male pauper was supported for 2s. 8d. per week; a female for 2s.; a child for 1s. 2d. Assuming, that, among the paupers of England and Wales, the number of men, women, and children were equal, and that every pauper was supported entirely out of the poor-rates, these data would give their number about a million and a-half. But the number of women and children far exceeds that of men; many only receive partial relief; and there are many local charities not taken into account. The number of persons at present, more or less dependent on charity in England and Wales, must exceed one-fourth of the total population. (This calculation excludes state-paupers on the pension list and in the church.)—Then look to Ireland.

the nation, identified with its interests, and of approved skill and honesty. Our future rulers must act under a sense of thorough responsiblity.

> From this time forth,
> The few must know their service to the many.

National happiness must now become the aim of Government, not a bonus held out to the people to allure them to serve its private purposes.

Such is the past—the future is a page which admits of being but dimly scanned. One thing is certain, that our fate is now, under Providence, in our own hands; and that it will require the utmost exertion of the nation's courage, intelligence, and wariness, to rescue it from the dilemma into which it has been brought by the incapacity of its former rulers. A radical reform in our institutions and economy must be immediately begun, and systematically and unflinchingly persevered in. Much delusion is yet prevalent which must be combated;—the body politic is feverish and irritated, and not unlikely, in a moment of perversity, to act like a sick man, who nauseated by the bitterness of the remedy offered him, refuses to be cured.

The duty most imperatively urgent upon our new legislators will be to promote the diffusion of knowledge. Elementary schools, adequate to the population, must be founded in every district. The reform, which has searched minor charities, and even laid hand, however lightly, upon our Scottish Universities, must extend its influence to the great monopolies of Oxford and Cambridge. They were intended by their founders to promote knowledge, and this generous intention they must be made to fulfil. It must no longer be said that the great seminaries of English education are log-lines of the human understanding; that while the rest of the nation has been successfully rivalling other countries in science, art, and literature, these over-wealthy institutions have been striving to repress the generous aspirations of the mind after knowledge. In farther aid of the diffusion of knowledge, every tax tending to repress literary exertion, and the free interchange of the literature of this country with that of foreign nations—all duties upon newspapers and pamphlets, and foreign books, must be abolished. Let free inquiry loose, and truth ultimately will prevail. Permit unlimited access to the fountain of knowledge, for here indeed "increase of appetite doth grow with what it feeds upon."

Next in importance is the task of systematising and simplifying the proceedings of the Legislature and of the Executive Government. Much valuable time may be saved, and much useless expense avoided, by referring to local legislative bodies, a great proportion of the private bills which occupy so much of the attention of Parliament. The House of Commons must be divided into committees of legislation, finance, &c. to which must be remitted all projects of new laws; all information respecting their several departments; all petitions from the people therewith connected. In these committees evidence must be sifted and arranged methodically, and the measures to be proposed for the adoption of the whole legislative body brought into a definite and accurate form. The necessity of some arrangement like this is demonstrated by the numberless instances of paltry and partial enactments smuggled through the House of Commons; by the inaccurate, and frequently unintelligible, language of our Acts of Parliament; and by the bush-fighting unpractical character of the Debates. In like manner the public accounts must be made up in a compact and intelligible

manner. The number of Boards, and of official persons, must be restricted within the narrowest possible limits. Above all, care must be taken to give every possible publicity to the proceedings of the Legislature of the Executive, and of the general state of the country. The preliminary labours of the different Finance Committees; of the Commissioners appointed by the Crown to report on the civil list, the officers of state, and the Exchequer; and the invaluable report of Dr. Bowring, have materially facilitated the attainment of these arrangements.

The next great object of attention is the diminution of the national burthens. This can never be accomplished without the adoption of an honest and direct system of taxation. Indirect taxation, as tending to press hard upon industry, and to superinduce a system of juggling delusion—of picking people's pockets unawares, must come to an end. Borrowing for national purposes, if indeed it be permitted at all, must be effected upon some system analagous to that suggested in a subsequent article of the present number. Some compromise, such as that suggested by the late Mr. Ricardo, must be agreed to by the landholders, fundholders, and other capitalists, in order to free the nation from the pressure of that incubus, our present debt. The tithe system, now put an end to in Ireland, must be abolished in England likewise. It is surely time for men to see the folly and inutility of submitting their necks to what is called an Established Church. Can any thing be more incongruous than a state of affairs, in which a man, according as he chances to stand on the north or the south side of a river, is a Dissenter, or a member of the Establishment. Christianity is now as widely diffused through these realms as human means can effect it—and only for missionary purposes was an organised system of affiliated churches contemplated by the founders of our religion. Every reasonable being now admits that the different sects to which we belong, however they may differ on the question of discipline, preach in the main the same doctrine. It is matter of notoriety that the dissenters have done more to diffuse and keep alive vital religion among the people, than the Establishment. Why then continue to rob the nation of such an immense annual sum—and levied, too, in so impolitic a manner—for the support of a useless excrescence, an infringement upon Christian liberty. Another important alleviation of the national burdens will be effected by the abolition of all corporations which have the power of imposing local taxes; and conferring upon the inhabitants of the district the right of electing those who regulate their police and its expenditure. Lastly, such a system of poor's rates must be adopted as will insure the application of this tax to its legitimate purpose. The capitalist must no longer be allowed to pay his labourer out of a fund, which belongs, by a sacred right, to the impotent and necessitous.

Scarcely of secondary importance to the simplification and reduction of state burdens, is the removal of all restraints upon individual industry. Those impolitic laws, which restrict one branch of trade, and afford unnatural encouragement to another, for the attainment of some fancied good, must be abolished. The enterprise of man left to make his fortune by his own exertions will supply us with hardy and daring defenders, without alluring individuals to pursue a gainless traffic. The distress at present attributed to our recurrence to the principles of free trade, is the result of their not having been adopted to their full extent. The transition from an artificial to a natural system of trade, is a painful operation, but a cure will be the consequeuce of momentary suffering. Com-

merce in grain and in everything else must be freed from its shackles. It is not true that our adoption of the principles of free trade will not meet with reciprocal concessions. Nations stand at present in the same relation to each other, as men do in the savage state—they are afraid to trust the stranger. Let us set the example, and we will be followed. In France, in America, just views are rapidly gaining ground. The rest will follow. A commerce based upon industry native to the soil—suggested by its productions, not the child of statute—will be free from the periodical sicknesses to which our present hot-house plants are subject. In like manner, our connection with our colonies must be placed on a proper footing. Colonies are swarms from the parent hive when over-full. The ties of kindred and affection give them a claim to protection in their nonage. Their friendship may be relied on in the hour of danger in proportion as they are kindly treated. Their commerce is valuable in proportion as it is freed from all restraints. While yet too young to form a state, they are members of our body politic, subject to the same burdens, entitled to the same immunities. When they are able to govern themselves let us part company in friendship. Any attempt, by restrictions on their trade, and the imposition of duties, to wrest from them their honest gains, must alienate their affections; and, although it may enrich a few, must entail a burden on the community.

The last reform to which we propose at present to allude, is Law Reform. The object of all law is the security of person and property. The civil law determines, in questions of disputed ownership, to whom the property in question belongs. The criminal law forbids, under the sanction of punishments, all attacks upon a neighbour's person or property. The remnants of institutions, which have long ceased to exist still continue to render the civil law of this country voluminous, perplexed, and unintelligible:—the artificial nature of our system of government has elevated many an indifferent action into the character of a crime:—while the utter ignorance of the science of legislation has rendered both branches full of the most oppressive and contradictory rules; and has lent to the latter in particular a character of blood-thirstiness revolting to every feeling of humanity. The same evil fate has attended the organization of our courts of justice, which are deeply tainted with inaptitude for business, and aptitude for vexatious delay. In some the judicial is confounded with the executive, in others with the legislative character: in all the expence is enormous. As sources of hatred and all uncharitableness—as perverters of the natural sense of justice—as impediments to commerce—and as burdens on the community, they are unsurpassed.

The reform which we have attempted, however inadequately, to sketch, must follow up the reform in our representative system, otherwise we have been like wayward children, loudly claiming a privilege which we never intended to exercise. Its object is to simplify our institutions---to render them less burdensome and at the same time more effective---to put the machine of the state in good working order. It is only in such a searching reform—a reform proceeding upon systematic and comprehensive views, that there is hope for the nation. The curse of the bit-by-bit reformer is, that, by introducing a good regulation into a bad system, he but increases the mischief. All the harm done is attributed to the innovation, not to the old, rooted abuses, whose contaminating touch turns even good into evil. He "sews new cloth upon old garments, making the rent worse." Good regulations

are only available under a good system. It is the impossibility of otherwise escaping from the pertinacious adherence to what was vile of one party, and the piddling, mischievous tampering with the constitution of those who saw the cure but did not dare to apply it, that has forced the nation to take the task into its own hands. If, under the Reform Bill, we obtain a set of representatives, enlightened and bold enough to apply a radical reform to all our defective institutions, then our third revolution has accomplished its ends, and the nation starts, with renewed energies, on a long career of prosperity. If the Bill be defeated, or found not to answer, we must have a further extension of the suffrage. As lovers of peace and quiet, we should prefer the first alternative, but can never hesitate between the second and a perpetuation of old abuses. Come what may, our political creed—the great object which we propose as the termination of our labours, is fully and frankly avowed, and neither danger nor obloquy shall make us retract it. Our faith is firm—our resolution unchanging—our faces Zionward—and our motto that of England's noblest patriot,—

VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM.

ON THE LATE REMARKABLE SILENCE OF THE POET LAUREATE.

WHEN Tudor tyrants England's crown disgraced,
They kept two menial knaves—to prove their taste—
With different gifts, to please the moody King—
One hired to dance—and one suborned to sing.
They played their fulsome antics round and round,
The one with bells—and one with laurel crowned.
Invidious years the precious pair divide—
Our Southey still survives—our Summers died.‡
What ails the Doctor—is his music past?...
Our hired buffoon declines to grin at last.
Vitellius lives. The venal laureate sings
The first of Regents—and the best of Kings.
Vitellius dies. They drag, with vain parade,
The ponderous coffin, to sepulchral shade,
While joyous England rings, from shore to shore—
"Thanks to great God! Vitellius is no more."
Now, surely, is the time. With right good will,
The hireling hand will ply the grey goose quill—
Sonorous odes the eager voice will bray—
Wine fires the genius—gold suggests the lay.
Say, has thy sack turned sour—thy golden fee
Grown dross? Will interest wring no line from thee?
No tortured dactyli his loss bewail—
No Sapphic monster, with Adonian tail—
No dithyrambic threnody, to shew
How many virtues lie enshrined below—
How—o'er his hearse—the orphan people shed
Cascades of tears—and mourn their Father dead!
No. Silence suits him well. 'Tis thine to run—
Ere yet too late—to hail the rising sun!
While clouds of heathen night the world o'erhung—
From haunted grot the Pythian damsel sung—
Base juggling hands the wreath of Phœbus wove—
And oaks groaned out the edicts of their Jove.
The light breaks forth. Imposture's reign is o'er—
Mute is Dodona—Delphos lies no more.—

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‡ Will: Summers, the last *stipendiary* Court jester.

To Hell's black womb the silent Gods retire—
While shivering Vesta fans her waning fire.
So Thou—whilst England writhed beneath her chain—
And Freedom urged her trampled rights in vain—
Wast hired, at stated periods, to rehearse
The deeds of despots in blaspheming verse.
To worth and wit poor frantic Lear to raise,
And daub Vitellius o'er with beastly praise.
In Slavery's cause the murdered myriads bleed—
Thy jingling metre lauds the mighty deed—
Misrule's black acts still foremost to proclaim—
Proud of thy yoke, vain-glorious of thy shame.
Gone is night's empire—happier days have come—
Great William reigns—the Delphic voice is dumb.
Millions of knees in votive ardour bend
To pray for Him—our Patriot—and our Friend.
From anile Statesmen—from the rust of years—
From mitred Sybarites, and felon Peers—
Ordained by Heaven to rescue and redeem—
And Southey's servile dotage shuns the theme.

THE MARTINET.

"He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were—too *peregrinate*, as I may call it."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

The "Martinet" is the name of a genus, not of a species; the title of a race variously feathered, but having specific qualities in common. There is your military martinet, your clerical martinet, your legal martinet, and the martinet of common life, ("*Gallicrista fastidiosa communis*," Linnæus would class him,) who is to the others what the house-sparrow is to the rest of his tribe. It is with him alone we have to do. The "martinet" is a person who is all his life violently busied in endeavouring to be a perfect gentleman, and who *almost* succeeds. He misses the point by overstepping it. He is like one of those greyhounds which outrun the hare fleetly enough, but cannot "*take*" her when they have done so. They have a little too much speed, and a little too little tact. The martinet is always bent upon thinking, saying, doing, and having, every-thing after a nicer fashion than other people, until his nicety runs into downright mannerism; all his ideas become "clipped taffeta," and all his eggs are known to have "two yolks." He rarely comes of age or is thoroughly ripe till near forty, before which he may be a little of the precise fop, and after which he changes to the somewhat foppish precisian, which is the best definition of him. He would be an excellent member of society were he not a little too nice for its every-day work, which, to speak a truth in metaphor, will not always admit of white gloves. He is remarkably consistent in all his proceedings, however, and the outward man is a perfect and complete type of the inward, and *vice versa*. His soul is never out of pumps and silk stockings, and picks its way amidst the little mental puddles and cross-roads of this world with a chariness of step, which is at once edifying and amusing. Of inward show *he* is not less "elaborate" than of outward; and, though a descendant of Eve, takes equal care of the clothing of both mind and body.

Were his tailor to be abandoned enough to attempt to palm upon

him a coat of the very best Yorkshire, instead of the very best Wiltshire broad-cloth, (an enormity of which—*horresco referens*—he was once very near being the victim,) the one would be sure to lose, if discovered, the best of his customers, and the other the best of a month's sleep. If he wears a wig, his expenditure with his *peruquier* is never less than five-and-twenty guineas a-year. His cigars, though he smokes little, cost him nearly as much. His hat is water-proof; his stop-watch and repeater are of a scapement that never varies more than six seconds in the twelve months from the time-piece at the Observatory at Greenwich, where he has a friend, who is so good as sometimes to compare notes with him. By the advice of his boot-maker—who, by the way, has some knowledge of the length of his foot—he never puts on a new pair until they are at least a year old; and he parted with his last foot-boy because he one day discovered a perceptible difference between the polish of the right and left foot. In winter, he wears and recommends cork soles. His toilet is no sinecure; and on the table are always to be found, besides his dressing-box, which contains an assortment of combs, scissors, tweezers, pomades, and essences, not easily equalled, a bottle of "Eau de Cologne, veritable," a Packwood and Criterion strop; a case of gold-mounted razors, (the best in England,) which he bought, nearly thirty years ago, of the successor of "Warren," in the Strand; and a silvered shaving-pot, upon a principle of his own, redolent of Rigges' "patent violet-scented soap." His net-silk purse is ringed with gold at one end, and with silver at the other; and although not *much* of a snuff-taker, he always carries a box, on the lid of which smiles the portrait of the once celebrated and beautiful, though now somewhat forgotten, Duchess of D———, or the equally resplendent Lady Emily M———.

His table is of the same finish with his wardrobe. If he sat down to dinner, even when alone, in boots, that visitation which Quin ascribed to the prevalent neglect of "pudding on a Sunday"—an earthquake might be expected to follow. His spoons and silver forks are marked with his crest; and he omits no opportunity to inform his friends, that the right of the family to the arms was proved at Herald's College by his great uncle John He has receipts for mulligatawny and oyster soups, not to be equalled; and another for currie-powder, which a friend of his obtained, as the greatest of favours, from Sir Stamford Raffles, and which, though bound in honour not to make known, he means to leave to his son by will, under certain injunctions. His cookery of a "French rabbit," provided the claret be first-rate, is superb; and on *very* particular occasions, he condescends to know how to concoct a bowl of punch, especially champagne punch, for the which he has a formula in rhyme, the poetry of which never, as is its happy case, losing sight of correctness and common-sense, comes, as well as its subject matter, home to "his business and his bosom." His "caviar" is, through the kindness of a commercial friend, imported from the hand of the very Russian *cuisinier*, who prepares it (unctuous relish!) for the table of the Emperor himself. His cheese is Stilton or Parmesan.

Like "Mrs. Diana Scapes," he is also "curious in his liquors," and, in despite of Beau Brummell, patronizes "malt," as far as to take one glass of excellent "college ale,"—which he gets through his friend Dr. Dusty of All Souls—between pastry and Parmesan. After cheese, he can relish one, and only one, glass of port—all the better if of the "Comet vintage," or of some vintage ten years anterior to that. His drink, however, is claret, old hock, Madeira, and latterly, since it has

become a sort of fashion, old sherry. In these he is a connoisseur not to be sneezed at; and if asked his opinion, makes it a rule never to give it upon the first glass, invariably observing, that "if he would he couldn't, and if he could he *wouldn't!*" He produces anchovy toast as an indispensable in a long evening, after dinner, and to it he recommends a liqueur-glass of cherry-brandy, which he believes is of that incomparable recipe, of which the late King was so fond. If he be a bachelor, he has, in his dining-room, a cellaret, in which repose this, and other similar liquid rarities, and beneath his sideboard stands a machine, for which he paid twelve guineas, for producing *ice extempore.*

His literary tastes bear a certain resemblance to, and have a certain analogy with, his gustatory—proving the truth of that intimate connexion between the stomach and the head, upon which physiologists are so delighted to dwell. In poetry the heresies and escapades of Lord Byron are too much for him, although as a Peer and a gentleman he always speaks well and deferentially of him. Shelley he can make nothing of, and therefore says, which is the strict truth in one sense at least, that he has never read him. He praises Campbell, Crabbe, and Rogers, and shakes his head at Tom Moore; but Pope is his especial favourite; and if anything in verse has his heart, it is the "Rape of the Lock." Peter Pindar he partly dislikes, but Anstey, the "Bath Guide," is high in his estimation; and with him "Gray's Odes" stand far above those of Collins'. Of the "Elegy in a Country Church" he thinks, as he says, "like the rest of the world." "Shenstone's Pastorals" he has read. Burns he praises, but in his heart thinks him a "wonderful clown," and shrugs his shoulders at his extreme popularity. He says as little about Shakespeare as he can, and has by heart some half dozen lines of Milton, which is all he really knows of him. In the drama he inclines to the "unities;" and of the English Theatre "Sheridan's School for Scandal," and Otway's "Venice Preserved," or Rowe's "Fair Penitent," are what he best likes in his heart. John Kemble is his favourite actor—Kean he thinks somewhat vulgar. In prose he thinks Dr. Johnson the greatest man that ever existed, and next to him he places Addison and Burke. His historian is Hume; and for morals and metaphysics he goes to Paley and Dr. Reid, or Dugald Stewart, and is well content. For the satires of Swift he has no relish. They discompose his ideas; and he of all things detests to have his head set a spinning like a te-totum, either by a book or by anything else. Bishop Berkeley once did this for him to such a tune, that he shewed a visible uneasiness at the mention of the book ever after. In Tristram Shandy, however, he has a sort of suppressed delight, which he hardly likes to acknowledge, the magnet of attraction being, though he knows it not, in the characters of Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and the Widow Wadman. His religious reading is confined to "Blair's Sermons," and the "Whole Duty of Man," in which he always keeps a little slip of double gilt-edged paper as a marker, without reflecting that it is a sort of proof that he has never got through either. His Pocket Bible always lies upon his toilet table. He knows a little of Mathematics in general, a little of Algebra, and a little of Fluxions, which is principally to be discovered from his having Emmerson, Simpson, and Bonnycastle's works in his library. In classical learning he confesses to having "forgotten" a good deal of Greek; but sports a Latin phrase upon occasion, and is something of a critic in languages. He prefers Virgil to Homer, and Horace to Pindar, and can, upon occasion, enter into a dissertation on the precise meaning

of a "Simplex munditiis." He also delights in a pun, and most especially in a Latin one; and when applied to for payment of *paving-rate*, never fails to reply "*Paveant* illi, non *paveam* ego!" which, though peradventure repeated for the twentieth time, still serves to sweeten the adieu between his purse and its contents. He is also an amateur in etymologies and derivatives, and is sorry that the learned Selden's solution of the origin of the term "gentleman" seems to include in it something not altogether complimentary to religion. This is his only objection to it. He speaks French; and his accent is, he flatters himself, an approximation to the veritable Parisian. Modern novels he does not read, but has read "Waverley" and "Pelham."

His library is not large, but select; and as he does not sit in it excepting very occasionally, the fire grate is a moveable one, and can be turned at will from parlour to library and *vice versa*,—a whim of his old acquaintance Dr. Trifle of Oxford. In it are his library table and stuffed chair; a bust of Pitt and another of Cicero; a patent inkstand and silver pen; an atlas, and maps upon rollers; a crimson screen, an improved "Secretaire;" a barometer and a thermometer. Upon the shelves may be found almost for certain Boswell's Johnson; Encyclopædia Britannica; Peptic Precepts and Cook's Oracle; the Miseries of Human Life; Prideaux' Connexion of the Old and New Testament; Dr. Pearson's Culina Famulatrix Medecinæ; Soame Jenyn's Essays; the Farrier's Guide; Selden's Table-talk; Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons; Henderson on Wines; Boscawen's Horace; Croker's Battles of Talavera and Busaco; Dictionary of Quotations; Lord Londonderry's Peninsular Campaigns; the Art of Shaving, with directions for the management of the Razor; Todd's Johnson's Dictionary; Peacham's Complete Gentleman; Harris' Hermes; Roget on the Teeth; Memoirs of Pitt; Jokeby, a Burlesque on Rokeby; English Proverbs; Paley's Moral Philosophy; Chesterfield's Letters; Buchan's Domestic Medicine; Debrett's Peerage; Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour; Court Kalendar; the Oracle, or Three Hundred Questions explained and answered; Gordon's Tacitus an Elzevir Virgil; Epistolæ obscurorum virorum; Martial's Epigrams; Tully's Offices; and Henry's Family Bible.

His general character for nicety is excellent, both in a moral and religious point of view; and he holds himself to have done a questionable thing in looking into a number of Harriette Wilson, in which a gay *quondam* friend of his figured. When he marries, the ceremony is performed by the Honourable and very Reverend the Dean of some place, to whom he claims a distant relationship. He takes his wine in moderation; never bets, nor plays above guinea points, and *always* at whist. He goes to church regularly; his pew is a square one, with green curtains. He dines upon fish on good Friday, and declines visiting during Passion week in mixed parties. If he ever had any peccadillœs of any kind, they are buried in a cloud, as snug as that which shrouded the pious Eneas when he paid his first visit to Queen Dido.

He dies, aged fifty-seven, of a pleuritic attack, complicated with angina pectoris; and having left fifty pounds to each of the principal charitable institutions of his neighbourhood, and fifty pounds to the churchwardens of his parish, to be distributed amongst the poor professing the religion of the Church of England, he is buried in his "family vault," and his last wish fulfilled,—that is to say, his epitaph is composed in Latin, and the inscription put up under the especial care and inspection of his friend Dr. Dusty of Oxford. *Requiescat.*

STATE OF MAGIC IN EGYPT.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Our friends the Tories are fond of anything that borders on the impossible. They manifestly regret the time when every bush had its hobgoblin after sunset, or at all events was as likely to contain one as to harbour a jack-hare. The smallest fragment of the Black Art is a treasure to them; and a real witch would be far dearer to them than a dryad. What their reason is for thus delighting in the things that are not;—what the bearing is they see in it on the things that are—for they are a substantial people, and do not deal even with non-entities for nothing;—all this is for those to determine, who know the difference between a useful half-faith and impracticable unbelief, and have calculated the ease with which a man who fears the foul fiend at all corners, may be led into the quiet payment of tax for church or state, and the performance of the other duties of a submissive citizen.

Not that they do this with all the sober sadness of some old women. On the contrary, they contrive to play at hawk-and-buzzard, between jest and earnest. And then, as they sometimes do on more serious occasions,—as, for instance, when they published the staff of the Tory army of occupation that is to be, and affected to be surprised to find another staff prepared to answer them,—they can say it was all in jest, and wonder that anybody could think of taking seriously such playful pleasantry.

My business at present, is with your townsman Blackwood's story of the Magician of Cairo, at the end of his Magazine for August, Part the Second. I happened to be at Cairo,—Grand Cairo, as it should be in a story,—in the autumn, not of 1830, but of 1822; being in the act of returning, with my wife and a boy of seven years old, from sojourning some eight years in India, in, as Cervantes would have said, "the honourable office of a captain of dragoons," varied by divers negotiations and correspondences with Wahabees and strange misbelievers in the Erythrean sea, in the quality of an Arabic interpreter upon the staff, and other toils and accidents too numerous to mention. Halting, then, at Cairo, under the hospitable roof of the Consul-General of Abyssinian fame, it was my fortune to see something so like what was seen eight years afterwards, bating minute differences, that I cannot help recounting it, for the sake of comparison; noting, however, that, as I do not pretend to contradict what anybody *did* see, by what *I did not see*, so I expect that what I *did not* see shall be treated with equal reverence in return.

At the Consul-General's table, (being, as before in part intimated, in August 1822,) the conversation turned on the belief in magic; and the Consul's Italian Staff propounded the following story, which seemed to have perfect possession of their best belief. They said that a magician of great name was then in Cairo,—I think a Mogrebine; and that he had been sent for to the Consul's house, and put to the following proof. A silver spoon had been lost, and he was invited to point out the thief. On arriving, he sent for an Arab boy at hazard out of the street, and after various ceremonies, poured ink into the boy's hand, into which the boy was to look. It was stated, that he asked the boy what he saw, and the boy answered, "*I see a little man.*"—Tell him to bring a flag.—"*Now he has brought a flag.*"—Tell him to bring another.—"*Now he has brought another.*"—Tell him to bring a third.—"*Now he has brought it.*"—Tell him to bring a fourth.—"*He has brought it.*"—Tell him to

bring the captain of them all.—"*I see a great Sheik on horseback.*"—Tell him to bring the man that stole the spoon.—"*Now he has brought him.*"—What is he like?—"*He is a Frangi, poor-looking and mesquin.*" After which, followed other points of personal description not remembered; but which drew from the Staff the observation, that a European of exactly those qualities had been about the house. We expressed our desire to be introduced to the magician, and the Consul gravely intimated, it might hurt the prejudices of his wife, as being a Catholic; to the great mirth of the beautiful Consuless when she was told of it, who, though a Catholic and an Italian, declared she was the only person in the family, that set all the magicians in Egypt at defiance.

Having some time afterwards established ourselves in a house of our own, on the edge of the garden of the Austrian Consulate, (as I remember by the token that a Turkish officer who had been taking his evening walk of meditation, very gravely opened the window from the garden, put in first one leg of his huge trowsers and then the other, and strode into the room followed by his pipe-bearer, as being the shortest cut into the street; though I must do him the justice to say he laughed and was very conversable, when I brought him up with a salam and a cup of coffee, by way of demonstrating there was somebody in the house besides the Arab owner), we sent for the magician. I remember a well-dressed personable man, of what, after the fashion of the nomenclature in the Chamber of Deputies, might be called the young middle-age. He agreed to show us a specimen of his art, though I do not recollect that the nature of it was defined. He fixed upon our little boy of seven years old to be his instrument; and I remember he talked some nonsense about requiring an innocent agent, and how a woman might do as well, if she could plead the innocent presence of the unborn. He despatched a servant into the bazar, to procure frankincense and other things which he directed; and on their being produced, we all retired into a room, and closed the doors and windows. An earthen pot was placed in the middle of the floor, containing fire; and the magician sat down by it. He placed the little boy before him, and poured ink into the hollow of the boy's hand, and bid him look into it steadily. I think the mother rather quailed, at seeing her child in such propinquity with "the Enemy;" but recovered herself on being exhorted to defy the devil and all his works. And the thing was not entirely without danger from another quarter; for it was understood the Pasha had directed a special edict against all dealing with familiar spirits; and the Pasha's edicts were not altogether to be trifled with, as we knew from the mishap of a poor Indian servant, who was caught in the bazar in the fact of taking thirteen of the Pasha's tin piastres in change for a dollar, when the political economy of Cairo had decreed that twelve were to be equal in public estimation, and was immediately incarcerated in the place of skulls, or at least of heads, from which it is supposed he would have come out shorn of his beard and the chin it grew from, if the Consular cocked hat and Abyssinian charger had not proceeded at a gallop to the Court at Shubra, to claim him as a subject of the British crown; and much did poor Baloo vow, that no earthly temptation should take him again, to quit the gentle rule of the old Lady in Leadenhall-street, who, though she pinches a Peishwa and mercilessly screws a renter when it suits her, it must be allowed has a reverent care for the heads of all her lieges, and gives them a fair chance of going to their graves with the members nature had bestowed on them.

Hisce positis, as the logicians say, the magician began his process.

The boy was innocent of fear; being in fact a person rather perplexed and imperfect in those parts of theology that should have caused him to feel alarm. His native nurse first taught him to kiss his hand to the moon walking in brightness; which, being especially reprobated in the book of Job, we persuaded him to renounce. We next found him making salams as he passed the fat old gentleman with an elephant's head, and other foul idolatries bedaubed with rose-pink and butter, that show themselves on various milestone-like appurtenances to an Indian road. After his visit to the Persian Gulph he leaned more towards monotheism; and I once found him seated between two guns on the quarter-deck of an Arab frigate, in the midst of a fry of devotees of little more than his own age, busily engaged in chanting canticles in praise of Mohammed the 'amber-*ee*.' His early leaning towards the ugly gods of Hindostan, had made it a delicate matter to introduce him to our Evil Principle; and the fact was, that when he afterwards saw the Freischutz in England, we had no means of making him comprehend the nature of the crimson fiend, but by telling him he was a relation of his old elephant-headed friend Gunputty. On the whole I imagine there never was a better subject to cope with a sorcerer; and when he asked the cause of the immediate preparations, we told him the man was going to show some feats of legerdemain such as he used to see in India. The magician began by throwing grains of incense upon the fire, bowing with a see-saw motion and repeating "*Heyya hadji Capitân, Heyya hadji Capitân;*" which being interpreted, if it was intended to have any meaning, would appear to imply "*Hurra, pilgrim Captain!*" being, as I understood it at the time, an invocation by his style and title, of the spirit he wished to see. When nothing came, he increased his zeal after the manner of a priest of Baal, and seemed determined that if the "Captain" was sleeping or on a journey, he should not be missed for want of calling. One slight *variorum* reading I observed. Instead of saying to the boy "What do you see?" as had been reported,—he said "*Do you see a little man?*" which, if he had been accessible to fear or phantasy, was manifestly telling him what he was to look for. The boy however, resolutely declared he saw nothing; and the sorcerer continued his calls upon his spirit. When in this manner curiosity had been roused to something like expectation, the boy suddenly exclaimed, "I see something!"—*Tremor occupat artus;*—when he quashed it all by adding, "I see my nose." By the dim light of the fire, he had succeeded in getting a glimpse of his own countenance reflected in the ink. The magician doubled his exertions by way of carrying the thing off; but there was much less gravity in his audience afterwards; and at last he was forced to declare, that the spirit would not come, and the reason he believed was because we were Christians. He said, however, if an Arab boy was substituted the spirit would come. A servant therefore was sent out to bring a boy by the offer of a piastre, and one was soon produced. Whether there was any confederacy or not, I had no precise means to ascertain; but I was inclined to think not. The Arab boy was trusted with the ink in the place of the European, and on the magician's asking him the leading question "Do you see a little man?" he took but one look and answered "Yes." The orders then followed "Tell him to bring a flag," &c.; to all of which, whether operated on by some dread of refusing, or by the natural inclination of one rogue to help another, he duly answered that the thing was done. I do not remember any further

denoûment that there was; and so ended the magic of the magician of Grand Cairo.

Being disappointed in this experiment, we began to seek for the opportunity of making others, and offered a reward for any person who would show us a specimen of imp or spirit. One man was produced, who was stated to be of considerable fame. He said he would show me a spirit; but I must go out with him three nights running to a cross road at midnight, and perform divers ceremonies and lustrations which he proceeded to describe. I believe he had got an inkling, that I intended to leave Cairo the next day. I told him, however, that I would cheerfully go through any ceremonies he might propose. He next said, it would be necessary that I should repeat the name of the spirit I called for, eleven thousand times; and this I assured him I would painfully perform. He then said, he was afraid at my age the operation would be dangerous. I wonder whether the rogue meant that I was too young, or too old, or too middle-aged; for I was exactly thirty-eight. Seeing that I only pressed him the more, he took his fee and walked off, intimating that there was no use in doing these things with Frangis.

I saw another instance in Cairo, of the way in which a story accumulates by telling, and the degree in which even sensible Europeans by long residence are induced to give into the beliefs they find around them. The conversation turned one day on the power of charming serpents, supposed to be inherent in certain descendants of the *Psylli*. One of the Consular Staff immediately declared, that a most remarkable instance of the fact had happened in the Consul-General's own court-yard the day before. That one of those gifted men had come into the yard, and declared he knew by his art that there were serpents in the stable; and that he had immediately gone and summoned forth two snakes of the most poisonous kind, which he seized in his hands and brought in the presence of the relator to the Consular threshold. Now it happened to me, to see the whole of this scene. I was wandering about the Consul's court, gazing at the curiosities scattered around, enough to have set up any European museum with an Egyptian branch, and particularly, I remember, at a lame mummy's crutch, found with him in his coffin, on which it is possible the original owner hopped away from the plague of frogs. An old rural Arab of respectable appearance was standing at the Consul's door, holding in his hand the crooked stick which an Arab keeps to recover the halter of his camel if he happens to lose it while mounted, and presenting altogether a parallel to a substantial yeoman with his riding-whip, come to town to do a little justice-business with the Mayor. A stable-keeper came and said, that two snakes had made their appearance in the stable; on which the Arab, being no more in the habit of fearing such vermin than a European farmer of fearing rats, proceeded towards the stable, and I followed him. Sure enough there were two snakes in dalliance in the horse's stall; and my construction was, that it was the poor animals' St. Valentine. The Arab, however, ruthlessly smote them with his gib stick, in a way that showed an exact comprehension of what would settle a snake; and brought them hanging by the tails and still writhing with the remains of life, and laid them at the threshold of the house. I looked at the snakes, and felt a strong persuasion they were of a harmless kind; but whether they were or not, was of small moment as the Arab treated them.

I remember in India once driving one of the snake-jugglers to discovery. He told the servants there were snakes in the stable; and

offered to produce one. He accordingly went, with piping and other ceremonies, and soon demonstrated a goodly *cobra de capello* struggling by the tail. He secured this in his repertory of snakes, and said he thought there was another; on which he went through the same operations again. Though he had been too quick for me on both occasions, I offered him a rupee to produce a third, which he agreed to; and this time I saw the snake's head, struggling rather oddly in his nether garments. He ran into the horse's stall, rushed forward with a shriek to distract attention, and then I saw him jerk out a snake of some four feet long, and drag it backwards by the tip of the tail as if desperately afraid of it. Knowing his snakes must be an exhaustible quantity, I proffered a second rupee for another, taking care to keep between him and the snake-basket; which he declined. But on turning round and giving him a chance to communicate with his receptacle, he quickly presented himself with the assurance that now he thought he knew where a serpent might be lodged. The Indian servants all devoutly believed in his skill; but it is impossible not to be ashamed of Europeans, who adorn their books with marks of similar gullibility.

One more story, and I have done. I do intensely regret, that at Cairo I did not purchase a manifest book of magic, in Arabic, adorned with terrible figures of dæmons down the margins, which would have been enough to burn any succession of possessors in the good old times. It was offered me for forty piastres (about 13*s.* 4*d.*); but *blasé* as I was with curiosities, and distracted between the desire to have the book and to avoid increasing baggage, I haggled about the price, and the seller never presented himself again. On examining it, it was manifestly a book of *chemistry*, or possibly enough alchemy; the various agents being typified in the margin by dæmons with prodigious horns and tails, in which I thought I recognized the origin of the odd remnants still presented on the coloured bottles in a druggist's window. One most tremendous fiend, who might be recognized as frequently repeated, was always underlined *zeybak*, 'quicksilver;' and another of diverse form but equal terror, was lettered *hâmiz*, 'an acid.' I would willingly give ten times the sum, if the book was recoverable now. There can be no doubt that here was one of the books of secret arts, our forefathers used to suffer for.

Finally, Sir, may heaven deliver us, *which I doubt*, from all sorcerers, magicians, soothsayers, dealers with familiar spirits, and others of the class which the old law calls 'incorrigible rogues and vagabonds,' by the passing of the Reform Bill. So prays, &c. &c.

LINES.

BY DR. BOWRING.

FEW are the fragments left of follies past;
For worthless things are transient. Those that last
Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
And out of good their permanence inherit.
Baseness is mutability's ally;
But the sublime affections never die.

Virtue makes smiles of tears; vice, tears of smiles.

THE VENTILATORS.

A TALE OF THE LAST SESSION.

"THE most unfortunate season to bring out a girl, without any exception, since the year of that wretched business of Queen Caroline, even admitting that we have a most amiable Queen, and may expect drawing-rooms."—This was said by Lady Holroyd, with her most imposing face of feminine diplomacy, across a breakfast-table, at which she sat *tête-à-tête* with her husband.

"Then suppose, my dear, you *keep her in*," replied Sir Jermyn Holroyd, with quiet humour,—"suit your tactics to the time. And what makes you imagine, Anne, that in coming up to town for a week or two, where her presence was required by me on her coming of age, that my pretty ward thinks any thing about *out* or *in*?"

"Nonsense! Sir Jermyn; Miss Clifford has some reason to complain of my neglect already; but were it not that our friends are prepared to see her with us, that expectation is a tip-toe, and Margaret of age, I would still have counselled seclusion for this Spring. The men—that is, all the men worth thinking about—*will* think of nothing but their vile politics. There will be no dinners—thin parties—the House and the Clubs everlasting."

"Pho! you take it far too seriously, Anne. The world will wag this session pretty much in the old way, at least, so far as relates to marrying, and being given in marriage. So nice a little girl as Margaret, with the Priory acres to her petticoat, is only in danger of being too quickly snapped at: you must take care, in the first place, to make her over to some honest Whig; and, if possible, to one of our own county." Lady Holroyd bowed with dignity; her look saying, "You may safely confide all that to me."

While this conversation passed, the subject of it, a lovely and pleasing girl, with nothing in the least *striking* at a first glance, entered the apartment, prepared to go out, her shawl over her arm. She had arrived in London only on the preceding evening, and, in right of supposed fatigue, though Margaret's blooming face acknowledged none, breakfast had been sent up to her chamber.

"Going out, Miss Clifford! so early, and alone?—the carriage, I believe, is not ordered yet," said Lady Holroyd, in stately surprise.

"Only to run across the way to Georgiana," returned the young lady. "She has got into one of those fine new houses, I believe; but I know 'her whereabout,' and old Ralph will marshal me."

The young lady kissed her hand, like one quietly resolved not to be stayed, and was off, leaving her patroness to direct to Sir Jermyn the emphatic,—"Miss Clifford cannot be aware that Lady Robert Anson and I don't visit—that circumstances render it impossible we should be on any terms save those of the coldest civility—if to that much her ladyship is longer entitled."

Five minutes afterwards Miss Clifford was in the arms of her proscribed friend, who started from under the hands of her maid to receive her thrice-welcome visiter.—"My dear charming Margaret, how kind to *force* your way to me; I have *note-laid* you for three days, thinking I might smuggle you in here—contraband, for a few hours before you passed into legal custody;—and why not come to me at first, and for altogether? But a week emancipates you, and then *you are mine!*"

"But, Georgiana, now that I have breath, what has come between you and my worthy guardian's excellent lady, an old *family friend*, who appeared, too, so particularly gracious to you?"

"So she has not told you then?" said Lady Robert, colouring slightly.—"Oh! 'tis nothing, or less—*politics*,—I believe;—only we don't visit—*tant pis*, and *tant mieux*, unless she were able to keep *you* from me; on all other points I defy her."

Lady Robert Anson was the favourite school-fellow and early friend of Miss Clifford. Her ladyship had now been married for nearly five years, and was the mother of three children, though only four years the senior of the secluded Margaret; and this period had made her as much a woman of the world as was permitted by a heart naturally kind, though habitually selfish; and a head which, affecting deep knowledge of public affairs, and of those secret causes in high places on which they hinge, was as volatile and inconsequent as it had been at eighteen. It was in vain for Lady Robert to pretend to diplomacy; but with her party she had her own uses.

In grace, and charm of manner, Lady Robert had improved during her sojourn in the higher regions and deeper recesses of the fashionable and the political world; and the early beauty of which young Margaret had been so generously proud, had gained as much in refinement and delicacy of expression, as it had lost in ingenuous freshness and juvenile bloom. To none of her high-bred fascinations was Miss Clifford insensible, but the charm of kindness was far above them all,—Georgiana loved her. She at least loved Georgiana; not—and she chided herself for the feeling—as she once had done, but still far too truly and dearly not to have lately passed many an anxious hour on her account.

Miss Clifford had come to give a long morning solely to her friend; and Lady Robert had ordered herself to be denied to all the world. Several times Margaret attempted to lead the conversation to affairs of serious import to both the ladies; but Lady Robert either gave it a dexterous turn, or looked so vexed that Margaret could not press her.

"You know I must—*must*, Georgiana, tell Sir Jermyn *all*, one of these days. I never lie down nor rise without self-accusation."

"You think far too seriously, too superstitiously, dearest Margaret, of these trifling matters. In a week you will be your own mistress—accountable to no one. You cannot doubt the honour of Lord Robert,—you cannot, Margaret, break my heart by exposures which would be so painful, so ruinous at present:—say nothing more about it, love. Oh! there comes your maid with your clothes to dress. I took the liberty to send your apologies to Lady Holroyd. How could the exacting old woman expect you from me to-day."

"I wish you had not, Georgiana," said Miss Clifford gravely; "I would not for any thing offend a person so respectable, and so very kind to me as Lady Holroyd has always been." But the thing was already fixed, and Margaret soon forgot every cause of uneasiness in the charm of her friend's conversation, and the revival of old themes and girlish scenes. And in this way, and with the customary helps of tumbling over dresses, books, music, jewellery, &c. &c. and narrating past, and planning future amusements, Lady Robert contrived to speed the morning hours.

Though the order, *Not at home*, had been most explicitly given, the servants interpreted it in some understood way; for in the course of the morning several gentlemen were admitted who appeared to be of Lady

Robert's most intimate and confidential *coterie*, and also two ladies, handsome, fashionable, dashing women, who were permitted to remain nameless, though some of the gentlemen were particularly introduced to Miss Clifford. Men and women appeared alike ardent politicians, plunged over head and ears in the affairs of the day, and the debate of the night. Lady Robert's work-table had been constituted into a council-board, where pamphlets and newspapers were tumbled over, notes received and despatched, and gold pencils kept busy in incessant calculation,—gay badinage mingling with serious disussion, and flippant remark with earnest deliberation, or what the ladies appeared to believe such.

"Ten to one against Talbot's motion!" cried one of the ladies, whom Lady Robert, somewhat *cockneyishly*, as Margaret thought, named "Mrs. A."

Lady Robert skimmed rapidly over the calculations which had led to this challenge, and raised her graceful head in triumph to the keen-eyed, subtle-looking, diplomatic person, announced as Mr. Snapdragon, who leaned upon her chair, while his regards were fixed on Margaret, who had retired, as far as possible from the council-table, apparently occupied with a book. This gentleman had just come in along with a military man, whom Margaret heard sportively named in the circle, Lady Robert's *Cortejo*, a term supposed peculiarly applicable to an old Peninsular campaigner playing the gallant. "Who is this fine girl you have got to-day, Lady Robert?" inquired the diplomatist in a lisping kind of voice, the tones of which grated on Margaret's ear.

"One to whom your labours of to-night may earn you an introduction," she whispered, "a ward of old Holroyd's, the —— shire heiress, a real God-send to me at present, the best of my ways and means for the season, and a charming girl to boot—Miss Clifford, my old school-fellow and dearest friend." Mr. Snapdragon muttered some words of intended compliment "to the early friendship," which his tone and manner converted into a sneer. "Snappy being of the amiable nature," another gentleman whispered, "that the sweetest things sent up from his heart become acrid in their progress to his tongue."

Lord Robert Anson now first made his appearance, and looked as if just out of bed, fevered and bloated. He complained of headach, and of the murderous hours of "the House." While he paid his compliments to Miss Clifford, the political deliberations were resumed in divan. They were now also joined by a pompous-like person, of great account with his party, for causes not exactly intrinsic. He was very formally introduced to Miss Clifford of the Priory, —— shire, as Mr. Bellwether, member for —— shire.

The plan of action for the night was submitted to Mr. Bellwether, who took credit for what Snapdragon called his acute suggestions of a former morning, as gravely as if they had ever glanced within a thousand degrees of his slow and obtuse mind.

Of what was passing, Margaret, though a silent, could not be an inattentive observer. She noticed that as the heavy tread of Mr. Bellwether was heard, and long before he was announced, Snapdragon had whisked Mrs. A. off, through a side door, as a piece of smuggled goods not proper to be seen by every body in their society; and also marked the angry impatience with which the appearance of another important confederate was expected, who never came. Snapdragon looked to his watch a dozen times, though the time-piece glittered before him, and at last cursed himself for having attempted "to move such a dish of skim-milk to any honourable enterprise."

One by one the party now dropped off, Lady Robert or Snapdragon sending after them those light jests and petty sarcasms which break neither bones nor squares, and which often give the bystanders a truer light into the character of the inventor of the wit than of the person at whom it is levelled. The party was reduced to seven, when the butler announced luncheon, to which Miss Clifford was conducted by the *Cortejo*, who, she now found, possessed the irresistible claim on a lady's sympathy of wanting an arm. The nominal luncheon turned out a sumptuous, though small dinner, such as Lady Robert, too good a diplomatist to "neglect her table," was accustomed to give her party-friends on field-days like this, that concoction and digestion might proceed together, without loss of time. At lunch, or dinner, the conversation became more general, gay, animated, and witty, or approached that happier something verging on wit. Enemies were not forgotten, but friends were the favourite subjects, where nobody was spared, from the most sacred interior of the Court to the mob leaders, as they were called. The minutes fled so pleasantly, that Lady Robert was compelled to remind the gentlemen of their public duties; and as she rose from table, touching her glass with her lip, she called gaily to Margaret to pledge her, country fashion, to the discomfiture of Mr. Talbot's motion.

Miss Clifford unconsciously pushed back her own glass; first, looked disconcerted by the request, but afterwards still more so at the grave way in which she had taken it. One of the gentlemen whispered something about angels' prayers; and Lady Robert, with some affectation of manner, but in her most caressing tones, murmured, "Nay love, that potent Whiggess, Lady Holroyd, cannot have converted you already?—luckily, I caught you too quickly for that."

"Lady Holroyd never made an attempt that would so ill reward her trouble," said Margaret coldly.

"Miss Clifford will let her husband be politician for both sides of the House," said Lord Robert.

"As Lady Robert has done," cried Snapdragon; and the lady so complimented reddened over brow and bosom, but affected to laugh. Margaret had learned—as in England who does not know more or less of every public affair, and the alleged causes of every public action—that Lady Robert Anson was greatly blamed for her husband having *shabbily* deserted his party.

"I mean Miss Clifford will permit her husband to give the law in politics," stammered Lord Robert, amending his blunder, in the usual fashion, by making it worse.

"And he will be an honest Tory," cried Snapdragon, in that sharp, brassy Irish voice, and presumptuous manner, which made him already Margaret's antipathy.

"At least, he shall be an honest man!" said Margaret, with spirit and dignity that rather surprised her friend.

"Bravo! spirit i' faith—all that English girls want to be angels;" and turning to Lady Robert, "Are we to know that to-night *our* guardian angel keeps watch for us—that bright eyes are upon us—that from yonder station, they still—

"Rain influence, and judge the prize."

"My heart you may be sure is with you, but I can neither leave my fair guest, nor yet ——"

"Take her with you?"—interrupted Snapdragon, in a smothered voice. "Why not—capital decoy duck—we can easily send abroad a rumour which will carry a legion of young Whiglings up to you. Talbot's majority is at most five. By Jove! you might turn it! *Tête-de-fer* would absolutely worship you for a stroke of female *strategy*, so akin to his own genius in war."

"Too absurd!" returned Lady Robert, evidently gratified. "Though I do unscrupulously enjoy an election *ruse*, the locking-out would be going too far."

"Not a bit of it, if successfully managed; which I cannot doubt, if in your fair hands. I would send you "clever Mrs. A., and a few more of Venus's fly-traps," cried he earnestly, as the consequences of this stroke unfolded to his quick apprehension; and drawing up his shoulders, he protruded the fine-turned, but snake-like head, in which glittered the cold, clear, bright eyes; and spread abroad those eager, mobile, clutchy fingers, till they grew into the semblance of talons or fangs, before the gaze of Margaret. There now passed many eager whispers, in which were mingled such words as the Prince, the Duke, the Ambassadress. "You *could*, you *might*, if you *would*, out-general them all. By Styx you might!—or I bet my head for a tennis-ball to the Radicals——"

"Rated at its fair value, Snappy," murmured Sir R. Rawlinson, hardly aside.

"For what lesser purpose did Heaven illuminate such eyes with such a soul, such wit," continued the persevering politician—in the present instance too persevering, or too indiscreetly urgent; for the aristocratic lady, with some hauteur, said aloud: "This would be going far to serve one's friends; besides, I have infinite contempt for such rivalship."

Thus ended the conversation. Some of the gentlemen swallowed fresh exhilarating bumpers, others coffee of triple strength, and all disappeared.

"A strange scene this to you, love," said Lady Robert, in her most caressing tones, and wreathing her beautiful arms round Margaret, who sat bolt upright beside her on the couch in an attitude of grave determined thought. Her sincere reply was, "At least unusual, Georgiana."

"You must often have heard of Snapdragon, though, till lately, he was not of our *set*. He is the most talented, versatile creature in the world; full of taste and wit, independently of his great capacity as a statesman, a man of business, and a debater. The Walpoles, father and son, in one;—and wields a plume, I promise you, like a scorpion."

"An odd combination, indeed, Lady Robert. You remember our old little books at school told us, the wasp was armed with a sting, and the toad furnished with venom. The nobler animals are endowed with no such means of offence."

"When *our* party get in," continued Lady Robert, pursuing the train of her own thoughts, "there is no saying to what that man may rise.—Save the Duke—and, like Bellwether, he is now rather in the past tense,—there are no two men *we* could not better spare than Snappy.—And why not pledge me to the discomfiture of Talbot, Margaret? If you knew how that man has tortured us, or the cause I have *personally* to abhor him," ——

"You astonish me, Lady Robert," cried Margaret, colouring; "I understood Mr. Talbot to have been a great favourite with you. When I was last in London, you did all you could to make every body in love with him." The young lady laughed, and again coloured slightly.

"So I did,—and so he was then, a prodigious favourite; one on whom

Lord Robert and I quite relied, which makes his conduct the more horrid in deserting us now."

"You shock as well as astonish me, Georgiana; a man so high-principled, of such honourable feeling as Mr. Talbot, distinguished in every way. It was quite a triumph when he carried our county; even Lady Holroyd, much as she dislikes Catholics, was delighted with Mr. Talbot getting into Parliament——"

"Where his first business was to attack and expose his friends. But for Talbot—ay Talbot—Lord Robert need not have lost that northern embassy, which, trifling as the emoluments are, would have been something to us, till brighter days come round,—something better than living in London in this *small* way,"—Lady Robert glanced with impatience and vexation round her splendid drawing room,—"small I mean to what we were accustomed to, while our friends were in office, or to what is expected from our rank."—Lady Robert now looked extremely sensible and matronly. "I speak to you as a sincere friend, Margaret,—you who have done so much for us,—and as to one sensible far beyond your years or opportunities. Our noble relatives have all so much to do with themselves. I am sure, I wish there was a law authorizing British midwives to drown two thirds, at least, of the female offspring of the nobility in China basins. They have, I said, all so much to do with themselves, that it became quite a *duty* to provide for us in some public way. Now, except that Lord Robert draws his full pay as colonel, of which they could not deprive him, and that we have a mere trifle from the colonial government, of which some Irish person, whom —— saddled on us, gets £300, a full fifth, for doing the duties, whatever they are, and that the reversion of mamma's pension has been secured to me,—and a terrible business it was,—we have not one farthing of income. You know to your cost, Margaret, that we were not at the first out-set the wisest of people. But what could we do? Had our friends staid in, all would have been well in a little time; and I would have had such pleasure, love, in seeing you established among us. But the Duke is so terribly self-willed,—now this is in the strictest confidence,—his cast-iron temper has been our deadliest trial; and ———, the arch-traitor, knows so well how to irritate, tickle, and keep him in play. But we might still have had the embassy, even from the present set—they, blessings on them, have a sort of fellow-feeling, having little wants of their own—save for Talbot and the Radical crew, who, raising the cry of a job against us, frightened the poor dear Whigs into retrenchment."

"Perhaps Mr. Talbot was not aware of who was to hold the appointment," said Margaret; "perhaps thought it a needless one, a burden on th country," she added very gravely;—but Lady Robert caught only at the first part of the sentence.

"O! that would have signified nothing to Mr. Patriot Talbot," she cried, laughing in angry disdain; "his virtue would have rejoiced the more in the sacrifice to his friends the *reformers*, had it been of his own brother, if he had had one. You can form no notion, love, of the unprincipled, daring length to which Mr. Talbot and his revolutionary friends are pushing matters this season,—of the nature of the incendiary war they almost openly wage with rank, property, and the most sacred institutions in church and state."

"Good Heavens! Georgiana, it cannot be of the Talbot I know, you speak—for his mother's sake I trust he is none of those——"

"A leader, a chief; I assure you it is a fact, love.—Don't you read the

papers at all?—those of them worth reading I mean:—there you will learn Talbot. Let me give you a specimen:—among his motions—his vile claptraps—of this year, was one about the revenues of the Irish bishops, a direct attack on church property. You have heard of my uncle, the Bishop, Margaret, and what a favourite I am with him,—he was a sort of forlorn hope to us when all else failed. He has a very handsome revenue to be sure; but is it not his own?—and think of him of late years being condemned to live away from the Court where he had been so much, and from all his friends, in that horrid country for months at a time, solely from a high sense of duty. He is a delightful person, the Bishop, one who truly adorns the mitre. He lived in the handsomest style between Bath, London, and Windsor, and was constantly making us presents, and seizing the opportunities which fell in his way of doing us all manner of public kindnesses. He was a prodigious favourite with *our* King, [by this style Lady Robert and her female friends, at all times distinguished George IV. from his royal brother,] and was often at Windsor Castle for weeks together in the latter years of the late reign. Heigho! how times have changed! My uncle had as much to say with a certain Marchioness as proved very useful to his friends; and I assure you, Margaret, whatever ill-natured people may insinuate, no one was more capable of true friendship than that lady, where she took a fancy. My uncle possessed all those agreeable small talents for society, which at Court tell so well. He understood all the little amusing games and turns of address which the Dowager-court people enjoy so much, though to us they do seem tiresome. Forty years ago he was a first-rate Grecian, I am told; and you know the Bench is not very rich in the best blood, which has its own value in certain places. He *was* all that I say; and you may guess the extent of my obligations to Mr. Talbot, when I tell you, that his infamous motion gave this admirable prelate, my poor uncle, a fit of gout, which flew to his brain, or something of that sort. Sir Henry Halford never understood the case properly, though no one doubted the cause; and now, though absolutely rolling in gold, immensely rich, he has got a wild craze, that the radicals will plunder him, the funds break, and that he will die a beggar in Trim work-house, some horrid Irish place; nor would he now part with one guinea to save all our lives."

"Poor Ireland, how I enjoy thy revenge!" thought Margaret, who found some difficulty in preserving her gravity at this pitiful history. At last, she said, "The people of Ireland are so miserably poor, Lady Robert—that must be Talbot's apology; and the bulk of them are Catholics too. One could say, in thinking of them, nearly with Chateaubriand, a royalist even up to your bent:—'A time will come when it will not be believed, that, in a Christian land, one priest enjoyed a revenue of £20,000, while thousands of people wanted a meal.'"

"Merciful, Margaret, surely you cannot be an enemy of the Church!"

"Heaven forbid! Lady Robert; I hope there is nothing in what I say, that shews I am not a sincere friend of the church, its most submissive daughter. I only think, in common with tens of thousands of Church of England Christians, that its revenues are sometimes cruelly gathered, always ill divided, and too often ill bestowed."

"I must yoke Bellwether upon you, Margaret; he did represent ——— University," said Lady Robert, with forced gaiety; "or Goulburn or Herries. They will demonstrate by *figures*, love, what a miserable pittance, if divided among the people, all that our *rapacious* Order enjoys would in reality be.—And the necessity of preserving the Second Estate, Margaret,

of maintaining the *tone* in religion and morals. How could that be ever so cheaply supported as at present?"

"When I saw you last you were quite a Liberal, Lady Robert, at least in church matters."

"We were horridly betrayed, love; thrown, I fear, irretrievably into a false position. Lord Robert had been so entangled with the Canning *clique*, who were a doomed race—the sooner we cut and ran there the better; but then came *our* capital blunder—the Duke never should have conceded these Catholic claims. And now mark the base ingratitude of these Irish papists to *us*, their best friends;—to a man they support the Grey set." A short pause of thought took place.—"And Robert might have been with these. There we see Palmerston, Melbourne,—all the old men in again;—but who can tell what is best! The path of public men is beset with quicksands. Sir Robert Peel has ruined his reputation by honesty; and, thanks to Mr. Talbot, so, meanwhile, the base press says, has Lord Robert Anson, by vacillation."

Miss Clifford had heard, with pain and mortification, that Lord Robert Anson had, at his outset in life, acted a mean, shuffling, undecided part with the Whigs, afterwards a treacherous one with the Canning administration, and, latterly, a truckling one with the succeeding government. He was, however, in virtue of his family connexions and influence, floated on, till all had lately foundered together. "But why thanks to Talbot, Georgiana?" cried Miss Clifford, in a tone of earnestness and vexation. "I know so little of your affairs. While you were a fine lady and a minister's wife, entertaining foreign princes and ambassadors, I could not expect you to answer my poor letters, and since you have grown a politician it has been much worse. I fear, Georgiana, you have never even read my country epistles.—To which of your parties does Mr. Talbot really belong?"

"To none, love, none.—But, fie, Margaret, could you imagine I would not read your letters?—Mr. Patriot Talbot is a man of the people—an independent member—the modern Andrew Marvell, my dear—eats his mutton and turnip with his mother in some small house about Parliament Street, fagging in the Chancery Court all the morning like a tiger, and labouring in the House of Commons all night to build up a reputation with the Reformers, and destroy us. It is altogether too ridiculous!" continued the lady, with a choking laugh.—"When elected for your county, on the strength of his public virtues and wonderful talents, forsooth, by the sovereign chaw-bacons, to represent and guard their precious interests———"

"Nay, Lady Robert——"

"Pardon the offence against good taste, Margaret. Party-people, I own, are always vulgar; but you do not yet know what a *humbug* it all is,—to use another vulgar but expressive word of my friend Snapdragon's, proscribed, I believe, at our old school,—what an egregious humbug! but you will too soon learn."

"Never, I trust," cried Margaret, emphatically, "that independence and public honesty, though rare, are non-existing in England."

"With the phœnix and the unicorn, Margaret, they exist."

"But the unicorn does exist," said Margaret, laughing, "somewhere in the interior of Africa."

"And so may the patriot, love,—in that same latitude; and every body who goes to seek him will die. But this interrupts my story.—When Talbot got in on the people's shoulders, as they describe it in their ele-

gant phraseology, I thought he might be of very great use to *us*. We all thought *him* worth gaining; even the highest of the very highest powers; and who so apt a negociator as his old friend, Lady Robert Anson, who was accordingly entrusted with this delicate affair. I shewed my credentials—opened my case; but no—Heaven knows what the man plays for; but his game, meanwhile, benefits only the base Whigs. I failed of course; tried the mother, who kept her door shut in the face of what the newspapers call my allurements, temptations, charms, and fascinations. She is a very gentlewomanly person, I believe; but she has surrounded herself and her proud papist notions with a triple Chinese wall of prejudices against *us*, the friends of the papists, which neither ————'s battering-rams, nor my small sapping and mining, could dare on."

"Don't tell me more of this, Lady Robert," cried Margaret, abruptly, and in a tone of vexation. "Mrs. Talbot is a person whom I must respect, nay, venerate."

"Just one small specimen, Margaret love, quite in your own way, to do you good, to sweeten your imagination. Talbot's election—though to be done *at* and *below* prime cost, so great a favourite is he—cost, nevertheless, some £3000. This sum the Whigs would have defrayed; and they owed him much more before he got into Parliament at all, were it only for his various scribblements in their cause,—we must not say in their *service*. Conceive the ridiculous pride of the old woman! all her jewels,—heir-looms that had glittered in the masques of the Plantagenets and Tudors, ornaments of the fair Talbots of other days,—she, to my knowledge, sold underhand, to save her son this mighty obligation, that no stain, forsooth, might rest on 'the one entire and perfect chrysolite,' which now forms Mrs. Talbot's wealth of jewellery."

"Dearest Lady Robert, is it possible you do not sympathize in so fine an action!" cried Margaret, her eyes glowing and glistening; "if you do not, you are not the Georgiana you once were."

"Perhaps, love, I do sympathize a little. I am at least heartily indignant at the way the pretty toys went,—to think of the gems my chaste grandames had admired, the Talbot diamonds of our county, sparkling in the tiara of my new ally? Well, no matter,—politics, like misery, bring folks acquainted with strange companions,—the calumnious Whigs would say bed-fellows. 'Tis a sorry trade,—and a thankless.—If we had got this paltry embassy," continued the lady, deeply sighing, "it would have been so delightful to run away from London.—but don't speak of Talbot again to me, Margaret; with all the reasons I have to hate him, I am an angel to be able to think of that man with temper."

Lady Robert, notwithstanding all her gaiety, brilliance, and high spirits, and the secret influence in public affairs, on which she prided herself, now that the flimsy veil was removed, seemed so ill at ease, that though many, if not of all her misfortunes, were clearly attributable to a line of conduct, deliberately chosen and obstinately followed, her friend could not do less than fondly pity, while she gently blamed. She would again have returned to confidential affairs; but Lady Robert declared herself so happy to-night, and begged so earnestly to waive all odious business for this one evening, that Margaret could only sigh and yield.

It was now time to dress for that half hour of the Opera which Margaret reluctantly consented to share with her friend. And for this half hour of exhibition, the fair diplomatist made as elaborate a toilet as if she had been going into the presence of Majesty. "Is it not miserable

to find the habit, the necessity of dress, beginning to outlive the enjoyment?" she said, while anxiously directing, and patiently submitting to the finishing touches of a French waiting-maid obtained as a treasure from the Ambassadress,—one, it was alleged, better skilled in the English language and the dexterous use of keys than her lady would have approved. Her own dress complete, Lady Robert as anxiously superintended the proper equipment of her friend. "In beauty and elegance, *we* far eclipse the Whig women," she said, gaily, while surveying and complimenting Margaret. "That is confessed even by their own swains; and the crisis requires all our forces, artillery of all kinds."

It was a dull opera, and a thin chilling circle,—no woman worth bestowing a second look, nor man a second thought upon,—so Lady Robert pronounced. And of the few gentlemen who lounged into the box and chatted with her, not one was considered worthy of being named to the heiress, whom she said she was determined not to cheapen by too general introductions. She soon seemed restless, uneasy, and out of place, and frankly confessed that her heart was not here. "Dare I tempt you, Margaret, within the verge of my spells? I am under a sort of engagement to sup with my friends at —— House, where bright eyes make their own welcome.—Shall I tempt you thither?—But first, with what will you bribe me, to place you within eye and earshot of Mr. Talbot's eloquence, and the merciless thrashing that learned gentleman may make up his mind for to-night."

"The latter part of your offer, would, I own, be a delightful gratification, if modestly practicable," replied the young lady; "but when, how, or where?"

"Never mind the when and where—follow you my white plume." And in a few minutes, cloaked and muffled, the ladies alighted near the House of Commons, and found Sir R. Rawlinson as if in waiting for them. Him Lady Robert gaily accosted with, "How wears the night,"—heard that Talbot had not *opened* yet,—that Bellwether had contrived to throw in the drag of a few petitions, and, that unless the debate was protracted to a very late hour, the division might be defeated by delay for that night. With this, after some scrambling and winding through stairs and passages, not of the most inviting description, they found themselves at the *Ventilators* of the House of Commons! That den called in the clubs, "The Petticoat Parliament House," where night after night, through the last two agitating sessions, high-born, stooping, kneeling, *silent* Beauty, might be seen worshipping Eloquence. Never had brighter eyes, or fairer and more warmly throbbing bosoms, viewed or watched the fortunes of the lists, at the tournaments, than those that now viewed the turmoil and wordy war which nightly raged below, among gallant Knights of the Shire, and gentle Squires representatives of rotten boroughs; nor ever had the dames of chivalry raised to Heaven more fervent aspirations for the success of their favourites.

"Fountain of stolen waters! dear, dirty, dingy, *exciting*, enchanting den!" cried Lady Robert, on entering the place which had been her late haunt, and in which several persons, chiefly ladies,—young, beautiful, and elegant women,—were already assembled, and at their post of observation; "dear, dirty hole in the wall, what theatre, opera-house, royal drawing-room, or more delightful royal cabinet, is to be compared in torturing, maddening interest, to the rack I have lately found in thee." She met several persons of both sexes belonging to *her* party, and some of the members of her coterie;—but the chiefs were all

engaged below, and a few subalterns, loungers and *attachés*, did gallant duty for the evening. Lady Robert's first care was to find an advantageous post for her young friend; and, that done, she joined one of the groupes, and afterwards disappeared, though Margaret, in the full gratification of a lady's longing to penetrate those mysteries so provokingly and carefully veiled from female eyes, was too deeply engaged to mark the desertion.

Separated from the overpowering multitude of august and impressive associations which must crowd on every educated mind, in seeing, for the first time, the representatives of the British empire, there is nothing intrinsically either dignified or splendid in the aspects of that show. To a New-Zealander, a congregation of Methodists, or a Jewish synagogue, would infallibly prove more imposing,—a regiment of foot arranged in a chapel, a much more magnificent sight than that huge, *Free-and-easy* motley assembly, of lounging, lolling, sitting, standing, leaning, stretching, yawning, slumbering, sleeping, winking, gaping, goggling, chewing, jotting, nodding, note-making multitude of "Faithful Commons in Parliament assembled." Yet with what feelings is it first beheld!—by Miss Clifford, at any rate, whose maiden glance was as awful an undertaking as ever was modest young member's maiden speech.

"'Tis the prettiest villain.
She fetches her breath like a new-ta'en sparrow,"

reported the Honourable Horace Wimbledon, a prating poet of Lady Robert's party, whom she had despatched to attend to the commands of Miss Clifford, mainly to get his perked ears out of the reach of the confidential whispers of the *coterie*. This was now increased by the "Mrs. A." of the morning, and the *Cortejo*, who came up stairs, leaving, as he said, "Snapdragon, lurking in the jungle, ready to spring on Talbot."

The demeanour of Miss Clifford was not ill depicted in Wimbledon's conceited quotation. In surveying that formidable array, composed of so many discordant elements, yet forming so majestic a whole, her cheek flushed, and her heart throbbed as if too large for her bosom. When the first swell of feeling subsided, curiosity came into play, and she looked round for some one to tell her who was who.—Mr. Horace Wimbledon, with whom she had no desire to cultivate a closer intimacy, though he styled himself, Perpetual Speaker of the Ladies' House, had disappeared on his embassy; and fortune favoured Margaret in throwing her upon the politeness of her next neighbour, a stately, and rather aristocratic-looking matron, who appeared as much interested in the affairs of the night as herself, and yet took a benevolent pleasure in informing the novice. And who were those "Faithful Commons," likely first to strike, and afterwards to rivet a lady's—a woman's eyes? "Is it Sir James Grahame or Colonel Evans you mean?" whispered Margaret's informer, in reply to a question. Margaret meant both, and several others also; but her eye was still restless—it had not found the object it sought:—like some other patriots, it is to be feared Margaret tried to conceal certain personal feelings under the veil of public interests. "But the heroes of this night, Ma'am?" she whispered. "O, the Bill Men!" returned the lady, smiling, "There is a host of heroes here-"

"'Tis the member for ——— shire, I mean, as the hero of this night."

"Oh, the *real* hero!" said the Lady, smiling more freely; "Mr. Edward Talbot There he is—whispering to Lord Palmerston—to that gentleman with the luxuriant whiskers.—No, no, your eye is quite in the

wrong direction; the something at which you look, resembling a human countenance, gleaming beneath that thicket of hair, does not belong to his Lordship; that is Colonel S———, or, as the wits of the Clubs name him, Mephibosheth."

The actual appearance of Mr. Talbot, a rush of members into the House, and the dead silence, resolved Margaret's doubts. She had seen him but once, for some years, but had not forgotten him. His first words were to her inaudible. The subject of his motion was the education of the people; "Not a Ministerial measure," Miss Clifford's neighbour whispered, "but one, which, to a certain extent, it was expected the ministry would support, and also some members of the Opposition." This whispered explanation had scarcely been given, when the speaker, borne on in the full tide of his discourse, first revealed to the distant fair spectator that something till then unimagined, the magic power, the commanding force of the highest eloquence.

At the close of his speech, and while the walls still shook with the exciting cheers which wound up and dissolved the charm, and brought a gush of sympethetic tears into Miss Clifford's eyes, she involuntarily turned to her companion, who appeared almost as much moved as herself, drew a long relieving breath, a deep sigh, and passionately whispered, "And this is eloquence! I never before divined aright what that mightiest power might mean; but 'tis *truth* also—noble, generous, patriot feeling. Oh, how admirable, how enviable that man who, blessed with such glorious gifts, thus uses them in swaying these hundreds of minds for the happiness of millions!"—and then abruptly checking herself, as if ashamed of unmaidenly enthusiasm, she muttered in a low hurried tone: "Mr. Talbot is member for my native county; and we in ——— shire are naturally a little proud of him. I have heard of his wonderful Parliamentary talents long; but never heard him *speak* before,—and he is so very eloquent!"

Margaret's varying emotion, her thrilling sympathy, and rapturous surrender of every thought and feeling to the passing scene, had not escaped the notice of her companion, nor yet this 'lame and impotent conclusion.'—"Mr. Talbot ought to be deeply sensible of the obliging partiality of his fair young constituent,—and here I believe, he comes to thank you." And the man sprung forward, on whose lips and eyes Margaret's soul had trembled for the last hour. She turned half away, tugging her veil, and shrinking into herself, shivering with uncontrollable emotion. Fortunately she was not seen.

"You have paid for your fancy, Mother," was said in the voice which had lately vibrated to Margaret's heart, in tones how like and how unlike, light, cordial, cheerful—"I am glad, that, till this moment, Mr. ——— did not tell me he had brought you to the House. You would have put me out to a certainty.—You must be quite exhausted?"

"Not exhausted, Edward;—not in the least—only too much gratified, too delighted."

"Home, now then," cried the son, "I must be off like a bolt; but your squire, ——— is getting you some tea, I believe."

"Not off, Edward, till you have made your acknowledgments to one of your constituents, my fair unknown neighbour, for the patient, nay, I believe, unwearied attention with which she has listened to your long discourse."

"Indeed!" cried the member for —— shire, smiling, and bowing profoundly to the young lady, half screened behind his mother; then

half starting, with a speaking look he exclaimed, "Mother, and can you not guess who this is?" Margaret, now fairly turned upon, blushed, and smiled, and bowed, and smiled and blushed again, under the gaze of the son and mother.

"Ha, I see now!—by her brow and smile, a Clifford! How could I have been so stupid?—I ought to know the Clifford countenance. May I now claim the privilege of an old woman, and an old ——shire woman, to inquire which of our fair Cliffords I have the honour to address?"

"Margaret Clifford of the Priory," breathed Margaret.

"Then meet where we may, we ought to meet as friends," said the old lady, extending her hand; and Miss Clifford curtsied her deep delighted thanks, as one who sought and felt in this gracious reception something beyond the commencement of an ordinary acquaintanceship.

The gentleman, who came attended by a servant with tea, cried to Mr. Talbot to be off—Snapdragon was on his legs. And Talbot hurried away, crying, "Mother, Miss Clifford, are you really not tired? May I hope to find you *both* here in a half hour?"

"You will find us, Edward," cried Mrs. Talbot. "I can promise you neither of us will desert you till we enjoy your triumph."

"Or console me under my defeat—a more truly womanly office," cried the disappearing member.

"And how, my dear, do we meet in this strange place?" said Mrs. Talbot, as both ladies sipped the 'refreshing lymph;' "and, pardon me, you are alone too?"

"I am with Lady Robert Anson," replied Margaret. "I am properly with Lady Holroyd; but I owe to Lady Robert the gratification of witnessing a debate.—And whither can she have betaken herself?" continued the young lady, now first recollecting the desertion of her friend, and the awkwardness of her own situation.

"Since Lady Robert became a member of the ex-official corps diplomatique, she is oppressed with duties," said Mrs. Talbot. "Miss Clifford must suffer me to take place of her truant Ladyship as matron protector; but her set will all crowd hither immediately, or as soon as they hear the tones of their party-idol, Mr. Snapdragon."

As Mrs. Talbot spoke, Lady Robert re-appeared with her fair friend, and two or three gentlemen. "Alone, Margaret? where is Lord Robert,—where Wimbledon, to whose innocent guardianship I consigned you? And Snapdragon is on his legs—you will be enchanted Margaret. Defy his power if you can:—to your post then."

Miss Clifford (who still stood near Mrs. Talbot, of whom Lady Robert appeared to have no knowledge) could not be called altogether an unprejudiced listener of the regular, trained campaigner, whose tactics were to turn into ridicule what he could not controvert. The young life of Margaret had been more one of reflection than of action and bustle. Her temper was warm and candid; and the quick perception, and the love of truth, the spontaneous impulse of her naturally clear, and still unwarped mind. Miss Clifford owed many blessings to what her fashionable friends called "a neglected education." On this night, as one sarcasm followed another, and as the envenomed shafts of wit, which recoiled from the mark at which they were apparently aimed, tickled into cheers the thoughtless and malicious, her indignation became irrepressible. Her curling lip, her changing colour, and muttered reprobation, betrayed her feelings to her venerable neighbour. But when this fierce attack became more close; and distorted statements of facts, gross exaggerations, and

insinuations at once barefacedly false and provokingly impudent, roused her indignation to the glowing pitch, rendered more intense by the knowledge that the mother of Talbot heard every word of this tirade,—her feelings were unconsciously revealed in the impetuous whisper of, "Base, base—false and base!—but this cannot wound the feelings, nor touch the fair fame of Mr. Talbot."

"No, my dear,—no, no," replied the mother, returning the sympathetic pressure of the hand, which somehow hers had sought and met. "It cannot; and I am ashamed of feeling myself so vulnerable to the serpent-sting of that person." From the other quarter of this whispering gallery, Margaret was assailed with the admiring exclamations, and low *Hear! hear!* of Lady Robert and her friends. "Exquisite creature! can Talbot survive this *pounding?*" she cried, turning triumphantly to Margaret. "I perceive you are spell-bound Margaret, and no wonder—Snapdragon, I am certain, is aware of *our* presence. If eyes could penetrate plaster, he is the basilisk possesses those to do the feat. Does he not nightly dart their *scorching* fires, through the ponderous and fleshly volume of ——— ———. Ha! now you mark him looking up to the *Ventilators.* Did you note that about 'airs from heaven,' meaning *us*, or 'blasts from hell,' that is the Treasury Bench. How fortunate, love, to have heard Snapdragon to-night, when he positively outdoes himself! He will,—he must, turn the fortune of the question. What does that man not deserve of us! How keen, how biting his sarcasm!—and that unique, saucy, felicitous piquancy of style which compels those to admire who are fit to tear his brilliant eyes out—those to doat who are ready to damn———"

"If to provoke and irritate be an orator's highest triumph, *yours* excels, Georgiana. He may lend you aid in ill offices, or in exposing foes; but alas for the party who have no better instrument for gaining friends than one whose best weapons are petulance, arrogance, and the underbred flippancy which passes for wit."

"You are severe on Snapdragon, Margaret. You will learn to know him better. It was in that childish way I thought at first, in my sugarplum nonage, when I made faces at olives, and thought mawkish downy peaches the only dessert: such childish fancies disappear with time. What comparison between our brilliant, poignant, pungent champion, and that lump of sweetened curd, for example, Lord Althorp there?"

"Can you indeed compare them, Georgiana?" cried Margaret. "A man of excellent sense, admirable temper, unimpeachable integrity—a true lover of his country—one on whom one may pledge salvation, and rest in peace—with a political adventurer, whom presumption has enabled to scramble high indeed, since he can number among the tools of his spite or his ambition the wife of Lord Robert Anson!—Pardon my warmth, Georgiana,—you know how I love you; but not what it is to be wroth with what one loves. I am never angered with those for whom I don't care."

Lady Robert was not prepared for anything so *brusque* in her staid, mild Margaret—nor yet for a young *country* lady making such rapid progress in knowledge of public character. She reddened and affected to be absorbed in listening.

Somethig so offensive, and grossly personal, was now said below, that the house resounded with indignant cries of "Order! Order! Chair! Chair!" Even Lady Robert drawing back, and *up*, said, "This is too bad. In the vehemence of argument Snapdragon forgets that Mr.

Talbot is a man of honour, and of *family*." This burst of natural and aristocratic feeling, in which Margaret rejoiced, was scarce uttered, when Mr. Talbot appeared, and Lady Robert's "better part of woman" was suddenly overcome by other interests. She had no leisure to analyze her thoughts, a process with which she was at no time familiar, when Talbot was seen addressing both the ladies who stood near her, her fair self unnoticed.

"Mother!" he cried, looking chidingly in the face of the old lady, whom, till then, Lady Robert had not deigned to regard.—"Mother! I see how it is; you have tempted me away in the heat of the debate, for I did fear you might be but too impressible by some points of Mr. Snapdragon's oratory."

"I have at any rate the grace to be ashamed of weakness so mean," replied the mother.—"If we durst reply, Miss Clifford," she continued, turning round and smiling in the face of Margaret, "how *we* could demolish him."

"I am unfortunate in Miss Clifford's first night of the Ventilators being one in which Mr. Snapdragon has chosen to give me such a tremendous thrashing," said Talbot laughing.

"Ha! Mr. Talbot," exclaimed Lady Robert, making a rally, and affecting only now to have noticed him—"driven to this corner?" Her speech was marred by the cross fire of Mrs. Talbot, who exclaimed, "Miss Clifford rates such ribald stuff at its true value—utter contempt. Go, Edward, do your duty; you need no advocate with the pure and the true." There was an awkward, embarrassed silence, of which Mr. Talbot took advantage to bow himself off.

"How is all this, Margaret?" whispered Lady Robert.—"How came Talbot hither, and his mother—*elective* affinities—eh? Does the gentleman smell dissolution. But remember, love, you are pledged to *us*."

Margaret smiled, and shook her head, with grave incredulity, and felt relieved when her friend was drawn away to the brilliant party which now entered, two foreign ladies of the highest distinction, attended by three gentlemen.—"And you refuse to be introduced, Margaret," said Lady Robert, in an expostulatory tone, vexed and angry; "you prefer a hum-drum chat with an old woman, to the conversation of the brilliant strangers to whom you might have the advantage of being presented."

"I do indeed, Georgiana; I am not ambitious."—Lady Robert turned from her with marked vexation.

Mr. Bellwether was now "on his legs." He had adroitly, and with what our lady spectators thought abundant assurance and self-sufficiency, taken precedence of Mr. Talbot's friend, who rose to say for Talbot, in reply to Snapdragon, things which, though less than truth, a modest man can hardly say for himself. Every one seemed to fancy this a privileged time for chat. The house emptied below like a church dismissing, and the ladies laughed above—all but Margaret Clifford and Mrs. Talbot.

"My son informed me how much of grace he owed at his late election to the ladies of the Priory, and I have always intended making my grateful acknowledgments to my old friend Mrs. Elizabeth; but old people get so lazy.—I hope our fingers are not true emblems of our feelings; with me the latter are quick enough for sixty-five, at least where my son is concerned."—Margaret bowed, and said her grand-aunt would have been *so* happy to hear from Mrs. Talbot; they rejoiced, indeed, when Mr. Talbot carried his election, but that was a general feeling in the country.

"Edward informed me he had, after his election, the felicity of seeing

the ladies of the Priory at an Archery meeting, in the Priory Park—when shall I forget its oaks and beeches!"

"Did he, indeed! did Mr. Talbot talk of our Archery meeting?" cried Margaret, in a glow of gratified feeling.—"Ay, and of the Bow Meeting ball, and its fair partner," said Mrs. Talbot.

"Aunt Elizabeth said that was the most truly *English* day of out-door and in-door gaiety she had witnessed for fifty years,—our Bow Meeting," said Margaret, rather blinking the question. "She will be so proud to hear that Mr. Talbot remembers the rural holiday of our neighbourhood, in honour of his success, which our good neighbours believed portended better days to merry old England."

"You mean the Priory tenants, Miss Clifford, who voted for my son."

"Not at our instance," cried Margaret, smiling; "my grand-aunt did not even tell our neighbours they were free to vote as their consciences dictated. She said, that was what sturdy Englishmen should never once doubt about. But Mrs. Elizabeth has such a horror of female politicians, that she would think I had committed her by the little I have said to-night. I only wish Lady Robert showed a little of her feminine dislike of such subjects." Margaret looked with anxiety to her friend, now engaged in vivacious whisper with the "illustrious strangers."

"She, poor thing, knows as much of politics—if by politics you understand knowledge of public interests, and the struggles and balance of parties—as the sole of the tiny satin slipper she is now dancing. She has been inveigled by art, and involved by vanity and circumstances, in intrigues which she cannot fathom, and would, I trust, loathe if she could."

"You don't, then, approve of women interfering in public affairs?" said Margaret, vexed for her friend.

"I, at least, regret to see the grace, beauty, and rank of so charming a young woman, degraded into the instruments of political intrigue. Nor can I hold Lady Robert innocent; her share of the stakes played for, is that embassy on which she has set her heart. I cannot esteem such motives."

"Will you give me leave to present Georgiana to you?" cried Margaret, in a sudden flash of that enthusiasm which was latent in her disposition, and which, alternating with her exterior coldness, and quiet, sweet seriousness of manner, gave so rare a charm to her character where she was known. "She had the most yielding and impressible nature—the gentlest heart."

"I know not how to resist Miss Clifford's wish," replied Mrs. Talbot, smiling graciously; "though I have no hope of converting her fashionable friend.—I, however, distinguish between Lady Robert and some of her fair allies, though I fear all the world is not so charitable. Nor do I blame her or any woman for knowing too much of public affairs, but for having their knowledge uniformly on the selfish side. When the influence of women in society is considered, how important often becomes the counsel, the interference, the indirect control, which it is only graceful and proper for them to employ! Into how many dishonest acts and mean compliances have I known public men betrayed, that wives and daughters may retain their baubles, and hold degraded state, though at the expense of the poor man's integrity! Had Lady Robert Anson—pardon my freedom, I speak to one whom I consider worthy of frank dealing—had Lady Robert, in her married life, really possessed any proper knowledge of political affairs, of public duty, and of the true honour of

her husband, as a public man, how different had been the part that she would have counselled, and that he might have sustained!"

"Then you do approve of women interfering in affairs?" asked Margaret, doubtfully.

"As we know very well they will interfere, I would rather they did so in an honest way," replied Mrs. Talbot. "Women are but too often the domestic traitors, whose prudent and gentle counsels stick by place in all events, and tender fears of loss of fortune, and ruin of their children's prospects, betray men into the basest compromises, if not into the profligate desertion of duty. Instead of admiring the amiable, graceful passiveness and feminine delicacy we see so be-praised, I am often tempted to despise it as unprincipled cunning, in the gentle, timid, yielding, innocent creatures; who will know nothing of the wages of corruption, or the fruits of public plunder, save how to lavish them with taste and elegance on their own persons and selfish vanities. They know nothing of politics, indeed; they mind their family affairs and amusements, and do not concern themselves with how the wives and daughters of sinecurists, and idle placemen, are enabled to outdazzle those of non-placemen and patriots, of which last kind of men they have generally a "shocking opinion," as persons unpardonably negligent of the interests of their families, and rather tainted with infidelity. Yes, Miss Clifford, while I scorn the petty arts of female intrigue, I would, from the wife of the Constable, to her who shares the dignities of the Lord Chancellor, have every woman know as much of politics as to discriminate right from wrong; her highest public duty, from her own worldly interest; and to be able to say to her husband, on all proper occasions, 'Don't be the base thing who would draw emolument and distinction from the ruin of your country, and the degradation of your own character; put me and my children out of view; your integrity and honour are our dearest possession. With these untainted, we never can be poor, nor need we higher distinction.' I would have women support the faltering resolution, which they too often undermine; strengthen the infirm purpose which their prudent offices are directed still farther to shake; employ their tears, caresses, and solicitations, *occasionally*, on the side of public duty, though personal interest should pull the other way. In periods of trial, public men are too frequently found dishonest, but the females connected with them are almost always so, though often less from want of principle than of instruction, and of the capacity of looking in an enlarged way to the scope and consequences of actions."

While Mrs. Talbot thus whispered above, Mr. Bellwether held on prosing below; and Mr. Horace Wimbledon, again in waiting, informed the ladies that there would be no division for a good hour, as Bellwether, like an extemporary Methodist parson, when apparently winding up for a close, was often farther off than ever. And ——— and ——— must speak—they would not sleep otherwise; and the Blacking-man had still to wake his "brazen-trump obstreperous."

This was a favourable pause for another examination of "the House," of which Mr. Wimbledon had the bead-roll at his fingers' ends; but Miss Clifford seemed so insensible to his talents as a sketcher, that in a few minutes he flew off to another duty of the night—to report to the Club upon the heiress. In all the Clubs of all the parties, Mr. Horace, if not welcomed, was tolerated, for the sake of his gossip, his connexions, and qualities as a *quizee*. He encountered Sir Jermyn Holroyd, who had just paired off, under the somniferous influence of Mr. Bellwether, and

now dropt into Brookes' to gather the latest babble before he went home. The opening speech of Talbot and the bitter reply of Snapdragon, the fate of the night and the new face, were the topics of the idlers, some of whom had seen Miss Clifford at the Opera-house: the numbers on the division, and the months the heiress might remain unwed, and who might attempt, and who win her, were the subjects of the bets. Mr. Wimbledon was briskly interrogated—"Tall, Horace?" "No."—"Short?" "No."—"Dark?" "No."—"Fair?" "No."—"A truly negative young lady," said the questioner. "Then what the devil is she like?"

"The Church of St. Peter's at Rome," returned Mr. Wimbledon, throwing himself into an attitude.

"As how, pray?" cried the laughing bystanders.

"Why, because at first glance you see nothing remarkable about her, and, at the second and every succeeding one, wonder where your stupid eyes have been that did not at once discern the pure style, the perfect symmetry, the surpassing beauty of the whole edifice."

"Have done with your blarney, Horace—the girl is pretty, I suppose, spite of the small heiress-ship."

"No," again pronounced the arbiter; "she is not in the least what men call *pretty*, nor *beautiful*—something, perhaps, between what is named *lovely*, and felt *delightful*. She has, for one thing, a face of her own; no girl now in London has so *original* a countenance—perhaps she has two faces."

"Many young ladies have," said one of the amused bystanders.

"More correctly, two characters are expressed in one physiognomy," continued the critical demonstrator. "The brow is as expansive, smooth, and serious, for so young a brow and a female one, as that of Napoleon; while the turn of the lower part of the face, though the complexion inclines to fair, has much of the sprightly piquance peculiar to dark beauties. A pretty mouth, dimpling when it smiles; eyes well set, of delightful expression, and no particular colour; nose—a *leetle*, but most delicately turned up, as if to mark that quick sense of the ludicrous which the lofty brow disclaims; the whole head set on the fair throat, with a grace and ease of outline which only Lady —— can rival,—and which she might envy; a "clipsome waist,"

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less;"—

that just height and seemly carriage which make a woman as tall or as short as one desires, finishes this piece of fair perfection; and forms, taken altogether, as desirable an appendage to a very fine old place in —— shire, worth two thousand a-year, as any self-denying patriot need look for."

"Two thousand—only two thousand!"

"Such a trifle is nothing, gentlemen," said Mr. Wimbledon, bowing round the circle.

"A devilish good thing too; but not to puff an heiress off," said an Irish gentleman.

"And who puffed?" put in Sir Jermyn Holroyd, a quiet but not uninterested spectator.

"The Ansons, to be sure; *their* heiress; the great catch of *anno Domini* 1831. Whom they have *dipped* pretty considerably," said Mr. Horace Wimbledon. Sir Jermyn knitted his bushy eyebrows.

"And the self-denying patriot?" inquired the Irishman.

"Oh! Talbot, who secured her with the county; for that matter his *Grey*—for she is not a *blue*—Mamma is at the Ventilators at this precious moment, clinching the compact."

"But the little girl will look for title, no doubt," said an Irish peer, whose honours were not yet rusty with antiquity.

"Can't tell," returned Mr. Horace. "The ancient gentry of —— shire, whose verdant and sea-girt precincts are still wonderfully sacred from either manufacturing or monied pollution, are in their Elizabethan mansions as proud of their untitled rank as so many peacocks. Miss Clifford may have caught the trick of her neighbours, and fancy William the Conqueror's Esquires, more noble, more rich in blood and in traditionary honour, than William the Minister's—yea, than PITT's Peers."

"Should'nt care to try her on that score, faith, unless my mind were made up to all other risks," lisped a Baron-expectant. "Lady Robert will have a good deal to say in the matrimonial *disposition* of Miss Clifford,—ten to one she belongs to the Tories at last. They are the fellows at a *coup-de-main*." This conversation proved very amusing to Sir Jermyn Holroyd, who smoked his cigar, warmed and rubbed his shins, sipped his brandy and water, and said not a word, though the "considerably dipped," had attracted his attention, in conjunction with certain remembered mysterious clauses of his ward's late epistles.

The Club-room emptied for the division, or the news of it; for, before this time, the hour of fate had drawn on, and Margaret Clifford, in an agony of nervous apprehension had three times whispered to her new friend, "He will surely gain, Ma'am?"

"My, son,—so I pray, and trust,—that *right* may, for once, overpower *might*; but parties are delicately balanced:—The House is about to clear for a division. Courage, Miss Clifford! If we don't obtain success we know that we deserve it." Those who have experienced the exquisitely delightful torture of hanging on the final throw of the dice, which is to determine a fortune, or the last five minutes of the poll, which fixes a contested election, may form an idea of the intense anxiety of Margaret, when, on accidentally turning round, the group of gentlemen encircling Lady Robert and the "clever and handsome Mrs A.," brought to her recollection, like a lightning flash, the scheme of the morning. Lady Robert held the arm of one gentleman, her fair associate another. Other parliamentary beaux formed dumb-waiters for tea-cups; and three respectable personages, representing about half a million of population, formed pins and pegs for Cachemeres, smelling-bottles, and pocket-handkerchiefs. The manœuvre succeeded to admiration. The banded Tory ladies enjoying the stratagem, and already exulting in its consequences, lavished their sweet smiles, vollied forth the brightest sallies of their wit, and breathed their yet more seducing confidential whispers into favoured ears. Margaret felt that this was the instant of fate. In another minute the doors would be locked. It is a story as old as since the world began, that the most delicate and timid women become, in moments of excitement, and where their affections are engaged, the most daring and romantic of the sex. Margaret Clifford, bred in retirement, quiet, contemplative and sensitive, was, at once, driven from the natural bias of her character by the force of her feelings. She glanced below, where Mr. Talbot's tellers were straining their eyes, watching for the tardy return of truants; then to Lady Robert, the Circe by her side, and the fascinated circle around them; and, starting forward with clasped hands,

earnest imploring eyes, and tones which Miss Fanny Kemble might emulate, she exclaimed, "Gentlemen, if ye be indeed friends of Mr. Talbot, remember the doors will be locked." A more prosaic sentence from a lady's lips could not easily be imagined. The Duke of Wellington's own—"*Up Guards and at them,*" was not more homely in its sublimity, nor yet more effective. Five of the gentlemen, huddling down their trophies and burdens at the feet of their fair captors, ran off, muttering curses against themselves, and craving pardons from the ladies. The fair bevy, thus abruptly deserted, first looked blank, and next surveyed the intruder with disdainful glances. She turned away, followed by Lady Robert.

"You have done a strange, bold thing, Miss Clifford!" said Lady Robert, angered out of her policy, and half ashamed of the part in which she had been detected.

"I have done a *right*, *true* thing, Georgiana, though I wish it had not been mine to do it." There was a dead pause of anxious breathless suspense; and then the vote was announced, but not yet distinctly understood by the ladies above. Margaret, in the strong revulsion of her feelings, felt as if she would die. She leaned heavily in the arm of Mrs. Talbot, sunk more and more helplessly on another and stronger arm, which now clasped and sustained her, and sobbed in passionate, nervous emotion.

"Miss Clifford, Margaret, dearest Margaret!" was breathed in her dying ear by the voice to whose remembered tones Margarets heart had secretly vibrated for long months back.—"Margaret! my own Margaret!" cried Lady Robert Anson, and her fair, jewelled arms were intertwined with those of her political enemy, and fondly wound round her early friend, forgetful of all but their youthful affection.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

It was given when Margaret, feeling now that she was assuredly dying, languid, and happy, and in the arms of her friends, pressed their united arms to her bosom, and became totally insensible. "The air of this horrid place has killed her," cried Lady Robert; and a hubbub arose below and around, that a lady had fainted in the Ventilators, Sir Jermyn Holyroyd's ward—there she was—Mr. Talbot carrying her to a private room and Lady Robert Anson and a crowd of women about her.

When Margaret again opened her eyes, the same persons were around her, and Lady Robert and Mrs. Talbot supporting her. Deep shame was her first distinct feeling; she almost wished that she had indeed died;—then came another thought.

"Yes, love, *we* have triumphed," said Mrs. Talbot; "I know what your eyes are asking—and only by a majority of three—Talbot owes you this great victory; and to-morrow he shall know how."

"I have been very, very foolish, I fear," said the young lady. "The stifling air of that place—heat—and altogether;—and as I never fainted in my life before, I fancied I was dying."—Mr. Talbot now went in search of any body's carriage, and every body's was offered; but before this was arranged, Sir Jermyn Holroyd burst in upon them. The scene at the House of Commons,—the manœuvre to defeat Talbot's majority,—the fainting and carrying out &c. &c. were already the news of the Clubs, though twenty minutes had not elapsed. He had also picked up some intelligence of the supper at ——— House, of "the illustrious strangers," of "clever, handsome Mrs. A.," and of the life Lord and Lady Robert were leading; and, on the whole, he resolved, though at the

expense of a little incivility, to carry his ward home with him without more delay. The flustered looks of Lord Robert, who waited to attend his wife and the heiress on their farther midnight progress, confirmed his resolution. Lady Robert made some feeble opposition to this arrangement, and offered to give up her party and attend her friend; but to this Margaret would not consent. Mrs. Talbot seemed pleased with the determination; and, seeing her into Sir Jermyn's carriage, she took the kindest leave, promising to visit her early on the morrow. Lady Robert, uneasy and vexed, got into the carriage beside Margaret, whom she embraced affectionately, weeping real tears, however mingled and disturbed their source might be. "How little of your confidence you have given me, Margaret! Is it like true friendship that I should be the last to know of Mr. Talbot's feelings for you?"

"For me, Georgiana!" and Margaret was thankful that the veil of night hid her mantling blushes. "No, no, that is impossible;" and in the deep humility of true passion, Margaret felt how vain the thought that Talbot, the eloquent, the powerful, the admired, could, or *ought* to think of her; her reason giving decision against the interests of her heart. "I will not upbraid you, Georgiana;—I could not tell what I have no right—what I dare not believe; but of the election, and our happy Archery Meeting, I did write you more than once—very foolishly perhaps,—but certainly confidingly." Lady Robert could not answer—she muttered something of their own election, of Brighton, and of Margaret Georgiana having had the measles. She then dried her eyes, took a hurried leave, was handed into her own carriage, where her female associates were impatiently waiting, and drove off for ——— House; while Sir Jermyn taking his place beside his ward, gave the order, *Home*, in a voice intended to silence the whispers of impertinent bystanders.

The first minute spent alone with her son, was employed by Mrs. Talbot in informing him of what he already knew, that he probably owed his small majority to the spirit and presence of mind of Miss Clifford. "When you told me of your Bow Meeting at the Priory, you forget to mention how really charming a girl, sweet, serious, and spirited, the young heiress was. It could not be from insensibility to the fact."

"No, Mother, from any thing save that."

"You are proud, Talbot, and perhaps retain your boyish hatred of heiresses;—you think Miss Clifford too rich?"

"Not guilty, Mother!—Before I ever saw Miss Clifford, I was aware that her fortune was embarrassed, that she is any thing but rich. The goodnature of her guardian, her own girlish generosity, and the prodigality of the Ansons, have stripped her poor enough. This is no secret, I believe, save to those most concerned. I hope she may still be rich enough for her own happiness."

"Unprincipled plunderers!" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot; "and the disgrace of such proceedings, is, to a young woman, even worse than the pecuniary loss. Conceive the degradation of taking advantage of the unsuspecting kindness of a girl, to involve her youth and inexperience in toils which are painful and shameful even to manhood.—But you cannot be sordid, Talbot?"

"Nay, Mother, it is for you, my oldest and most intimate friend, to judge of my character in this respect," replied the gentleman with grave humour.

"Then why—why, Edward?" cried the mother. "Surely—yet there

can be no other cause; you cannot imagine me so wretched a bigot—strongly as I feel that *one* objection."

"You have divined aright, Mother; though I did hope to overcome that one obstacle—if once but *half* assured that there might not exist another, far more insurmountable, with the lady herself. I feared Lady Robert's influence; and, save in this one case, don't much admire Lady Robert's friends."

"I certainly wish Miss Clifford of the religion of her ancestors," resumed the mother; "but if excellent Mrs. Elizabeth could see with pleasure an independent Catholic gentleman representing ——shire, shall I not open my arms to this charming girl, who has already, unconsciously, undesignedly, found her way to my heart, through its most accessible, and yet most guarded avenue."

This conversation brought the humble hackney-coach, which conveyed home the mother and son, to the door of the snug, comfortable house in Parliament Street, so contemptuously described by Lady Robert Anson. It was now past three in the morning. Mrs. Talbot declared truly, that she had not been such a rake for ten good years, but was yet resolved to learn early how Margaret fared, after her agitating night.

While this passed in one homeward carriage, Sir Jermyn Holroyd in another was listening to the first half-extorted, and then impetuous confession of his ward.—"Don't let people call me an heiress, Sir Jermyn! I seem to myself, where that is imagined, to be the meanest of deceivers. In a few days I shall leave London, and be forgotten; till then, and till the Priory is sold, don't let Mr. Talbot, nor any body, fancy me other than I am,—a very credulous, facile girl, whom a few tears and fair professions will betray into the most imprudent actions."

"Pack of swindlers! I'll expose them—I will, Margaret—£15,000 in three years lavished on their vile extravagance; and plundered off a child. How infamous! Why, the clear Priory rents, for seven years, do not amount to more. And how much of that has gone to Jews and money-lenders?—how much to foreign milliners and fiddlers?—besides the £2000 the clubs had the story about, laid out in jewels,—poor Mrs. Talbot's, I believe, faith,—which Lord Robert presented to one of the female harpies, who was to obtain him that precious embassy! They shall refund, by Jove!"

"Do not! do not, dear Sir Jermyn, say more of this. I can suffer any any thing,—so can Mrs. Elizabeth, rather than expose Lord Robert, or grieve Georgiana, whose worst faults are of circumstances. How happy and relieved I feel that the worst is now told, and that I shall not longer be thought an heiress."

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret." You have played the fool, and my friend, Mrs. Elizabeth, the old fool, which, in money matters, is more surprising. I may have been a little remiss, myself too, in looking after you,—all girls need to be looked after; but Talbot's Chancery practice is, they tell me, this year worth something handsome, and on the increase every day. We may keep the Priory among us yet."

Margaret felt it her duty, as a young lady, to affect to believe that this referred to Mr. Talbot, who admired the Priory, intending to purchase it; but she was too much a truth-speaker to be able to perpetrate the harmless fiction which female genius had instinctively invented.

Next morning, before Sir Jermyn Holroyd went out to attend a committee of the House, on a turnpike bill,—a bit of harmless legislation

which frequently fell to his share,—he looked in at Brookes', as usual, but with a face of more than usual weight of meaning.

"Oh! there comes Sir Jermyn—we shall now know the truth.—When does Talbot—if it be a fair question—marry your beautiful ward, the heroine of the *Ventilators*. Wimbledon is to make something out of it—either a comedy in five acts, or a three-volumed fashionable novel, as Mr. Colburn and he can agree on. But when does it happen? Talbot was seen at your door by eleven this morning, throwing politics and law to the dogs; then came Lady Robert, with her veil close drawn down—eyes beautiful in tears! next Mrs. Talbot, who remains with the *bride* and Lady Holroyd now—a committee on silks, probably. When does Talbot clench his ——— shire interest with "the white wonder" of Miss Clifford's hand."

"The very first holiday Saturday Lord Althorp can spare for so laudable a purpose, I guess," replied Wimbledon, "Miss Clifford being too good a reformer to take her learned lover a day from the Bill." And, in a few Saturdays afterwards, Sir Jermyn gave away the bride—saw the new-married pair set off from the church door, for the Priory, and Lord and Lady Robert Anson, at the same moment, for a continental retreat. Seated, in returning home, between his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Clifford, who had come up to town to witness the marriage of her grand-niece, he demanded of Lady Holroyd, what was become of the dull season, the shocking season, the bore of a season. "No defrauding Dan Cupid of his rights, Anne, any more now than forty years ago. Drive him from Heaven, Earth, Air, and Water, and every private dwelling in Westminster,—why, you shall find him lurking in that most unlikely of all places, the roof of St. Stephen's Chapel; whence, should my friend, Mr. Hume, exorcise him as an idle, anti-utilitarian vagabond, he will contrive to nestle in some other quarter equally odd and unsuspected."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME.

"A change has come over the Spirit of the Time; mighty questions have been stirred; deep interests have been created; vast masses of men, formerly inert and passive, have suddenly begun to heave to and fro with the force of a newly-inspired animation; old things are passing away—all things are becoming new."—*Prospectus of Tait's Magazine.*

Persons less adventurous than ourselves would scarcely dare to preach at so early a period of their career. But we are too deeply in earnest to be scared at a solemn epithet,—too intent npon the furtherance of one grand object to be moved by considerations of ordinary expediency. Our desire is, at the outset, to evince, as clearly as possible, the intensity of our own convictions, and to give to the world a flavour of the quality of our principles. We propose, therefore, *populo volente*, to preach for a little from the text which our prospectus has incidentally supplied; to look back to the past, and forward to the future; to trace, in a rough and rapid sketch, the gradual development of that mighty spirit which is now agitating the nation; and to endeavour to divine, by anticipation, the ultimate shape and form which it is likely to impress on the great communities of mankind. We do not of course pretend to any kind of political second-sight—a millstone is to our eyes as impenetrably opaque as to those of other men. But we have read history with tolerable diligence and attention. Through the spectacles of past experience we have looked at the events of our own time;

and we are anxious to note down the results of a course of observation and inquiry extending to half a century—a period, into which has been crowded enough to diversify the annals of ages. Truly, "a change has come over the spirit of the time." *How* that has been gradually produced, and *what* consequences re likely to follow from this mighty revolution of opinion, it will be our business here, as concisely as possible, to explain.

The first note, in the march of this "change," was sounded at Lexington in America. There the first volley of musketry was fired at the bosoms of the colonists; there the first blood flowed in a contest which had its origin in the assertion of a great principle of public liberty—namely, that taxation without representation is tyranny and oppression—and which, after various turns of fortune, received its consummation in victory and independence. Folly and infatuation, almost incredible in these times, when tyrants have become better instructed in the means of repression, aided the cause of justice and liberty. The *might* seemed in enormous disproportion to the right; but the *right*, nevertheless, prevailed. America was emancipated; and, happily for herself, she found a Washington to consolidate, by popular institutions, planted on the broadest basis, that freedom and independence which he had so gloriously conquered for his country. What freeman's heart does not warm at the name of that saint-like hero and guardian of liberty? And who can think, without proud exultation, of the conquest achieved by the wisdom of Franklin and the virtue of Washington? But these great men, and their scarcely less amiable associates, conquered not for themselves alone. They, indeed, overthrew and falsified all pre-existing theories of government, by establishing a pure democracy in one of the largest as well as richest countries of the world; and by organizing it so as to enable it to resist every shock to which it might be exposed, and to extend itself on every side without materially endangering the principle of central union and strength. But this, considered by itself, was not, in our estimation, their greatest achievement. They gave a new impulse to the human mind throughout the whole civilized world. They roused it from the lethargy into which it had sunk. They forced men to think, to inquire, and to discuss. Asserting right against might—principle against authority and dictation, they rallied around them the sympathies of generous spirits in all countries. For the first time there began to be a public opinion. Popular at first as are all wars, with the unthinking multitude, the disastrous events of the contest soon produced a powerful reaction in this country. Parliament resounded with denunciations uttered in strains of eloquence worthy of the best days of Greece and Rome. In the fierce collision of parties, and the discussion of passing topics, great principles were evolved. Light gleamed from the western sky, and was reflected, in a concentrated and dazzling radiance, by the great mirrors of Parliament. The press, too, became animated; and, obscurely conscious of its power, began to minister to that new-born appetite which was destined to grow by what it fed on. "A change had already come over the spirit of the time;" and afforded an auspicious prognostication of progressive expansion in the time to come.

America is, therefore, to be considered as the fatherland of liberty in these modern days. But men of other nations besides ours worshipped at the shrine where Franklin, and Washington, and Jefferson ministered as priests. In the spirit of national hatred, not in any generous sympathy with a people struggling for all that is dear to men, France had

aided the American colonists in throwing off the yoke of the mother country. She had sent her Fayettes and her Rochambeaus to command her auxiliary battalions, and fight by the side of Washington against the forces of that great country which she considered as her natural enemy. Deeply committed in the contest, therefore, she became insensibly identified with its results, and bound, by every tie of honour, to uphold that independence which she had helped to establish. A connexion was thus formed, and an interchange of feelings and opinions produced, of which the consequences were not yet foreseen. But a very few years sufficed to bring on the crisis to which so many causes were now contributing; and which, sooner or later, overtakes every system, civil or religious, that is essentially adverse to the interests of mankind. The good seed imported from America found a congenial soil in France. There oppression and misrule had reached that point where endurance ends and resistance begins. Religion had been depraved into gross superstition among the many, and utter infidelity among the few; while the privileges, the power, the wealth, the luxury, and the profligacy of an overgrown hierarchy, were viewed with indignation and distrust. The government was in keeping with the church—weak, wicked, worthless, wavering; despised abroad, oppressive at home; beggared in means notwithstanding the abominable extortions systematically practised under its sanction; corrupt in principle, and still more corrupt in practice; allied to, and identified with, all that had grown most odious to the expanding intellect of the nation, and gradually losing its last hold on these hereditary prepossessions and prejudices to which alone it could look for support. The people had continually before their eyes the example of that young and vigorous country, whose standards of independence they had helped to rear, and the sickening experience of their own. In America they saw nothing but freedom and happiness—in France nothing but slavery and misery. Was it possible that such a state of things could endure long?—that the yoke which had worn into the raw could be patiently borne?—that the people should submit to suffer contempt and oppression, and misery,—that a degenerate nobility, a corrupt church, and a worthless, contemptible government, might continue to riot in the spoils of their industry? No, truly: The time for all this was past; the spirit of feudalism was laid, and the era of sense and reason had begun.

The States-General were convoked, and the revolution commenced:—that event itself was a revolution, and it was the precursor of others still more memorable. Folly, and infatuation bordering on insanity, reigned in the King's councils. Mirabeau thundered and lightened in the National Assembly. The long-suppressed voice of the country was at length heard; and perfidy, occasionally borrowing help from violence, forced it to assume a tone of menace and defiance. The people responded to the loudest notes that were struck by their representatives in their name. The Court was defeated and driven from all its positions. A hollow truce succeeded,—a constitution was granted,—and, in the first moments of giddy triumph, accepted with joy. But the fierce impulse had been given,—the mighty movement had been commenced, and none could arrest its onward career. The States-General became the Constituent Assembly; and the Constituent Assembly merged into the Convention. The monarchy was overthrown—the altars of the church were rendered desolate. A great act of national justice followed. Europe was astounded. The old despotisms were stricken with terror and dis-

may. The shock was electric, and thrilled through the hearts of the nations. Deep heavings and loudly-uttered sympathies greeted the first efforts of the French people. But the public execution of the King was the signal for a partial reaction. A general war burst upon France. The legions of despotism gathered round her frontiers, and threatened to blot her out as a nation from the map of Europe. But the army of young liberty was strong in the might with which it was nerved; the opposing hosts were overthrown; victory followed fast on the heels of victory; her raw levies became experienced veterans; her young generals great commanders; genius and valour attended her steps. Great crimes were indeed committed; the wildest anarchy for a season prevailed; and fanatical fiends, thrown up to the surface by the very violence of the commotion, revelled out their day of blood and tears. But victory became chained to the car of the Republic; and the preliminaries of Leoben, followed by the peace of Campo-Formio, secured it a recognised place among the nations.

Such was the conclusion of the first act of this tremendous drama. But the representation soon changed its character. A great military chief had appeared—too great for a republic. The people also, weary of change, sickened with blood, and exhausted with suffering, longed for repose. The time was favourable to adventurous ambition; and the man who appeared upon the scene, was equal to any time or to any occasion, however critical. He was now in the full blaze of his fame. His military achievements had thrown those of all the other revolutionary commanders into the shade. In genius he stood proudly eminent, towering high above all rivalry. His force of character was matchless; his self-confidence unbounded. His perceptions were quick as the flash of the lightning; and decision came the instant after, like the rattling peal of thunder. Amidst the sands and solitudes of Egypt, he had divined, from the columns of an old newspaper, the true state of affairs in France. His resolution was taken. He saw that the crisis had arrived, and he returned to France. He had left victory, and he found defeat; confidence, and he found distrust and suspicion; prosperity, and he found nothing but misery. The government of the Directory had become at once contemptible for its imbecility, and hateful for its oppression. All looked up to him. He chose his time, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire sealed the fate of the Republic. The sovereign power passed into the hands of the First Consul, who, by an easy transition, became the Emperor. But he was not allowed to rest on the eminence which he had gained. Coalition after coalition was formed against him, but to no purpose. Each in succession was annihilated by the united force of his power and his genius. A colossal fabric of military despotism was reared up out of the very elements which had been employed to crush it. Ancient thrones were overturned, and new ones erected in their stead. The independence of all nations was threatened. Europe crouched at the feet of this extraordinary man, who appeared to aim at universal dominion, and to stretch out the arms of his ambition over the whole earth. But the day of retribution was at hand. His star, so long in the ascendant, at length waxed dim and pale. Fortune forsook him in his most daring venture; the very elements conspired to accelerate his ruin; perfidy, too, did its part. After encountering disasters which it freezes the very spirit to think of, and maintaining a death-struggle, illumed, even in its most lurid and agonizing moments, by brilliant coruscations of his transcendent genius, he fell. But even, though fallen, he was feared by his enemies, because

still beloved by all that remained of his once magnificent and invincible armies. The victors were astounded at their own success, and awed by the *prestige* that still hovered around his character. He was suffered to remain too near the theatre of his former power. France grew dissatisfied. The restored dynasty was detested as such, and hated still more as associated with recollections, feelings, and principles adverse to the spirit and genius of the age. He saw his advantage; landed in France from Elba; marched to Paris without opposition; walked into St. Cloud as easily as if he had only left it on an excursion; and once more became Emperor of the French. Romance has imagined nothing half so wonderful as this. But his days were numbered, even unto an hundred. Waterloo came, and he now fell like Lucifer, never to rise again. Legitimacy triumphed in his overthrow, and rivers of blood had apparently been poured out in vain.

But no, not in vain. If it be asked what benefits France reaped from the revolution, and the gigantic system that grew out of it? we answer, So many and so great, that they would have been cheaply purchased even at a costlier price. The old monarchy was overthrown, and never can be re-constituted on its ancient principles; aristocracy received a blow from which it never has recovered, and never will recover; the monopoly of the soil, as well as all other monopolies, was destroyed, and industry of every kind set free; taxes, oppressive by their amount, and infinitely more so by the inequality with which they had been levied, were put an end to; privileges of all sorts ceased; a code of laws, adapted to the new order of things was prepared, and put in force; the rule of succession was changed, and the abominably iniquitous principle of primogeniture, one of the most odious rules of feudalism, for ever abrogated; a new order of men was planted on the soil, and as they derived their title from the revolution, they were for that reason deeply interested in maintaining the validity of the changes it had operated, and the rights it had created. These were fully recognised by Napoleon; and the Bourbons, however willing to do so, durst not even challenge, far less attack them. The country prospered; the people saw and felt their consequence; the career opened to ambition, in all classes, was boundless. Genius, talents, and virtue, became the only titles to honour, and the only passport to office. Hereditary wisdom was laughed to scorn. Emulation and enterprise had full scope for their exertions; industry was protected, commerce encouraged, the useful arts improved by the contributions of science, the fine arts encouraged by the patronage, not of this or that titled aristocrat, but by that of a thriving and happy population. Withal public morals were purified. This is a result of the revolution, which no one can deny, and which it is impossible not to contemplate with satisfaction. But it had other and still more striking effects. The generation which grew up in the course of its progress, became unconsciously the inheritors of its principles, as well as of the habits of thought and feeling to which it had given birth; and these, in due time, they communicated to their children. Hence, out of every hundred of men in France, at the present day, at least ninety may be considered as children of the revolution, as persons who are deeply imbued with its leading doctrines, and resolute to maintain and defend all the great interests it created. Among such men, the spirit of liberty is an ever-living, ever-active principle, chainless as the wind, resistless as the ocean, and terrible to its enemies as an army with banners. It is wholly irrepressible. It is never stationary. Its course is onward, sometimes slower,

sometimes quicker,—but always onward. It may be compared to one of those Alpine rivers, which, notwithstanding the strength and force of the current, may, for a time, be dammed up by the fallen avalanche, and thrown backwards by the magnitude of the apparently insurmountable obstacle, but which only recoils to accumulate greater power for the struggle, and is certain, at last, to burst through the opposing barrier with irresistible fury, scattering, in the first wild rush, terrible evidences of its power.

Nothing is more common among a certain class of sophists than to declaim about the horrors of the French Revolution, and the suffering and misery which attended its march. But persons shut their eyes to the obvious truth, that the wounds it inflicted were temporary, while the benefits it conferred must, from their very nature, be permanent. Pandemonium itself can disgorge nothing more odious or more horrible than the crimes of terrorists. But what then? These fanatical fiends, by their terrific and sanguinary energy, saved France, just as Palafox, or those under him, defended Zaragoza; and not a scar of a wound they inflicted is now discoverable on the fair face of society in France. The military despotism of Napoleon, his exhausting conscriptions, his endless wars, and his bloody battles, were dreadful evils, and no friend of humanity can contemplate such waste of life and living energy, without a shudder. But, again we say, what then? The blanks in the population have long since been filled up; the evil has been repaired and forgotten; while the good which that wonderful man performed, the monuments which he raised, the glory which he won, and the impulse which he gave to all the productive energies of France, remain as a permanent inheritance to that country. Posterity will judge more impartially than we can be supposed yet qualified to do, and strike the balance with a juster hand. One consoling reflection, however, arises from the survey of these disastrous events, and that is, that the onward course of the human mind was never for one instant altogether arrested. The crimes committed in the name of liberty, indeed, shook the wavering faith of some, abated the enthusiasm of others, and forced all, for a time, to pause; while the enemies of freedom greedily seized the opportunity to calumniate that which they hated, by representing the most frightful abuse and prostitution of the name, as its natural and necessary fruits, and thence seeking a pretext for riveting more firmly the fetters of despotism. In the first burst of surprise, astonishment, and sorrow, these men were believed and trusted; but the hollowness of their designs soon awakened reflection and stimulated inquiry. The mind soon recovered its tone and liberty. Liberty again appeared lovely as ever, despotism tenfold more hateful and hideous. But a severe course of experience engendered prudence and watchfulness. Men moderated their ardour in order to nurse their affection. The omnipotence of opinion was revealed, and to that all trusted.

To the execrable Castlereagh policy of England it was owing that the old Bourbon incubus was saddled upon France. He died, however, by his own hand, and with him perished the system which had outlived the natural period of its demise—the system of Pitt, which had entailed upon Europe five-and-twenty years of war, upon England eight hundred millions of debt, and ended in the restoration of a superannuated dynasty, and the formation of the Holy Alliance, or, in other words, in a grand confederacy of sovereigns against the liberty of nations. We still groan and sweat under the weary load of this frightful legacy. But

happily, its pressure forced men to open their eyes to the true nature of that detestable policy, which had laid it on the shoulders of the nation. Public opinion became more concentrated and more powerful. Peace abroad, retrenchment at home, the reform of all administrative abuses, and the extension as well as purification of our institutions, began to be loudly demanded. Green-bags and gagging-bills had been tried, and tried in vain. Nothing could resist the onward march of the spirit which had been awakened in the great mass of the people. Concessions could no longer be withheld. Under the compulsion of the power which now acted upon the government, its policy became insensibly liberalized. The Holy Alliance received its death-blow in England, though not until it had blasted, by its wavering influence, the nascent germs of liberty in Spain, in Naples, in Piedmont, and in Italy. Greece, glorious Greece, cast off the slough which for ages had deformed the fair face of that classic land, and appeared, fresh and vigorous, in the young beauty of independence. Even Turkey became the theatre of change, and Sultan Mahmoud an energetic and fearless reformer. The old Bourbon dynasty still endured in France; but its days were numbered—the prophetic anticipation of Napoleon was about to be realized. A man, Polignac, whom adversity had failed to teach wisdom, and who, cursed with the blindness of infatuation, thought himself secure, while seated as it were on a loaded mine:—this man fired the train, and the terrific explosion instantly followed.

The Revolution of the Three Days—who can name it without inward glorying and exultation?—achieved by the most heroic valour, unstained by a single crime, furnished an example, as well as a stimulus to opinion, throughout all Europe. Belgium and Poland, with opposite fates, followed the one; while in every civilized nation the force of the other was deeply felt, and soon visible in the demand for reform and regeneration. What has taken place in our own all know; what events we are yet destined to witness Heaven alone can tell. We hope the best; we have confidence in our present rulers, because their being, as such, is identified with the success of that measure which the country, the country at large, has so loudly approved. They must stand or fall with the cause of the people. But the House of Peers!—"Ay, there's the rub."—will they adventure still to resist the united wishes of the King, the Commons, and the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Will they force the Sybil to scatter her last leaves to the wind? Will they rush madly in where even angels would fear to tread? Will they dare the wrath of a mighty empire, that rottenness and corruption may still be their portion? Will they compel us to act upon the conviction, daily becoming more general, that we could do very well without the Lords? Above all, will they not, by an act of constitutional energy, be saved "while it is called to-day" from the fate which their own folly would prepare for themselves? Time alone can resolve these mysteries; and as the interval must be brief, we wait with anxiety, but without fear. Meanwhile, Poland—heroic Poland!—has fallen, but not fallen in vain. No "pitying friend" stretched out a hand to help her; no "generous foe" is that which, by impelling its irresistible masses of disciplined barbarism, triumphed in the struggle. But the blood of her brave defenders has not been bootlessly shed. It cries from the earth for vengeance; and its cry will one day be heard. Renovated France and reformed Britain will not always lend a deaf ear to the supplications of men who have shewn that they deserve liberty by consenting to pay

such a price for even a faint chance of obtaining it. We are upon the confines of a new era. "A change has come over the spirit of the time; mighty questions have been stirred; deep interests have been created; vast masses of men, formerly inert and passive, have suddenly begun to heave to and fro with the force of a newly-inspired animation; old things are passing away; all things are becoming new." Meanwhile, let the word be, "Fraternization among Freemen all over the World!"

THE PECHLER.

It is long since the natural history of such creatures as the lion, the horse, and the elephant, was perfectly ascertained and understood. Every body now knows every thing that can be known about such honest, downright, plain-sailing animals; and zoophytes are all the rage. It would be quite in vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies in the amiable task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order that you might send them home to the Museum of the Edinburgh University, or that of the Wernerian Society. I verily believe that Professor Jameson and Mr. Patrick Neill would not thank you for a shipload of such intelligible stuffery. But mark the eyes of a naturalist when you tell him of some new marine creature, half vegetable half animal, which springs up in the shape of a tumbler, with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle, and perhaps fixes itself to the ground by a few dozen legs, each with fifteen eyes in a row along the side, like the buttons of a pair of spatterdashes. The man's face kindles at the description, like a coal under a pair of bellows; and, if you can be so patriotic as to transfer the specimen to Canonmills Loch, there to flourish in immortal youth for the benefit of all whom it may concern, why you will find yourself next week with as many initial letters tagged to your name as might qualify you for becoming editor of an encyclopedia.

In the same way as regular proper birds and beasts have now ceased to possess any interest, so have the ordinary characters of society fallen into a kind of contempt in our literature. It was very well for Homer to describe heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the Spectator to talk of such men as Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger de Coverley. These personages were like the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But any thing like a full-grown, healthy, natural man is now of no use. Every body knew all about him ages ago. If you want proper subjects for the moral museum, you must poke into the holes and corners of human nature,—you must dive far beneath the surface, and "pluck up drowned *horrors* by the locks." In short, it will not do nowadays to describe any thing but nondescripts.

Acting under this impression, I take leave to introduce the genus *Pechler* to the notice of the world,—a creature who, neither in town nor country, is any thing very decidedly, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such terms as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of every reader.

The Pechler is a character in humble life, who assumes no distinct profession, but contrives to live a curious, irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargainings, and contracts for work; his habits being generally in a considerable degree determined by the accident of

his living in a city or in the country. Burns alluded to the rural class of Pechlers, when, in speaking of his own youthful prospects, he says, that he saw only two modes of bettering his circumstances; first, that of rigid economy, and, second, that of *bargain-making*. Holy Willie was a Pechler; and, if I am not mistaken, the "bletherin bitch,"* another of his heroes, survives a Pechler to this day. The Pechler is usually a short, active-looking man, with coarse grey stockings, corduroy breeches, and a seven-days beard. His neckcloth is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a collar, which, evidently, has never yet been made acquainted with the mysterious process invented by Brummell. His watch is a little spherical silver one, with Roman numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series or congeries of chains, interrupted every two or three inches by little flat plates, and garnished at the end with an old-fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second sixpence, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three angles, like the human figure when sitting. The town-pechler lives about such places as the Cowfeeder Row—the back of the Canongate—and a certain *terra Australis incognita*, which bears, I believe, the name of the Causeway-side. He has generally a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood, where he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to buy one. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work as soon almost as they are able to walk. Though invariably rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great economist in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him attending a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not bid largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself, (for he is a capital bandster)—threshed also by himself—ground at a mill in which he has some concern, and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October you see him attending a sale of growing potatoes,—perhaps he buys a whole field on speculation,—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how potatoes are going,—enjoys the honour of having his advice asked by the less experienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly, of the bottle which has been paraded for the purpose of encouraging the sale. The Pechler frequents all kinds of markets. At Dalkeith he goes from sack to sack as a bee does from flower to flower. He dives his hand deep into every bag, feels the meal with a knowing air between his finger and thumb,—tastes it with an air still more knowing; and, after asking the price, remarks, if he does not mean to buy, that it is "a good meal." He has all the technical abbreviated language of markets at his finger-ends. "What's barley?" "Six-and-thirty."—"How's lead?" "Heavy."—"Poultry looking up," and "pigs looking down." When he has made

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* The person here alluded to is the subject of an epitaph as follows:—

Beneath thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
O, Death, it's my opinion,
Ye ne'er took sic a *bletherin bitch*
Into your dark dominion.

Not long ago an admirer of Burns, visiting Mauchline, had the subject of this jest pointed out to him in the street—a poor old broken-down man, the ruins of a Pechler. "Are ye the bletherin bitch?" inquired the stranger, at the same time putting his hand into his pocket for money. "*Oo, 'deed ay, sir*," answered the immortalized wretch, his eye keenly watching the pocket of his intending benefactor, "*I'm the bletherin bitch.*" The man had evidently come to feel the burlesque of Burns as an honour, and one of a profitable kind.

a purchase, he pays it either in notes drawn from a huge worn pocket-book, which seems almost in itself a bank, or by what he calls "a bit check on Sir Willie."*

In his capacity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the Pechler is a great adept in all matters connected with farm produce, and whatever may increase or depress its value. Not a cloud can cross the horizon, but he knows what effect it is to have next Friday at Haddington. He will, by a mysterious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off the depth of water at the observatory, or, what is more in his way, the pools which he finds in the morning before his door, against the scale of prices at Dalkeith, and you would be astonished at the accuracy of the calculation. I once came upon a Pechler in the course of a country walk. He was leaning over the gate of a barley field; and, if he had not borne all the external marks of a declared and licensed Pechler, I could have known him by the considerate calculating air with which he marked the rising braird. I entered into conversation with him, and remarked that that was a fine field of barley. "Yes," he said drily, "it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it *is* gude." The Pechler, I saw, approved of the grain, by virtue of his intimate and actual acquaintance with the subject: he knew it to be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to the goodness of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure, the excellent labour which had been bestowed upon it, besides a minute examination of all the outward symptoms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that I only thought it good, because the field bore a verdant appearance. He thought me, in short, as green as the barley; and his conscious skill could not respond even to my humble remark, without letting me see that he did so upon different and deeper principles. "Yes—it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it *is* gude!" The Director-General of the fine arts could not have more expressively marked his contempt for some raw exclamation about a picture,—such as "How pretty!" Verily, thought I, there is no department of knowledge without its pride of skill.

But the Pechler is a person of multiform appearance, and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes he steps into a place where turnpikes are rouping; and, if the thought strikes him, he will take a few tolls, into which, next week, he has planted off almost all the grown up members of his family. You have perhaps left off acquaintance with a particular Pechler, as contractor for building a dyke near your residence in the country; and, the next time you see him, he is ascending from a hole in the street, literally a man of straw, being busied in forming a new drain. Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of a house against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself waited upon by this identical Pechler, as an emissary of the landlord. It is a great employment of the Pechler to let houses. This is just one of those irregular kinds of business which the city Pechler rejoices in. He is indeed so fond of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house property. You find him at a sale of what are called "old materials," namely, the stone and wood-work of a house about to be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some public work. He is flying along crazy joists, while pulverised lime wraps him all around, the very demon of dust! He buys the whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, a house perhaps occupied in former times by "lords and ladies gay," rises in a new shape in the

* It is necessary to explain to the southern reader that Sir William Forbes and Co. were, for a long time, the bankers in highest consideration in Scotland, especially among the rural classes.

suburbs, for the accommodation of humble artisans, whom the Pechler has the pleasure of *persecuting* twice or oftener in the year for ever after. The Pechler, in his capacity of landlord, becomes acquainted with a property in human nature, which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclusively in certain classes of birds. This property is one by no means favourable to the interests of *his own* property. It is a disposition to migrate, which prevails among his tenants at particular seasons, generally about three weeks previous to the 25th of May and the 22d of November. It is incalculable the trouble which he and his whole race and kindred have, about those periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about "the property," and if he sees a light in a window after midnight, he is thrown into an agony, lest a removal is contemplated. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard; but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals flying away with their goods and chattels, in order to avoid being troubled about that rending misery—rent. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling to every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word "convenient" is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some flaming complaint as to the want of repairs; but unless he receives payment of his demands, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If payment be really made, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is no black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make it look a little better. The roof may show a breach, through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean; but, in the Pechler's mind, every thing may be cured by "a little plaister." "A little plaister" is his catholicon for all evils; and "that he will come and apply himself, some day very soon." He will never admit any fault in his property, which it is beyond his own personal skill to correct; no more than Dr. Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as "a barrowfu' o' bricks," but so very rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits.

The Pechler is always prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to all his rules. But the unhappy man is almost invariably ruined by his family. He has been all his life a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, twice in the day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Jennies to Dr. M'Crie's, or Mr. Lothian's; besides having, all his life,

> Morning, nichtly,
> On the *questions* targed them tichtly.

But all is as nought when the struggling savages arrive at ripe age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers or builders, and Jennies are married to grocers and tanners. The boys carry *higher* heads than their father, but not so *long*, and the sons-in-law, (as blood, according to the kindly Scotch adage, is thicker than water,) obtain his scratchy, but valuable signature, to bills and other obligations. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then squandered by folly and self-indulgence. Even while the family is still domiciled with him, he is in danger of having his good old system broken in upon The wretches see finer style in

the dwellings of their playmates, and they begin to discover that their father is not the poor man he seems. The Pechler is thunderstruck, some fine morning, at finding his household convulsed by a general rebellion, to which the very wife of his bosom is evidently not ill-affected, against further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient dynasty [*quasi dicitur* dine-asty] of potatoes is tumbled from its throne; and tea, hitherto a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when he was from home, sets up its unblushing front every evening, as if it had a title of a thousand years standing. It is in vain that he struggles against these innovations. He is brought to submission, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, by the very multitude of his enemies. He might seize a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have done by half a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment he could inflict, would be revenged twenty-fold by the myriad shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and complaint, which would have instantly been directed against him. At length, the poor Pechler, after a manful resistance, is obliged to give in with a good grace; and TEA, the arch-fiend of his former dreams, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these the Pechler often ends where he commenced—a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship, he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street, about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back room, with a window of two panes looking into the front shop; and there she sits, looking through her loop-hole of retreat on the world that passes by, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy anything for your children, you get a peep through that loop-hole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable tea-table as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Pechler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the Scotsman or the Chronicle. He is redolent of warm toast, and his wife is just washing the "tea things" in the back-room. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled by the conclusion of the business to resume his station in the threshold. The Pechler watches and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with a gratulation of spirit inconceivably great. He loves the children (for bakers always have lots of children) far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and, occasionally, when they are "gude bairns," he will even allow them to see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large yellow woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket

seems to them the most estimable and glorious object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a fluttering tremor of expectation almost amounting to delirium. Their first breeches have all along been *hanselled* by the Pechler, and indeed every successive pair since; and, in fact, they are so often treated by him in this way, that their ideas of "grandfather" and "halfpence" are inseparable.

And so I leave the Pechler to his repose.

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF NATIONAL BORROWING.

Private individuals obtain loans upon two considerations:—firstly, of the promised payment of simple interest, until such time as they shall replace the capital; secondly, of an engagement to pay an annuity for a certain period, generally the natural life of the lender.

Borrowing at simple interest is, when practised by prudent men, the act of adding to their pecuniary resources, with a view to the beneficial employment of the capital borrowed. The interest is the remuneration paid to the lender for the use of his money; and the borrower's intention is to employ the funds placed at his disposal, in such a manner that they shall produce, in addition to the sum annually paid as interest, a surplus sufficient to compensate his own expenditure of time and exertion. Money taken up at simple interest and invested in landed property, comes under this definition; for the borrower proceeds on the assumption, that the annual proceeds of the property will pay the interest with a surplus. The process which has just been described, is *borrowing* in the strict and legitimate meaning of the term. Were any person in private life to obtain money at simple interest with other views, his ruin would be predicted immediately.

Borrowing by way of annuity is precisely the opposite of this. Lending upon annuity is practised by persons, who so far from intending to employ their money with a view to reproduction, wish to sink it. Lenders upon annuity are persons possessed of property, which they wish to expend upon themselves during their life-time, childless persons, persons extravagant, or at variance with their natural heirs. Borrowers upon annuity again, are persons who wish to anticipate their future resources: corporate bodies, for instance, having an annual revenue, some part of which they wish to anticipate for the execution of a public work; or extravagant individuals who wish to spend sums beyond the extent of their immediate income.

Borrowing by way of annuity, when strictly examined, will be found to be a means of anticipating future resources upon a calculation of chances, and providing that the *repayment* of the sum lent shall be spread over many future years under the name of interest payable out of future income. The intention of every person who sinks his money in an annuity, is to live upon his principal, and to enjoy it all during his life-time. If he could foreknow the precise duration of his life, he need not lend on annuity, because he would only require to divide the money by the number of his remaining years, and expend the quotient annually. But not possessing this prescience, he seeks a borrower, who calculating, as he best can, the probable duration of his life, will take his money, and engage to pay him an annual sum, which shall, if the calculation

be correct, approximate to a repayment of the sum advanced, together with the interest. If the annuitant survive the term calculated upon, the borrower incurs a loss; if he die earlier, the borrower gains.

The advantage, in as far as the borrower is concerned, of raising money by life-annuity, over borrowing at simple interest, is twofold. The repayment is spread over many years, and there is the chance of ultimate gain by the premature death of the annuitant. The advantage will be evident, if we suppose the case of a corporate body borrowing money in order to sink it in the building of a bridge or church, and being bound to repay the sum out of its revenue. It is clear, that unless there is reason to calculate upon some very great and speedy enlargement of revenue, a rare thing either with corporate bodies or nations, the mode of borrowing, in which the process of repayment is immediately begun, is both safest and cheapest. To perceive this, it is only necessary to reflect, that the repayment must be derived from the future income. Every payment of simple interest, unaccompanied by some extra payment, as an instalment of principal, constitutes a yearly loss to the body, and leaves it as much in debt as ever.

But the loss occasioned by thus paying simple interest upon money which is sunk, is not the worst mischief arising out of this system. The great danger is, that exigencies may spring up before the process of repayment is commenced, compelling the debtors, not only to delay repayment still longer, but to increase the debt. When this occurs, the difficulty of repayment is of course increased in the *ratio* of the increase of debt. Supposing this process to be continued, it must at last happen that the annual revenues of the corporate borrowers are entirely absorbed in the payment of the interest, without a possibility of the redemption of the sum owing. The lenders of the money become, in this case, the real owners of the corporation, receiving, as they must, all rents, customs, tolls, dues, &c. whence the corporate revenue is derived.

If the foregoing considerations be founded in any thing like truth or common sense, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion, that if money is to be borrowed to be *sunk*, it ought to be borrowed upon some principle, either identical with, or analogous to, that of borrowing on annuity. Let us apply this principle to the question of national borrowing. It is hardly necessary to premise, that nations always, in actual fact, borrow money in order to sink it. It may indeed be said, that nations, by means of borrowed money, have conquered valuable additions of territory; yet it has so often happened, that these acquisitions are either relinquished as the price of peace, or else yield, when retained, no direct return to the state, that it may be safely affirmed as a truth, that nations *borrow* only to *sink*. This being the case, it follows that nations should borrow upon some principle analogous to that of borrowing on annuity, inasmuch as it seems clear, upon the general principle, that such method would be found to be by far the least injurious. Nor do the effects of other methods, as far as they have been made apparent by experience, lead to a different conclusion.

To prove this in any way, excepting generally, would be foreign to the scope and purpose of these strictures. To afford this proof, some general and simple remarks and calculations are all that are necessary. In the first place, then, it is to be observed, that when money is borrowed at simple interest, and sunk upon the chance of a future ability to repay, the sums paid as interest, before the repayment commences and is completed, are merely interest upon *lost time*. This loss of time too, is, by

the nature of the transaction, unlimited. The evil produced, however, is co-equal with the loss of time before the repayment is effected; and the one being unlimited, the other may become enormous. A nation, for instance, borrows a sum at five per cent. per annum, simple interest. Now, it is clear, that if twenty years elapse before repayment is made, the entire sum will have been paid in the shape of interest, and the nation be involved just as much as ever. If at the end of the twenty years a repayment can be at once effected, the nation still *pays double;* that is to say, an amount of interest equal to the original sum, and then the sum itself; and in proportion to the length of time elapsed before repayment is made, must the loss be.

If we apply this reasoning to facts, and take the English debt for an example, we shall arrive at some conclusions so startling, that the enormous waste and drain of money becomes almost too much for the imagination. A part of the British debt has now existed for upwards of a century. It has gone on, and is going on, unredeemed; and now without a rational hope of redemption, however distant. Now, it is known, that sums bearing legal interest, that is to say five per cent. per annum, double themselves in twenty years, putting compound interest out of the question. Such of the English debt, then, as has existed beyond the century, supposing it to have been originally borrowed at the interest of five per cent. per annum, has been paid *five times over*, without the nation having arrived one iota nearer its liquidation than it was at the hour on which it was borrowed. Before the war of 1793, the debt amounted to two hundred and fifty millions, speaking in round numbers. Since that period, forty years have elapsed. At the legal rate of interest, therefore, five hundred millions of pounds have been drained from the pockets of the English people, that is to say, from the pockets of the industrious and productive classes of England—as "interest" (interest!) upon this small portion of the debt alone, and this was only the amount of the nation's debt at the end of the American war, before Pitt became minister, and by his own acts and those of his successors, TRIPLED the amount.

The entire debt existing as far forward as 1812, which was near the conclusion of the war, is now twenty years of age. Its whole amount, if contracted at, or about legal interest, must, accordingly, have been taken from the people, under the name of interest, up to this time. An enormous sum, and how thrown away—for how does the nation stand at this very hour? It stands just as it stood in 1815, the conclusion of the war, loaded with an enormous debt of eight hundred millions of pounds, which load seventeen years of peace have done nothing to alleviate, if we except a slight reduction of interest effected, by taking advantage of that want of profitable employment for capital, which the debt itself has been chiefly instrumental in creating. Upon this debt, if unredeemed, the interest is legally payable *for ever* by a people, whose utmost exertions do not suffice to raise the amount annually demanded of them, and who are yet the most industrious and ingenious people upon earth, "Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis apes,"—and to the man whose name has given currency to this "system," as it is called, a statue has been raised in the civic hall of the capital of the country, which he has brought to this state of embarrassment, decrepitude, and ruin, without example in the history of nations! Talk of "delusion"——? Shades of Mississippi Law, and the blowers of the South Sea bubble!——But more of this hereafter. So much for borrowing money at simple interest,

to sink, either by nations or individuals. So much for national debts upon the "Pitt system."

It now remains to be shewn *how* money might be borrowed, if not without national loss, at least without permanent national misery and ruin, and to an extent sufficient and more than sufficient for the utmost exigencies of a nation like Great Britain, if under a tolerable government. In order to do this, it is only necessary to trace a rough outline of the manner in which money might be taken up and repaid, within a limited period, under a system analogous to that of annuities, that is to say, upon the principle of repaying principal under the name of interest. Persons accustomed to such schemes would propose a hundred different modes of doing this. A method, however, at once simple and extravagant, will best shew the safety of so borrowing, at almost any sacrifice, compared with the mischief of national debts, as hitherto contracted.

It has been computed that the average value of life,—that is to say, that taking all the persons, young and old, living in a country at any given time, the mean period of their existence may be probably stated at fourteen or fifteen years. This may safely be taken as a standard, whether true or not; because the expectation of life of the active portion of a community, say those from twenty to sixty years of age, is much above this. Let us then take fifteen years as the period for which a nation may quite fairly burthen itself, inasmuch as its collective life may probably reach to that extent. This being the period, let us suppose the nation, wishing to borrow, to give transferrable bonds, expiring at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of each, for the sums borrowed, each bond bearing interest at the rate of *twelve per cent. per annum*, payable yearly. It is evident that persons holding such bonds might expend *five per cent.* of their interest yearly, and by saving the remaining *seven per cent.*, be repaid their principal at the expiration of the bond, putting compound interest, which might be obtained upon the saved instalments, out of the question. In this way the nation borrowing would certainly lose nearly *cent. per cent.*, paying, as it would do, under the name of interest, one hundred and eighty pounds for every hundred pounds borrowed; but then this would be the ultimatum and maximum of loss, and the sacrifice could not be aggravated by any events whatsoever.

That immense sums might be taken up under some system similar to this, with far less of mischief than has been caused by the existing absurdity and injustice of borrowing at simple interest, and burthening posterity with the debt, a few simple considerations will shew. Suppose a nation, like England in annual resources, borrowing in this way, and determined to "out-Pitt" even Pitt himself in extravagance of expenditure, such a nation might borrow twenty millions annually, and go on doing so *ad infinitum*, without the annual amount of interest ever exceeding *thirty-six millions* of pounds. This sum it would reach in the fifteenth year of debt, but could go no further, as the old bonds would then expire as fast as the new ones were issued; and when new bonds were no longer issued, the entire burthen would gradually decrease, and be extinguished in fifteen years, when the interest on the last twenty millions borrowed would be paid.

From this simple calculation two things are evident: first, that the repayment of principal under the name of interest is the most certain and efficient of "Sinking Funds;" and next, that the loss upon such a transaction as this would be little, or no more than would be the loss

upon the existing English debt, stating it in round numbers at *eight hundred millions*, and supposing the nation to be *now* prosperous enough to redeem it at a very rapid rate. In this supposition the enormous sums already paid as interest upon it are put out of the question. Suppose, then, the country to possess a clear surplus revenue of twenty-five millions of pounds every year, applicable as a sinking fund to the liquidation of its debt, it would yet take *thirty-two years* to complete the process; and with a yearly instalment of *twenty-five millions* for *thirty-two years*, an average interest of *sixteen years* would still remain to be paid before the debt was extinguished,—that is to say, *eighty per cent.* upon the whole amount, supposing it to have been borrowed originally at five per cent. per annum. Such are the probable advantages of a system of borrowing after some method similar to that of annuity, as compared with the results of sinking money, borrowed at simple interest, and trusting to the chapter of accidents for repayment.

A second advantage now comes to be considered, and that is, that, be the sacrifice what it will, *it falls upon the existing generation only, and cannot be carried further without the consent of the next.* That this *is* an advantage may be denied by those who assert the right of a nation to burthen or control its posterity; let us, therefore, inquire if any such right can exist in reason and common sense. If we look at the laws which have been enacted to regulate the power of individuals over their property, we shall find them generally averse to any such absolute control. According to the English law, the power of future control is greatest in the case of real property; and yet any English entail may be broken by consent of all the parties if of legal age.* In cases of personal property, the power to regulate the descent is curtailed by a statute, occasioned by a singular attempt, under the will of the late Peter Thellusson, the banker, who left his large personal property—to the exclusion of his heirs immediately succeeding—in trust, to accumulate at interest until it had reached a certain sum, the disposition of which was laid down in the will. This attempt to leave not only what a man had, but what he had not, was very properly set at nought, and the will set aside in favour of the immediate heir. In the case of life-interest, the income of the estate only is liable for the debts of the owner of the life-interest, and that only during the period of the owner's life. This is not only common justice, but common sense of the plainest description; and this is the case *in point*, for in what relation does a whole country stand to its existing possessors? Clearly in the relation in which a landed estate does to the individual who has his life-interest in it only. They cannot alienate it. They may expend its proceeds during the term of their natural lives; but their power as a nation can, of necessity, extend no further. Who, unless it were the Indians who sold Pennsylvania to Penn, ever dreamed of a people selling a country to another nation, and spending the principal? Each generation then has a life-interest in the soil, and nothing more; and as this is the law of nature, so is it that of common sense. To suppose, then, a people to have the right to burthen the future possessors of a country, upon a plea of necessity, is to suppose that a man can have a right to mortgage an estate, in which he has only a life-interest, upon a plea of necessity. And what apparent necessity can justify the absurdity of anticipating resources which may be wanted in future simi-

* The detrimental character of our absurd Scottish system of entails has been so clearly established, that we leave it out of view.

lar contingencies? Had Blenheim and Ramilies cost five or six hundred millions, Waterloo could not have been paid for; and Waterloo has, confessedly, anticipated the bonfires of the next generation, as some wag is said to have anticipated Dr. Southey's bonfire on the summit of Skiddaw: that is to say, by setting fire to it "the day *before* the fair!"

But if the case put be contrary to all the dictates of natural justice, what is to be said of the doctrine that a people may not only mortgage the lands but the bodies of their descendants—not only the soil, but the flesh and blood of posterity? To this, however, the system of rendering posterity liable for national debts extends; for how is either the interest or principal of such a debt to be raised? Not from the land alone, but also from the labour and skill of those who cultivate the land, and from the capital, skill, and labour of those who, not possessing landed property, have acquired monied possessions and commercial wealth. To mortgage the souls and bodies of millions of men in this way, to say to them, "the tax-gatherer shall come to your hearths for ever; and, until you have raised the required tribute, your skill and your labour, your brain and your sinews shall be ours, though you, and your wives, and your children starve for it," is a bondage of which the world never heard before, and for which, the epithet "Egyptian" is inadequate and tame. In modern times, the personal liberty, and the *bonâ fide* property of a man, have been held liable for his debts, but not the persons of his children. No European tyranny, at least, has ever openly attempted this; for this would be neither more nor less than to reduce man at once to the condition of a slave. What is the slave's condition? It is this:—He is either provided by his master, who compels him to labour and receives the fruits, with such food and raiment as to such master shall seem sufficient; or he is allowed to preserve to himself only such portion of his labour as will barely admit of his obtaining food and raiment for himself. The first of these shocking alternatives is the best, inasmuch as the master or overseer looking on, and seeing it to be his interest to keep the slave in health and vigour, feeds and clothes him accordingly. When the masters have no individual property in their slaves, the case is worse. So is it with nations overloaded with debt, and with exhausted resources and decreasing revenues. The receiver of the interest of the debt has no individual and definite property in the bodies of any of the industrious and productive classes who are compelled to toil to raise it. He, therefore, as long as he receives it, neither can nor does care how, at what expense, or by whom it is raised. He does not see the process—perhaps does not suspect even its nature. The ruined merchant and starved mechanic are nothing to him as long as their places are supplied by others doomed to go through the same ordeal. Nor is this either exaggeration or sophistry; for, strip such systems of a few artfully misapplied phrases, and it must be clear, to all but the blind, that this is the actual, real, and most astounding condition of all who are condemned from their cradles to apply the best part of their labour to the payment of debts contracted by others. It is the description of an extreme case; but this, or something very near this, was the case of the French peasantry and bourgeoisie under the old monarchy. The result is known. To take all the real property of the country from its possessors, in order to liquidate debts contracted by their forefathers, who had only a life-interest in it, would be bad enough. But were even this done, still, though they might be "ruined men," as far as property goes, their strength, their talents,—in short, their capacity to labour and acquire

would be left them. They would be poor men—but not slaves. Take from them this last, poor heritage,—mortgage their souls and bodies,—sell their talents,—sell their strength, and compel them to work out the price, and they are slaves—literal slaves—albeit they may know it not.

Such, stripped of its disguises, is the effect of what is called "National Debt."

If, then, there be a nation which has been persuaded so to act; if there be a nation which has thought it right and consistent, for the sake of its "just and necessary" wars, to leave its children defenceless, and unable to carry on any war, however just and necessary; if there be a nation which has not hesitated to load its descendants with a debt, the interest of which the annual national produce is hardly adequate to pay, and at the same time to carry on the government of the country; if there be a nation which has thus placed its industrious successors in a situation from which they cannot extricate themselves without inflicting misery upon others, or in which they cannot remain without suffering it themselves;—if there be such a nation, then that nation has—whether it knew or did not know the full effect of what it did when the unauthorized bargain was made—to the best of its power, and without reserve, sold its children for slaves to the successors of those who lent the money. Its posterity are, like the genii that came and bowed down to Aladdin, the "slaves of the lamp"—the bondsmen of those who, at a call, could produce silver and gold; and, unless some scheme of equitable adjustment be devised, they must remain so, until, by some effort of overwrought suffering, the charm be dissipated, and the spell broken; until the pains of those who pay unjustly are found to be more than a balance for the pains of those who shall cease unjustly to receive, and the bond which Folly sealed, shall be cancelled by Desperation.

If this delineation may be thought by any to apply to our own country, it is the fault of the rulers who framed the existing system, and not of the truth which dictates the description. The holder of the mirror is not responsible for the reflection; and to the door of the "great statesman now no more," and his worthy successors, must the scandal be laid, if the prophecy of one of his and their bitterest and most talented enemies be accomplished, and the English funding system end in being "a monument of wonder, not so much for the extent to which it has been carried, as for the folly of believing in it."

STATE OF "THE WEST COUNTRY."

The time in which we live belongs to history. It is for the instruction of the future historian, as well as for the warning of the infatuated few who would vainly oppose their petty strength to the progress of reform, that we put upon record a sketch of the state of popular feeling in the West of Scotland, drawn from personal and intimate acquaintance with the most secret springs that regulate its movements—a sketch which has at least accuracy and impartiality to recommend it. The circumstance is worthy of remark, that the populous and wealthy district generally known in the South of Scotland under the familiar designation of "the West Country"—a district comprehending the shires of Lanark, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, the northern division of Ayrshire, and the

southern part of Stirlingshire—exhibited during the religious persecution under the last Stuarts, the first example in Scottish history of Political Unions. At least we know no institutions more nearly resembling the "Societies" of that period. This historical reminiscence seems to have in it something typical. It is to the boroughmongers, like the song of "willow-willow" haunting poor Desdemona the night before her death, prophetic of their coming doom.*

Previous to the Duke of Wellington's memorable declaration against reform, the labouring classes, in this part of the country, had very generally organized themselves into bodies for mutual protection against the exactions of their employers, and for the purpose of more effectually urging their complaints upon the notice of the legislature. At first these associations were discountenanced by the higher and middle classes, as unnecessary in themselves, and dangerous to the peace of society; but, in proportion as the general hope of relief from taxation at the hands of the legislature abated, and the difficulties and embarrassments of the middle classes increased, they began to be regarded by the wealthy with less hostility. The opinion rapidly gained ground, that the people must look to themselves for effectual relief. Parliamentary Reform became a favourite with many who before were its strenuous opponents. Just at this moment, when old opinions and prejudices were giving way, the French Revolution broke out, touching men's hearts as with a live coal from the Altar of Liberty,—inspiring new hopes as to the destiny and happiness of our race,—impressing on all a profound sense of the power that lodges in the people, and of the consequent danger of driving it to extremity,—and converting to the opinions of the age, not only all who before were wavering, but tens of thousands who, until then, had never awakened from their dream of servile confidence in the most rapacious and unprincipled oligarchy that ever usurped the government of a nation.

From this moment the middle and the working classes instituted a generous rivalry who should be most forward in conciliating and uniting with the other. Meetings, both public and convivial, were held, which tended materially to substitute feelings of respect, friendship, and mutual dependence, for old sentiments of mistrust and defiance. Political unions and reform associations sprung up, and the cry for reform swelled to such a loudness, that the most haughty and obstinate man of his age was obliged to bend beneath the storm. Convulsion must have followed this overthrow of the Wellington Administration, had not a reforming Ministry been called to office in its stead. Earl Grey's official pledge in favour of reform was hailed with universal delight. The people, instead of looking to their own unaided efforts to effect their wishes, had their hopes, their resolution, their energies, concentrated in, and bound up, with the constitutionally appointed executive, and were thus withdrawn from the wild whirlpool of revolution. How devotedly the people have supported Ministers in their plan of reform, let their conduct at the late general election, their magnanimous postponement of many a cherished wish, in order to prevent division on the Reform Bill—their disinterested support of the Administration against treacheries

* The author might have added, that the Kingdom of Fife, in its day another strong hold of Presbyterianism, is at present bristling all over with political unions, much after the fashion of the West. In Nithsdale and Galloway, "Cockburn's Path," and the Glen-Kens, re-echo the cry of Reform.—Ed.

and difficulties that would otherwise have been insurmountable,—their patience, peacefulness, and unwearied vigilance, declare. With the course of events public feeling has assumed a more determinate aspect, and popular organization a more perfect shape; and both have at present settled into a fixed, distinct, and tangible character.

Throughout the West of Scotland, nearly the whole of the middle, and a very great portion of the upper, are cordially united with the labouring classes of society, in the determination to see the measure of Reform proposed by Earl Grey's Administration, carried into effect. To accomplish this, they are prepared to quail at no danger, to shrink from no responsibility; aware that if it fail, consequences must ensue infinitely more dreadful than any that can result from even overstrained efforts to ensure its success. It is certain, that, in the event of the present Reform Bill again miscarrying in the House of Lords, either through the intrigues of faction, or the over-delicacy of Earl Grey on the subject of creating new Peers, we should have, in the West, a general movement of a very formidable nature, tacitly approved of and supported, if not openly and actively participated in, by at least nine-tenths of the whole population. The organization for such a movement is complete. The great towns, such as Glasgow, Paisley and Greenock, have their Trades' Unions, Political Unions or Reform Associations, each perfectly aware of what all the others are about, and ready to co-operate whenever circumstances may call upon them. There are, moreover, either existing independently or in connexion with these, innumerable minor unions in every village and district throughout this densely-peopled tract, whose aptitude, organization, and fearless alacrity, may be best illustrated by a reference to the admirable order of the immense numbers which have lately attended the various processions got up from time to time at different points, either to do honour to his Majesty, or to distinguish the more important crisis in the progress of Reform. The rapidity with which communications circulate among these bodies, and the electric speed with which, on any emergency, a whole district could be made, as it were, to spring at once upon its feet, may be inferred from the fact, that, on any occasion when news is anxiously expected, the villages and districts remote from a post-office station, employ *runners* to wait the arrival of the mail at the nearest points; by this means obtaining intelligence almost as speedily as a mail driving *directly* to their respective localities could bring it. Nor should it here pass unnoticed, that, within Glasgow and its immediate vicinity, a body of 30,000 men, perfectly organized, and by no means disposed to take fright at their own or other people's shadows, could be gathered together—if not in "heavy marching order," at least in something like it,—in the very short space of nine or ten hours!—Those who may feel inclined to question this assertion will do well never to give occasion for proving its accuracy.

Perfect as is the organization, and strong as is the political feeling existing over the West of Scotland, we do not believe that even in the event of the Reform Bill being again defeated, there will be any appeal made to physical force, unless provocation to that alternative be given by the military and other instruments of power. Were this attempted, an immediate collision with the military and whoever supported them, would be neither feared nor shunned; for the people, since the days of the barricades in Paris and Brussels, have acquired confidence in their own strength. If left to themselves, however, they would prefer, and

universally adopt, the more peaceable, yet equally effective plan, of refusing to pay all taxes excepting by distraint; aware that this, without the waste of one drop of blood, would bring their oppressors to a stand-still in a very few months. The general resolution to avail themselves of this perfectly constitutional resource, in preference to more violent and sanguinary measures, is characteristic of the intelligence that now distinguishes the majority of the inhabitants of the district to which our statements have reference, and proves, at the same time, how vain is the hope either to cheat out of their rights, or argue out of their opinions, a people so far advanced in the knowledge of social, political, and moral justice.

It only remains to be added, that the slow progress of the measure of Reform, prolonging the feverish distrust and restlessness of the public mind, has struck industry and trade with a paralysis. How can a man pursue his work in quiet when momentarily expecting the roof to come down crackling and crashing about his ears? Many of the former enemies of the Bill have at last seen the truth of this, and begin to yelp and clamour most vigorously for its enactment into a law. Earnestly do we press these signs of the times upon the notice of all enemies of the people's rights. If they will not yield to the imposing array of determined men ranged under the banner of Reform, let them shew some mercy to the discomfited nerves of their quondam friends. "Though the governor be firm," let "the father relent."

AN ESSAY ON KISSING.

Kissing is a delicate subject and must be handled accordingly.—Kisses are of various kinds. There is the kiss infantile, and the kiss parental, the kiss friendly, the kiss amatory, &c. &c. We exclude from our catalogue the Judas kiss—a perversion of the nature of the institute, which, even leaving out of consideration the awful depth of impiety with which the designation associates it, can only rank with that class of crimes, the bare attempt to name which palsies the tongue.

First in dignity is the kiss parental. This kiss is witnessed in its purest and most amiable state in young mothers,—matrons so little faded from the free maiden bloom, that the stranger hesitates in what class of feminity to rank them. They have the rich blushing grace of the virgin, and her coy timidity, most like to the caresses of a greyhound, insinuating fondness by approaches of serpentine grace, yet ready to bound away, startled even by an anticipated response. But in the midst of this softness we are aware of a growing dignity—a statelier bearing—a prouder consciousness and self-possession, not yet developed, but throwing herald beams before it. A being such as we have attempted to describe, bending over her first child with a love which no created being but herself can ever feel for another—so intense, so pure, so utterly devoid of selfishness—bathing its cheeks, chin, eyes, and brow, in a flood of kisses, is a picture which earth cannot surpass, and heaven scarcely equal. If, at times, a thought of self do cross her devotion, it is but a slight tinge of vanity, so graceful as to lose every alloy of littleness that attaches to the feeling.

The kiss parental also includes that of the father. If it be less beautiful, less winning than that of the mother, it is on the other hand more

impressive. The arrangements of society—perhaps also a natural tendency in women to bestow their affections upon men somewhat their seniors—the wish to temper in the pure draught of matrimonial happiness a feeling of awe and veneration with the more tumultuous throb of love—bring it about that the husband, in general, rather exceeds his wife in years. At all events, there is something in the tenor of man's life that gives a hardness to his outward bearing,—a habitual repression of the utterance of his feelings,—the very reverse of the graceful, wave-like yielding of woman's heart, voice, and features to the pressure of every breeze. When we see the face which never blenched at danger,—which strives to mantle even the joy of its heart, as the waveless ocean the treasures which lie fathoms beneath its surface, soften, as his wife holds out the helpless one to woo his embrace, then relent into a grim smile, as he holds at a distance its little caressing hands, and finally imprints a long and deep kiss upon its cheek, or pouting lips, with a "God bless thee, my boy!"

> So glad at this as he, we cannot be,
> ——————— but our rejoicing
> At nothing can be more.

Hitherto we have spoken of the kiss parental, unmixed with any associations. It assumes, under certain circumstances, the aspect of sublimity. It is easy to picture how the mother's instinctive love must grow, in the event of a worthy object, with every succeeding year,—how the beautiful or manly form, the warm generous heart, and the frank bearing must heighten and ennoble her affection. It is impossible to imagine the full extent of a mother's agony, when deprived of such an object. "My son, my son, my beautiful, my brave!" Rachel weeping over her infants, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not, is a faint type of such a desolation. Yet there have been mothers who, when their country or their faith called for the sacrifice, could stamp a burning kiss on their son's brow, and motion him forth—there was no voice, nature so far asserted her supremacy—to the battle or to the stake.

Turn we to a less mournful subject, the kiss amatory. On writing this word, we feel our breast fluttering beneath a clogging weight of fear, just as it did—we care not to say how many years ago. It is a strange and a beautiful thing—first innocent love. There is that in female beauty, that delights merely to gaze upon; but beware of looking too long. The lustrous black pupil contrasting with the white of the eye and the carnated skin,—the clear placid blue, into which you see down, down into the very soul,—the deep hazel, lustrous as a sun-lit stream, seen through an opening in its willowy banks,—all may be gazed upon with impunity ninety-nine times, and the hundredth you are a gone man. On a sudden, the eye strikes you as deeper and brighter than ever; or you fancy that a long look is stolen at you beneath a drooping eyelid, and that there is a slight flush on the cheek,—and at once you are in love. Then you spend the mornings in contriving apologies for calling, and the days and evenings in playing them off. When you lay your hand on the door bell, your knees tremble, and your breast feels compressed; and when admitted, you sit, and look, and say nothing, and go away determined to tell your whole story the next time. This goes on for months, varied by the occasional daring of kissing a flower with which she presents you—perhaps in the daring intoxication

of love wafting it towards her; or in an affectation of the Quixote style, kneeling with mock heroic emphasis to kiss her hand in affected jest; and the next time you meet with her, both are stately and reserved as ever. Till at last, on some unnoticeable day, when you find yourself alone with the lady, you quite unawares feel her hand in yours, a yielding shudder crosses her, and, you know not how, she is in your arms, and you press upon her lips delayed but not withheld

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love.

The kiss conjugal is of a severer cast of beauty. During the first years of matrimony it approaches, according to circumstances and the dispositions of the individuals, to the character of the kiss amatory. Othello, when he rejoins his "fair warrior" at Cyprus, is still all the lover. For a time his bliss is speechless; but as soon as he finds words—

If I were now to die
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Imogene's meditations upon the kiss of which her cruel step-mother has defrauded her, though less intensely passionate, have still more in them of the lover than the wife:

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or, I could make him swear
That she of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons; (for then
I am in Heaven for him;) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

It is in Coriolanus that we find the pride, depth, and glory of the kiss of wedded love best exemplified. In the Volscian camp he at first affects to receive his wife and mother coldly. "These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome." But nature will not be gainsaid:

Like a dull actor now
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans." Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile—sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous Queen of Heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

The kiss friendly is extremely graceful among girls. Among men we cannot endure it. Great rough-bearded carles slavering each other, is enough to turn one's stomach. For this reason, and because we esteem it a desecration of the ordinance to make a woman's lips common to

every stray customer, we are averse to the "salute," (using the word in its old English acceptation,) which still remains the accustomed mode of greeting in some parts of the Continent. "What you've touched you may take."

These four are the principal species of kisses—all the rest being mere combinations or varieties of them. A practical treatise on kissing would lead us into a wide field of discussion; but we regard this essay as standing in the same relation to such a dissertation as Euclid's Elements to a course of physical and mechanical science. Such a treatise is still a desideratum, although valuable and plenteous materials are scattered through the literature of various nations. Among the most important sources of information to which we may refer our readers, are—Anacreon, Sappho, and Longus, among the ancients; the Sacontala among the Orientals; and the dialogue between Orlando and Rosalind, together with that between Falstaff and Doll Tearsheet among the moderns. In conclusion, we have only to remark, that the state of the science of kissing in any nation may be assumed as a pretty accurate standard of its civilization. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands know neither the practice nor a name for it. In Greek, the various kinds of kissing have as many distinctive designations as the various kinds of epicures in French.

TRUE CAUSES OF THE LATE INSURRECTION OF THE SLAVES IN JAMAICA.

The Slaveholders are at their old tricks again. There has been an insurrection among the negroes in Jamaica; and the Baptist missionaries are of course to blame! It does indeed seem a little inexplicable to us, on this side of the water, who have been accustomed to find the followers of that sect the meekest and most inoffensive of the followers of Christ, that they should change their character so entirely the moment they set foot in the West Indies, and become firebrands, and stirrers up of sedition. It seems still more strange that the evidence brought against them should be so lightly credited. The driver on an estate, while prisoner among the insurgents, is told by a girl, that she had been told by a man, that a Baptist preacher, who had left the island some time before, was off the coast in a Spanish vessel, sending messages of encouragement and advice to his former flock; and makes affidavit to this effect, after he regains his liberty. On the strength of this, the Jamaica pepper grows hotter than ever; and nothing is talked of but the "fine *hanging* woods of Trelawny and St. James's."

Unaccountable though these things may appear at first sight, we think we can read the riddle. "There is a daily beauty in the lives of the Missionaries that doth make ugly" the (we use a mild term) somewhat reckless lives of the planters and their tools, who, of course, bear a grudge towards them. Again, the worthy whip-masters of Jamaica are at present at once frightened, mortified, and angry. They are frightened, and not without cause. They are mortified to find that, after all their late blustering, they owe their lives and property to British bayonets. They are angry (like all other rational beings) at every thing—with and without cause—because they have been annoyed. In this blessed temper, they are like the sick baby beating its nurse; or, liker still, the gentleman kicking his dog out of the room because himself is

stinking. They are glad to have an opportunity of wreaking their objectless spite, and paying off some old scores at the same time.

Now, we have always thought it a charitable action to remonstrate, albeit with a fool, when he was making himself too absurd; and are even yet Quixotic enough to attempt to wash a blackamoor white. Our readers, therefore, will not be so much surprised, as they otherwise might, to see us attempt a remonstrance with the little gingery despots of our sugar gardens. And here do we abandon our assumed tone of levity, and in sober, downright earnest, not as flatterers, yet as better friends than they are, request the attention of all who have the least share in the guilt of denying liberty to their fellow beings, to a plain and true story. We undertake to demonstrate that the late insurrection of the slaves in Jamaica has been the work of the planters themselves; and we undertake to do this upon their own evidence.

We venture the assertion upon these grounds:—The planters continued to treat their slaves with harshness,—they refused to ameliorate their condition, or to enforce the laws which have been enacted in their favour —and they shut in their face the door of emancipation in perpetuity. Having thus stung the wretches to the quick, they set them the example of threatening to vindicate what they claimed as their own rights, by arms; and they took no precautions to guard against the danger their injustice had incurred.

In regard to the first charge, we are continually told that the condition of the slaves has been of late much improved. Something of truth there may be in this, though certainly not to the extent they would have us believe. But this also must be taken into account, that every concession to the negroes has been most reluctantly and ungraciously yielded. The planters contended, as long as they could, for the maintenance of every abuse which they now take credit for abolishing. They never relinquished one iota of their power until it was wrested from their reluctant grasp; and they uniformly made its loss a plea against all further concession. Their conduct towards their slaves was painted in as fair colours by themselves and their abettors, when Clarkson first raised his voice in the cause of humanity, as it is now. Upon their testimony we can place little reliance. Let us look, therefore, to facts.

One strong piece of evidence on this point, is found in the workhouse lists, published in every West Indian paper. The workhouse is the place where slaves, convicted of any offence, are sent to expiate it by hard labour and extra stripes. It is also the place where every person of colour, suspected of being a runaway slave, is detained until he is claimed, or, in the event of no master appearing, sold, as we would say of a horse in this country, "for his keep." This is one inveterate source of abuse and oppression. Slavery is presumed,—the person apprehended is bound to establish his freedom. He must produce a written attestation that he is free, or the evidence of his liberator. Thus:—"St. Ann's Workhouse, September 21, 1831—James Williams, a creole, five feet nine inches, slim made, black complexion, *says he is free, but has no document thereof.*"—"St. Elizabeth's Workhouse, October 4, 1831—Thomas Francis, a likely-looking young man, says he is free, and a native of Bermuda; that he came to this island in a vessel called the Lucy, Captain Phenix. *His story is evidently a fabrication, as he bears indubitable marks of his being, or having been, a slave.*" Same place and date: "Frances Davey, a middle-aged woman, black complexion, and is, or affects to be, unable to stand erect, and has marks of cupping on

her breast. *She had in her possession a pass to go where she chose, until a manumission should be made out, and signed Robert Dallison, Green Island, &c.*"—"St. Thomas in the Vale Workhouse, October 5, 1831—James Davis a creole boy, *says he is free; that his uncle, William Davis, a free black man, Kingston, knows him to be free, and that his mother, Maria Ricketts, lives at Port Mary.*" Enough of this sickening exhibition of tyranny. It lay in our way, and we could not omit the opportunity of shewing with what jealous care the liberty of the negro, and all who share his blood, is guarded in Jamaica.

The immediate reason why we requested attention to the lists is this—that the descriptions of the persons of the slaves contained in them, amply justify our scepticism as to the humanity of their treatment and the attention paid to their health. Running our eye along them we continually meet with passages like the following:—"Edward Chase, has marks of flogging on his back, and the marks of a cut on his forehead;" "George Williams, marks of punishment on his shoulders;" "Davy, a Mungola, marks of flogging on shoulders;" "James Smith, marks of severe flogging on his back;" "Quaco, marks of recent punishment on his back;" "John Browne, flogging marks on shoulders." Nay, so delicate is the discernment of the superintendents in the matter of flogging, that we sometimes find the entry, "marks of *public* punishment." But this is not all:—scarcely one of these unfortunate creatures, but we find in his description, "left foot ulcerated," or "two of his right toes are lost, the great toe-nails and the same foot are ulcerated," or "her left shoulder is ulcerated," or "marks of cuts on his hands and legs, his fingers are contracted, and his left foot turned outwards," or "a large scar on the right side of the forehead, and his right foot much enlarged with an ulcer," or "found on the road side in a very debilitated state from a sore on his head," or "left thigh wasted and knee distorted." Upon these entries we offer no comment save this, that these marks and these sores are alike the product of man's merciless usage, not the necessary consequence of mere poverty and wretchedness. The expressions quoted are, every one of them, copied verbatim from one week's workhouse lists in the Jamaica Royal Gazette. We might easily have doubled them, and they are rather under than above the average amount of distressing pictures.

Still further light is thrown upon the treatment to which negroes are subjected, by those mockeries of justice which are so daringly played off, whenever the laws for the protection of the slave are attempted to be enforced. The few examples we subjoin are taken not from the report of any friends of emancipation, but from a paper published in the West Indies—published by persons interested in the continuance of the slave system, and its zealous, bullying, and brutal advocates.

I. On the 6th of June, 1831, Humphries, the head servant of a tavern, was accused at the Police Office, Kingston, of punishing a boy, with undue severity, on a Sunday. The accuser "heard a sound of very heavy blows; they were repeated to about the number of twenty, before the person on whom they were inflicted screamed; when the boy commenced screaming, the punishment was increased, and continued for several minutes; the cries of the negro were so distressing, that one gentleman left the house in disgust; another remarked to the inflictor, "that he seemed to be taking very effectual means to drive away customers." The accused said, "that he had only given the boy half-a-dozen licks with a cow-skin, above his jacket and trousers." The accuser was ready to swear that

there were at least thirty-nine blows, and these he had heard at a great distance. The boy was produced, and declared that, having been detained while on a message, Humphries had ordered a negro to flog him: "He flog me well; then Mr. Clark say he no half-flog me, and take the cow-skin himself and flog me very much." The accused here exclaimed, "You lie, sir," *and was not checked by the bench.* The boy was ordered to withdraw with a medical man, who, on his return, *said* the boy was "not in the slightest degree *injured.*" Humphries was dismissed with a reprimand, *for flogging the boy on the Sabbath.*

II. On the 24th September, 1831, a Court of Protection was formed at Kingston, for the purpose of investigating the case of a boy who had been severely lacerated by his mistress. The boy was exhibited in open court, "and no one," says the Royal Gazette, "could view the marks on his body without shuddering." Mr. Tyrell, who saw the boy shortly after he was punished, described the state in which he found him, as "revolting to human nature." "Delicacy forbids the publication of particulars," says the Gazette. "The mistress, Madame Popotte Dijeine, admitted that she had purchased the cow-skin and licked the boy round the loins. She expressed no contrition. The question being put, whether there was a case for prosecution; the Board divided—six in the affirmative, and six in the negative. The chairman "considering it was a matter *that ought to be fairly investigated,*" gave the casting vote in favour of prosecution. The case was subsequently handed over to the City Solicitor for the Crown; and, from that day to this, we have been unable to trace it further.

III. On the 28th of November, 1829, Mr. Taylor, attorney of James B. Wildman, owner of the Low-Ground estate in the parish of Clarendon, in the discharge of his duty as overseer, impounded some stock belonging to Kenneth M'Donald, proprietor of North Hall. M'Donald, in revenge, ordered two of his slaves to flog Eleanor James, a slave belonging to the Low-Ground estate. His command was executed in a manner which drew from those cognizant of the case, the epithets, "barbarous, inhuman, atrocious." The woman was taken by one of her master's book-keepers before a Mr. M'Leod, a magistrate. According to the book-keeper's story, Mr. M'Leod refused to examine the woman, and sent her a distance of thirty miles to complain to the Clerk of the Peace. According to Mr. M'Leod's own story, "he told her *to take up her clothes* that he might see the wounds; *she took up her clothes,* but as he saw no marks of recent flogging, he thought she had not raised her clothes sufficiently, and *told her to raise them higher, which she did;* he still could discover no marks, except some of a former flogging, and as he was going on a journey, he thought it best to refer her to the Clerk of the Peace." In April, 1830, the case was brought before a Counsel of Protection; which, "Resolved, That the subject matter of complaint is not properly cognizable by the Counsel of Protection, but that the owner of the slave has his remedy against the person or persons inflicting such punishment; if a slave or slaves by indictment in the Slave Court; and if by a free person or persons, by indictment in the Quarter Sessions or Grand Court." The reason why the case was not held cognizable by the Counsel is excellent,—the person causing the slave to be punished was not her master. In January, 1831, the two slaves who flogged the woman were indicted, but acquitted on their master coming forward, and declaring that they had acted by his orders. The only persons then on the island who had been present, were Macdonald's wife and some slaves, whose

evidence was not admissible against a white; of course, no proceedings could be instituted against the delinquent. A complaint was presented to the governor, who remonstrated with the Vestry of the parish, but without effect.

IV. One more instance of the legal juggling played off upon the slaves —of the villanous "keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope,"—and we have done with this part of our subject: **Robert Aird died in 1819,** leaving fourteen slaves and other property.—His executor, Robert Fairweather, was directed, after satisfying all his creditors, to emancipate the whole of the slaves. This he neglected to perform till he was brought into court in October, 1831. It was proved that the testator had died possessed of property worth, at least, £260, independent of the slaves. It was proved, that from 1804 up to 1831, no judgment was open against the deceased. The executor pleaded that the testator had directed him to purchase a piece of ground and divide it among the slaves; maintaining, that until this had been accomplished, they had no right to their freedom. This defence was over-ruled as frivolous. He next produced a judgment taken against the estate of the deceased, by his (the executor's) own son for £180. *It was found to want the mark of the Record Office;* and was, consequently, held to be inadmissible. Four of the slaves had died in the interim. The jury found the executor guilty, "*Damages* 7½*d.*" It is worthy of remark, that the same month which witnessed the return of this righteous verdict, saw a slave condemned to perpetual confinement in the workhouse, for absconding six months from his master's service.

We request the most thorough-going supporter of our West Indian system of slavery, to read these narratives,—told as matters of course and every-day occurrence by the slave-holders themselves—and, after this, we dare him to deny the vile despotism exercised by the whites over their victims. It appears from their own admission, that blacks, who have given no offence, may be treated with wanton cruelty to spite their masters; it has been proved, that the same men who can outrage all decency, when a mal-treated female sues for redress, become even finically decorous, when there is a possibility of veiling from the public eye a boy's sufferings; it has been proved, that so common are blows and scourgings, that weals, scars, and ulcers, have become the badge of all the negro tribe; it has been proved, that the negro may be juggled out of his freedom with impunity; it has been proved that there is no court that will grant the slave redress against the white.—But there is yet more behind. It is not enough that our colonists prepare for their black brethren a hell upon earth, they must also confer upon it as much of eternity as is in their puny power.

With the most eager inveteracy have the planters protested against every recognition of a common humanity in the negroes. Earnestly and unrelentingly do they struggle against every concession that justice claims for them. They will not even allow them the honour of being called the King's subjects. Mr. Lynch remarked, that, "in the despatch, labourers were no longer termed *slaves*, but *his Majesty's subjects. He denied that they were his Majesty's subjects.* His Majesty had sold them (?) to others, and he could not ask taxes, or levy troops from them.*" On the same evening that these sentiments were propounded in the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica, Mr. Beaumont brought forward his motion,

* Jamaica House of Assembly. Debate on the Governor's Message, Friday, November 28, 1831.

that slaves should be allowed to purchase their liberty. When it came to a division, Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Watkins were the only members who voted in the affirmative. These sayings and doings of the most wealthy, influential, and intelligent inhabitants of that colony, are a useful commentary upon certain dark passages in the resolutions passed at the various parish meetings last summer. One and all of them declare that they are anxious to prepare the slaves for emancipation; but one and all of them express their belief that to deprive them of slave labour would be to render their lands and machinery useless and valueless.* It is hard to reconcile sentiments so contradictory. The avowal, however, that they hold their slaves to be beyond the protection of the law, and that they would not take any steps to admit them within it, shews that the first averment was merely made in pity to the prejudices of Englishmen. They were unwilling to startle our weak minds. But, in truth, that state to which they have reduced the blacks they are determined to perpetuate.

Really, on looking back at the grounds of complaint we have gone over, it does not appear that there is any necessity to search further for the occasion of the late revolt. We have already—and we use the words deliberately and of forethought, as the expression of an opinion at which we have arrived after careful inquiry and reflection—said enough, not to palliate, but to justify, the negro rebellion. Say what we may—prostrate as much as we please of our common sense and human feeling at the throne of interest and self-will—still every man must acknowledge that a state of slavery is an unnatural condition. While, for the sake of peace and quiet, we acknowledge a right of property in the inanimate and brute creation, we confess ourselves unable to understand how one man can, upon any pretext, lay claim to the ownership and use of the sinews of another. The law of property—that great compact upon which all civil society is based—allows me to use my superior skill, knowledge, and activity to denude my neighbour (so that force or fraud be not employed) of every thing but his bodily and mental powers,—and he must acquiesce. But his physical frame—so incomprehensibly united with his mental—is his inalienably. He may not transfer the property in it to another, without himself sinning against the first law of nature; he may not be deprived of it by external coercion, without being grossly and unpardonably wronged. However silken the bands which bind him, he owes it to himself—to that mysterious Power which gave him being, the moment he awakens into intellectual life, to burst them asunder; and this right is not in the slightest degree trenched upon, when cruelty, and mockery, and all the oppression which despotism can invent, have made the iron of slavery enter into his soul, and sting him to madness. The actions

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* The petition of the colonial delegates, assembled at Barbadoes, says:—"The inhabitants of these colonies, or their ancestors, have expended considerable sums of money, not only in the purchase of slaves, but of lands, buildings, machinery, stock, implements, and utensils of husbandry, *which without the labour of the slave would be rendered of no value*, and any indemnity made to the colonist should embrace all and every species of property." It requires a face beyond that of Joseph Surface ("moral to the last") to insert what follows in the same document:—"Your petitioners pray leave to represent, that, *by their efforts to improve the condition of the slave they have already raised him far above the original state of barbarism; that they have placed him in the possession of* COMPARATIVE COMFORT; *that* THEY *have invested him with* PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES, *and that they are* GRADUALLY *proceeding to qualify him for a larger participation in the advantages of civilized life.*"—Mercy on us! Major Longbow lied terribly, but nothing like this.

to which his frenzy prompts him run parallel to the instigations of his natural sense of right, and halloo him on to victory. The arm which strikes for freedom is hallowed under every circumstance.

But we pledge ourselves, in addition to the fact, that the iron bondage of our slave colonies justified its victims bursting from it in wrath, to shew that the clamours of the planters themselves instilled into their serfs the belief that a mighty nation had decreed their freedom—that the assertion of certain rights by the planters, at all hazards, set the negroes the example of vindicating their liberty with their own right hands—that the deafness of the planters to the yell of the coming storm, audible to every ear but their own, prevented them from guarding against it.

In February, 1831, delegates from Barbadoes, Antigua, Demerara and Essequibo, Dominica, Grenada, Nevis, St. Kitt's, St. Vincent, Tobago, and the Virgin Islands, met in the first-mentioned colony, and agreed upon addresses to the King and both Houses of Parliament, and a memorial to the Board of Trade. In all of these it is assumed,—that the continuation of slave labour is essential to the very existence of the colonies; that to abrogate it would be an interference with the rights of private property; and that measures were in progress for infringing this right. On the 16th of August, in the same year, "the Merchants, Planters, and others, interested in the welfare of Tobago," assembled in the Court House of Scarborough, declare,—"That we have heard with dismay and apprehension, that it is in contemplation to emancipate the negro slaves in this island, without giving any compensation whatever to the individual so to be deprived of his property." About the same time Nevis transmitted an address to the King, couched in more moderate terms, but insinuating the same belief. But in Jamaica the clamour was, if possible, more loud, bitter, and incessant than elsewhere. Meetings were held in every parish, long speeches were made, fierce resolutions passed, and published repeatedly in different papers. The whole island, indeed, during the months of July, August, and September, bore no unapt resemblance to an ant-hill in a state of alarm—a dense multitude of fierce, little, assiduous creatures, hurrying hither and thither, tumbling over each other, ejecting little jets of venom, and biting at all and sundry. Still the burden of their song was, that a faction in the House of Commons, aided and abetted by his Majesty's Ministers, had in contemplation to force certain legislative and fiscal regulations upon the islands, which must necessarily work their ruin; and still in the van of these tyrannical enactments was placed the bugbear—immediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves.

But the declarations of our valorous drinkers of Sangaree, and curriers of black hides, did not stop here. There were to be "wars and rumours of wars." At the meeting of the parish of St. George, it was resolved, among other things,—"That no law or power can justly deprive us of our rights, and we should ill deserve the name of Britons, did we, by non-resistance, allow our properties to be wrested from us, till COMPENSATION is fixed and provided, and made available; * * * that possessing, as we do, British feelings and honour, we here publicly declare, that we will never submit to the spoliation of our property, without a spirited and desperate resistance; * * * That this parish will cheerfully co-operate with the other parishes in forming a union for the preservation of the colony, &c." The meeting in the parish of St. Ann's is called expressly for the purpose of taking into consideration "the means of forming a colonial union, that, by a simultaneous and

united effort of the whole colony, so concentrated in government and action, we may hope, under Providence, to preserve our lives and properties." The petitioners of Manchester get positively pathetic—speak of "perishing with honour," "casting a halo round their memories," and "dying martyrs;" and conclude with the doughty declaration,—that "*even their enemies may live*, and have cause to repent of their unnatural and sanguinary conduct." The meeting in Clarendon parish, which, with something approaching to antithesis, denominates itself "a meeting of the inhabitants, slaveholders and freeholders," speaks yet more plainly:—"Resolved, that in furtherance of these views, our representatives in Assembly be requested to support any measure brought forth, for the establishment in each parish of a permanent militia; and that we will cheerfully not only do our duty therein, but contribute to their maintenance." These resolves are a fair specimen of the rest passed throughout the island. We need only add, that the House of Assembly was taunted, in full convocation, by one of its members, for having talked so many years of resistance, without having taken any steps towards effecting it.

The warlike propensities of our islanders did not vent themselves in words alone, there were demonstrations also. The militia inspections were noticed and dwelt upon with even more than the usual emphasis. The Cornwall Regiment of Horse, the Western Interior Regiment of Light Infantry, the St. Andrew's Regiment, with its artillery and rifle companies; the regiments of St. Mary's and St. John's, and St. Dorothy's, Clarendon, Manchester, and Kingston; the hardy mountaineers of St. Andrew's,—all met with at least their due meed of praise. Then there were balls and dinners, where toasts were given, and "patriotic members' reminded of their duties to the Colony, and "independent electors" assured of the devotion of their "manly representatives." In short, every one was as valiant and confident, as fine weather, drink, the admiration of pretty women, red coats, white feathers, military music, and firing of blank cartridge could make him.

Now we put it to the common sense of any man, even though he may have the misfortune to be a planter, to say what must have been the effect of these proceedings of the year 1831, upon the minds of the slaves? They were told that Great Britain had determined to make them free, but that their masters were resolved to intercept the boon. They were taught by the language of these same masters, that the question must, in all human probability, be determined by an appeal to arms. They learned from the ostentatious mustering of the militia regiments, the numerical force with which they had to contend. Leaving entirely out of view the fact, that many of the slaves have learned to read, and do habitually peruse the Gazettes, the Africans are proverbial for curiosity, and little likely to close their ears and eyes to the marchings and countermarchings, the speechifyings and grumblings of their masters. The more vague and desultory their information, the more likely to excite exaggerated hopes. If the planters of Jamaica had wished to stir up a rebellion, they could not have managed the affair more admirably than by thus leading the slaves to believe, that England had demanded, and was ready to fight for, their freedom; and by vapouring about a war with the mother country, which heeded their threats as little as a mastiff "couched in grim repose" does the yelping of a lady's spoiled lap-dog—to the utter neglect of the pregnant symptoms of commotion among the blacks.

These were, indeed, portentous enough to rouse the attention of any one but a West India planter. So early as the end of July, it was asserted in the Cornwall Courant, that the slaves in one corner of the island were in full expectation of obtaining their liberty at Christmas. In the beginning of September, the incendiary began his work in Cornwall, and the negroes on the neighbouring estates were remarked to be unusually remiss in their exertions to extinguish the flames. About the same time, repeated fires broke out in Kingston, accompanied by circumstances strongly indicative of design. The Montego Bay Gazette informed us on the 15th of October, that a report of serious disturbances in the parish of St. Ann, (which afterwards proved unfounded) had induced the authorities to order out the parish militia on permanent duty. In the course of December, the coshering among the slaves was known to the overseers of almost every estate in the parishes of St. James and Trelawny. Yet the executive government was kept in utter ignorance of the fact till the twenty-second of December. The overseers were, in several instances, taken prisoners by the slaves. The parish custodes, the magistrates, and militia, were surprised, and obliged to retreat before the insurgents, to gather together in small bands for the purpose of defence, or to retreat into Montego Bay, until the regular troops arrived to support them. The men, who a few months before, had been wielding the lash over their slaves, and daring the whole power of Britain to free them if it could, lay now scattered and irresolute at the mercy of their despised bondsmen. Thus has another authority been added for our conviction, that the slaveholders of the West Indies would not be sure of their lives and property for an instant, but for the support afforded them by British bayonets. And in addition, a most instructive contrast is held out to our view in the language of the slaves and their masters. The latter cried out "to take as few prisoners as possible," and gloated with savage ecstasy over the prospective strangulation of the innocent Baptists. The former, scarcely in one instance, hurt or insulted their prisoners, until some of their friends had fallen. One of their leaders expressly declared, "That he did not wish to take away the life of any person who did not stand between him and his rights."

These, then, are the facts regarding the last servile war of Jamaica. Our only surprise is, that it has spread over so narrow a district, and been so easily crushed. It was not the work of any class of missionaries, further than this, that they have contributed to enlighten the minds of the blacks, and that every step in knowledge unfits a man for slavery. To evade this danger, the planters must shut their slaves out from access to every source of information, however trivial. The true cause of the insurrection, is the unnatural and unjust character of every social system, of which slavery forms a part. Such a state of society is entirely artificial, and can only be bolstered up by props, as unnatural and revolting as itself. The history of every country, where a portion of the population is in a state of slavery, is but one continued recurrence of periodical revolts like the present, accompanied by bloodshed, conflagration, and military excesses. The slaves feel an indelible hankering after liberty,—are goaded on by the cruelties of their masters,—are put down with the strong hand, and remain quiet till the first and more vivid impressions of their defeat are effaced. The whole system is essentially rotten, and costs more in the constant repairs that are necessary, than would suffice to erect a permanent and substantial fabric in its stead. The legislators

and executive of a slave state, are like men standing on the yielding deals of a worm-eaten floor, busied nailing fresh timber over the holes through which their predecessors have disappeared.

Urgently do we request the attention of all, who in this country or the West Indies, have any concern in perpetuating the abuse of slavery to these considerations. In this, as in every important step in life, delay is death. The upholding of the slave system costs this country immense sums annually, while the islands in which it exists, are so many lazar-houses, where rot, year after year, hundreds of her bravest troops. As we share in the guilt, so do we share in the punishment. The upholding of the slave system keeps the West Indian proprietor in a constant fever of suspicion, anger and terror. His whole existence is devoted to a game at hazard, in which health, the best feelings of the heart, and often life itself, are squandered away in the greedy hope, that some precarious throw may bring him wealth. Here, too, may we trace the hand of a superintending and retributive Providence. The contravention of the laws of nature places the perpetrator in a state of constant suffering, the undoubted and necessary consequence of his own transgression. The only measure that can give security and permanent peace to the West Indies, is the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. "Prepare the slaves gradually for emancipation!" In other words, do not allow your boy to go into the water till he has learned to swim. "Give the planter compensation!" Even were it not true that England has paid more than half the purchase-money of his slaves, he ought to thank us for ridding him of so bad a bargain. They cost him more to keep them quiet as slaves, than the property he claims in them is worth.

A LAWYER'S DREAM.

To sleep—perchance to dream—
Ay—there's the *rub!*

Every age has been marked out from amongst its fellows, by some distinguishing appellation. That in which we live will be known, in after times, as "The Age of clubs," while its battles and its books, its religions, revolutions, and reforms, will figure only as so many episodes, to fill up the crowded pages of our future historians. The destinies of England are now ruled by clubs, which form a vast representative assembly, from which society receives, with willingness, its laws. Each town, each class, has its Albions, or its Alfreds; there is not a hamlet in the country but boasts of its occasional re-unions, where, perhaps, under some more modest roof, politics and porter, whiggery and whiskey, dimly shadow forth the aristocratic glories of Brookes', or of Boodles', where, perhaps, some village Crockford, though with diminished returns, strives to allure the heedless hodman, by inducements, certes not so great, but equally *imposing*, as those which overcome the prodigal peer at the famous establishment in St. James's.

In our own "gude town," I have the honour to rank myself in the lists of a club, entirely composed of members of that mighty limb, the Law. We are no gamesters, as ——— are. We console ourselves, however, in the absence of the dice-box, by the decanter. We play *roulette* alone in our reelings homeward, while *rouge et noir* is

correctly pictured forth, only in the corresponding colours of our visages and our vestments. Freed from the harass of the winter session, the 12th of March is the day of our great anniversary. Then do we spend the night, not "in converse of deep philosophy," but in wassail and in wine—"In the red cup that crowns (query drowns) our memory." The song, the jest, most frequently at the expense of some renowned and unfortunate litigator, pass round the joyous board, while some successful aspirant whispers in his neighbour's ear the tale of a fortunate and a feeful campaign, counting over, like a reaper after harvest, or more properly, perhaps, like a thief, after having bound the true man, the produce of his professional spoliations, while all fail not to

> "Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
> And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
> No matter where—the agent's care be this—
> Theirs—to believe no prey nor place amiss."

Our last anniversary was probably the fullest meeting in our annals; but a melancholy gloom seemed thrown around us. Old and esteemed good jokes passed off unregarded; even though Apollo—Magnus Apollo himself—bent his bow with his usual felicity and force, the shafts fell unheeded and harmless to the ground. Even the wine made no impression, and it would appear, as if we had swallowed the corks and not the contents of unnumbered bottles, so buoyant and obtruding our sorrows had become. The appalling fact oozed out at last,—the season had been a failure, and the seed for future crops appeared to be withered at the core. It is not difficult to imagine that men, so familiar, through life, with the elucidation of *causes*, should endeavour to trace, to its true source, the origin of this dreadful diminution of professional remuneration. Cholera had, for awhile, to bear the malediction of the meeting, the attack lamely led by one who, forgetting, in the ardour of the chase, the proper *division* of labour, appeared not so much to jump as to *fly* towards the object of his enmity. The extension of national temperance had the honour of a damning notice from a huge-boned man, "fat, i' faith, and corpulent"—whose enormous potations left no doubt as to the unity of his practice with his principles. The march of intellect—that rogues' march, amongst our labourers, landowners, and commercialists, was adduced by a parchment faced homunculus, who, in doleful accents, recounted the fearful falling off of productive Pleas, and provincial recommendations. The opinion, however, of an aged and atrabilarian anatomy, on whose withered front might be read the mark of that self-slayer Corruption, seemed to carry the weight of the majority. In a long diatribe, he vented forth his anger against Reform, to which alone he attributed the sinking lucre of the law, silencing, by the appropriate apologue of the goose and the golden egg, the interrupting dissent of two eminent political assistants, (my fat friend and ————,) who chuckled over the recent spoils of a northern contested election. At an early hour we broke up, when each, with his head full of wine, and his heart full of despair, strove with tortuous perplexity to accomplish "the house and the home that owned him."

At mine a blazing hearth awaited my arrival. Brooding o'er the long catalogue of the night's adventures, with indifferent avidity, I seized upon the nearest work which lay on my table. Drawing my chair towards the fire, and putting my feet on the fender, I proceeded to unfold its ample pages, which bore for a title the following awful

appellation, "A Bill (as amended by the Committee,) to amend the representation of the people, &c. &c." There seemed something so odd in the coincidence between this chance selection and the evening's conversation, that I determined to re-peruse it. More in sorrow than in anger, I waded through its various preliminary clauses, and concluding condemnatory schedules. Throwing myself back in despair, a long train of disagreeable images floated before my disturbed imagination. The whole beautifully-proportioned and profitable machinery of paper votes,—the snug brotherhood of boroughs, places, profits, and pensions, together with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of mighty member-mongering, cozening, and corruption, all my poor little ones of schedule A, at one fell swoop torn off from the roll of our glorious constitution! A lawyer's occupation gone! Boroughs huddled up with shires in indecent and unwilling union,—constrained connexion of uncongenial counties,—the ancient splendour of royalties forced into the democratic arms of upstart and mushroom manufactories, or perchance for ever blotted out from the map of political power,—viewing all these, I wept for my unhappy country. Musing, like old Mortality, on this painful record of a goodly army of martyred greatness, a heavy sleep overcame my maudlin sensibilities, and disclosed to my astonished "mind's eye" a new host of frightful representations.

Methought I had bent my steps towards St. Giles's. On the way up, I was particularly struck by the altered appearance of every thing around me. A new freshness, a new health and contentment seemed to glow in the countenances of our mechanics, while a teeming commerce appeared transacting at every counter, behind which stood the pleased and prosperous shopman, whose windows displayed a list of prices, which made his goods within the reach of all, even of the poorest. Every thing, in fine, bespoke a wealth, a happiness, and comfort, I had not hitherto in any city observed. I could have fancied myself transported into the fabled land where roast pigeons fly into the mouths of the inhabitants, and fountains of champagne bubble up perennially to kiss their lips. There was one thing which struck me with peculiar force. The brazen sceptre which adorned the statue of the Grand Monarque in the crossing of Hanover Street, was wrested from the Royal grasp. Regretting this unaccountable change, and the loss sustained by the arts, I pressed forward on my journey. A new subject of marvel soon occurred. In the window of a flourishing-looking shop, I read the startling notice, "Just Published, Tait's Magazine for January, 1836!—Did I dream? Where was I? Again I looked, there 1836 still met my eyes,—it was incomprehensible,—had I slept over the intermediate space? This was a mystery I could not understand. A tide of men, in merry congratulation, poured down the Earthen Mound. I hurried up, but every one seemed to avoid me as an unclean thing. As I turned into the High Street, a vast congregation had assembled, cheering an individual mounted on a triumphal car. Do I see, do I hear aright? Hustings erected at the Cross of Edinburgh, and the man of the people returned as its independent representative! I could not bear the sight. I entered the Parliament Square. A sombre and unwonted stillness, not the hurrying to and fro of ordinary days, had possession of the place.

As I crossed the threshold of the great hall, I gazed with redoubled astonishment on the scene before me. Every thing was changed. There was none of that confusion and noise, none of that crowding and

congregating, none of that clamouring of angry counsel wrangling at the side bar I had usually observed; even the jesters of the stove were silent; the voice of the crier was hushed, and his desk desolate as the walls of Balclutha! Yet was the hall not untenanted. There might be about two hundred individuals there assembled. Heavens! who are they? Their glaring eyes and haggard looks must now portend some dreadful purpose! One of them, I remembered in his high and *palmy* state, but he now appeared with a pale and deathlike hue o'erspreading his once noble countenance. He thus addressed me:—"The game is now up,—years have proved that the Reform Bill has saved the country, but we—we are ruined. Jobbing, our only hope, has been wrested from our hands, we are held up to the world's scorn as false prophets and placeless politicians,—but we will not succumb,—no—on this day are gathered together from all parts of the country, the sole remnants of a once great party now breathing forth its last; there be yet a few makers of votes, whom men call political agents, and traders in votes, whom men call boroughmongers, who have the courage to consummate this terrible sacrifice which is now preparing,—who will suffer martyrdom rather than change their opinions, detestable though they may be."

A vast mass of musty parchments was borne into the hall, and piled up at the foot of the statue of Lord Melville, which those around regarded as a fitting altar-piece to receive the offering, an altar-piece at which they had all often, and not unanswered, kneeled. An emphatic address was delivered by one of the members, who, holding aloft, what I was told, was a copy of the Reform Bill, called down imprecations on the heads of those who were its promoters, its authors, and admirers. Applying to it a lighted torch, he thrust it blazing into the pile before him, cast himself upon it, and called upon those around him to follow his example. At this time a new and strange occurrence distracted their attention—a huge and ponderous cheese, on which was graven the name of a wealthy western county, came rolling along the floor. This did not fail to attract the attention of a large fat man, who seemed by no means ambitious of the honours of martyrdom. He looked amongst his former friends, but they seemed to proffer nothing worthy of his acceptance. By and by an extraordinary metamorphosis seemed to take place as he gazed with riveted delight on the tempting bait that travelled past before him. His ears began to prick up—his face, from which now protruded a long and wiry whisker, commenced an unnatural elongation—his arms seemed gradually to assume the appearance of fore legs; and at last a long tail began to emanate from the hinder part of his now embrowned and brutified body. Round and round about he whisked in delighted pursuit of the said tail, gambolling and squeaking as if proud of his newly acquired honours, when off he banged in the chase, succeeded in running down the game, and disappeared from my view into some musty hole, to chew and to mumble it at leisure. He was quickly followed by nearly the whole of the assemblage, all of whom underwent the same extraordinary transmogrification.

With the exception of myself, one only remained. He lay stretched on the blazing pile, imprecating curses on the heads of the deserters. I wept for the departure of political consistency,—and as he beheld the tears trickle down my cheeks, he called me to come near to him. I advanced within his reach,—"Thou alone art worthy to share the glorious death of the last of the Boroughmongers." Saying this, he dragged me amongst the flames, and clasped me as with a giant's strength within his

scorching embrace. In vain I struggled to escape—the flames seized on my quivering members. I looked up, in beseeching prayer, to the statue overhead, and beheld, dropping from the cold image of my former patron, tears, which but too clearly announced that the interest he and his once possessed was now gone for ever. I cast my eyes towards the painted window, which, instead of the figure of justice, now represented the angel of destruction, trampling on the ruins of rotten boroughs, on whose streets was imprinted the damning alpha of Reform. A long array of martyred patriots, leading in chains those forsworn jurymen who had convicted, and those corrupt judges who had condemned them, filled up the picture. Gazing on these my heart sickened within me. The dying curses of the wretch beside me added fresh horrors to my situation. The heat now became suffocating and intolerable; the flames reached all around me. Death, with his sunken eye and bloodless skull, hovered round, his arm uplifted for the blow. With a fiendlike stare he launched the fatal arrow. I bounded up with a horrid shriek, and—awoke in a devil of a fright. What was my astonishment to find my feet nearly fried by the fire, the Bill I had been reading, and which I still held in my hand, in a blaze, from being placed too near the candle, and my man John, with hands upraised, in the act of throwing over me a pitcher of cold water, fresh drawn from the pump!

IRISH TITHES.

In Scotland, where the right of resuming the wealth bestowed upon an intolerant and oppressive church was, *de facto*, asserted, several centuries ago, we find it difficult to account for the infatuation which still continues to see something sacred in the institution of tithes. We would not exactly go the length of recommending that the example set by our ancestors should be followed in all its details. The portion of the produce of the land which was entailed upon the Episcopalian Church of Ireland, may be better bestowed than upon a rapacious and domineering aristocracy. But the application of the tithes of Ireland, which the will of the nation has decreed shall no longer be applied to the support of an anti-national priesthood, is not the subject which we propose to discuss at present, any more than the abstract expediency of tithing as a mode of impost. We may be more usefully employed in submitting to the English and Scottish public—which, in this matter is shamefully ignorant—a detailed account of the real nature and pressure of the tithe system in Ireland, occasionally interspersing the dry and revolting narrative with such reflections as naturally suggest themselves. We are enabled to do this in the most satisfactory manner, from the returns made to the Catholic Association. The census-book, compiled by order of that Assembly, has been kindly placed in our hands—a favour which he alone who has waded through the mass of unsatisfactory Parliamentary papers, or yet more unsatisfactory private reports, labouring to attain clear information on this subject, can adequately appreciate. These returns, if complete, would furnish the finest body of moral statistics that per-

haps ever existed, within the same compass; and yet we cannot regret that they are imperfect, for this imperfection was caused by the wise and noble measure which gave peace to the consciences of seven millions of British subjects. The returns were interrupted by emancipation. The fragment of the blade, however, that remains would be sufficient to give a death-blow to tithes, had not the general combination of the Irish people already extinguished them.

The returns embrace many subjects. The first column contains the number of Catholics in the parish; the second that of Not-Catholics; the third the amount of tithes; the fourth of church cess; the fifth of glebe; the sixth of bishop's lands; the seventh contains information respecting schools; the eighth respecting places of religious worship; the ninth contains a list of the principal landed proprietors, whether absentee or resident; the tenth remarks on the state of cultivation, with such other general observations as were deemed proper to communicate.

One word as to the authority of this valuable document. We regard it as entitled to the highest degree of credit. The returns were made, in almost every instance, by the Roman Catholic clergyman of the parish, attested by his signature, published in the newspapers, and circulated through the empire. If incorrect, they were open to contradiction and exposure. The full blaze of publicity was about them; a vigilant, active, wealthy party, with an able and not very scrupulous portion of the press at its command, was watching for any instance of misrepresentation or error. As we are not aware that any objection of moment has been made to them, it is unnecessary to say more. If respectability of character, the fullest publicity, and the scrutinizing examination of enemies, cannot secure fidelity in such returns, we know not what precautions can secure it.

Without further preface we address ourselves to our task.

In the three parishes of Magherafelt, Arboe, and Clonoe, (diocese of Armagh) there were, at the time the return was made:—

Catholics, - - - - - -	11,626
Not-Catholics, - - - - - -	6,089

Amount of *Tithes* alone, £1,383 a-year; independent of 215 acres of glebe in the first parish; a house and glebe, worth £200 a-year, in the second; and a house and glebe in the third, worth £100 a-year. The total sum, therefore, paid—not for 6,089 members of the Established Church, but for the proportion of its adherents contained in 6,089 *Non-Catholics*—amounts to within a few pounds of £2000 a-year. This in a parish where nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants are Catholic! The Catholics of these three parishes, consequently, pay for the spiritual necessities of perhaps 3000 Protestants, about £1200 a-year. A reader, whose perceptions of justice have not been blunted by early participation in something similar to that iniquitous system of jobbing and plunder which prevails in Ireland, will think this sufficiently unjust; but what will his surprise be when he is told that to this sum of £2000 a-year, he is to add "an immense tract of church lands," in the same district? When he is further informed, that the Catholic inhabitants of one parish are in such a state of poverty, that their own chapel is in a miserable, decaying state, can he wonder they should detest the Establishment, which clothes itself in splendour from the money of the poor, while the services of their religion are dishonoured and disabled by the distress which that Establishment occasions? If he were further informed, that, although the

Establishment possesses the tithes, the glebes and parsonages—although it possesses "the immense tract of church lands"—the poor Catholics, who have a clergy of their own to support, and chapels to build, out of the earnings of an ill-requited industry, are heavily taxed for the erection and maintenance of the Protestant Church; and for salaries, to an amount regulated by Protestants alone, paid to the Protestant clerk, sexton, bell-ringer, pew-opener, &c. &c., with, perhaps, their *assistants*: —if all the iniquitous jobs that are hourly spawned by this system of legalized plunder were fully opened up—if he could enlarge his mind to an adequate conception of its mingled impudence, hypocrisy, fraud, and oppression, wonder at any isolated outrage would give way to astonishment at the patience which long familiarity with misgovernment had produced in the Irish people.

In the diocese of Derry we take by chance the parishes of Langfield, Lifford and Camus, West Ardstraw and Malin, in which the numbers stand thus:—

Catholics, - - - - - -	18,420
Not-Catholics, - - - - - -	12,371

In these parishes, where the Catholics exceeded the members of every other denomination, by upwards of 6000, or one-third, the tithes amounted to £3,840 a-year. Besides this large sum, the glebe of one parish amounted in value to £180 a-year; of another, to £179; of another to £200, *independent* of 100 acres of detached land; and of another, the glebe contained 300 acres. Besides this, the bishop's lands, in one parish, amount to 300 acres; in another, they are "considerable;" and in a third, "extensive." To these large sums must be added the church-cess, of which we find only a return in the parish of Langfield, where it amounted to £110 a-year. If it be estimated for the others, in the same proportion, the sums paid stand thus:—

Tithes, - - - - -	£3,840
Church-cess, - - - -	480
Glebes and land, about - -	1000
	£5,320

We find, therefore, for the proportion of Episcopalians, in 12,371 Not-Catholics, the unconscionable sum of £5,320 a-year paid; three-fifths of which is levied off Catholics, deriving no earthly advantage—with no compensation of any kind for it—most of whom are very poor, and all of whom must regard their contributions to the Establishment much in the same manner as an early Christian did the offering of sacrifice on a heathen altar. Furthermore, there are the bishop's lands, the precise amount of which we have no data for estimating.

Upon looking to another column, under the head of Langfield, we find that it contains "two good churches, one chapel not half large enough." The reader perhaps, on perusing the first part of this pregnant commentary, pictures to himself scenes of rustic comfort and happiness—the cheerful Sunday morning, the pretty church, and the decent crowds moving towards it. But such fancies must instantly be dispelled, by the reflection that the blanket of the Catholic peasant has been often sold, the potato taken from the hand of his squalid child, and his own heart wrung with grief to furnish that very elegance of the church he admires. Often, while the members of the Establishment are seated in their comfortable pews, half the Catholic population, unable to find room in their little, cold, unplastered, shabby chapel, are

exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, or attempt to shelter their bare heads beneath the bushes, from which they can have a view of the chapel door. We have ourselves seen this. Let no man presume to discredit the testimonies to the state of Ireland, who has not travelled through the country, and touched its sores with his own hands.

From the diocese of Kilmore we will exhibit two parishes—Drumgoon and the Union of Urny and Aunagcliff. Here the numbers are:—

Catholics, - - - - -	11,478
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	3,548

In Drumgoon the tithes average £550 a year. There is, besides, a glebe of 300 acres; in the Union the tithes are £2000 a year. Thus, where the Catholics are to the members of all other denominations in a ratio considerably greater than that of 3 to 1, there is levied, in

Tithes, - - - - -	£2550 a-year.
Glebe, say - - - - -	450.

Not less than £3000 a year for the proportion of Episcopalians in 3548 not-Catholics. This, however, is not all. There is a church cess varying from 6d. to 1s. 6d. (!) an acre in Drumgoon, and amounting in the Union to £140 a-year, levied at the season most pinching to the farmer, and generally for rank jobs which the Episcopalian carpenter, mason, glazier, &c., not to mention the clerk, sexton, &c., share among them. Besides all this, there is a small quantity of Bishop's land.

Let us take the ratio of Catholics to not-Catholics at 3 to 1; in tithes alone therefore they pay £2000 a year (independent of church cess), which they regard as absolute robbery—money taken from persons who derive and can derive no advantage whatever from the Protestant clergyman. If the number of persons capable of useful labour be assumed as one in three (which we are scarcely warranted in doing), then each Catholic male and female, capable of useful labour, pays a poll-tax of about twelve or fourteen shillings a-year to a clergyman with whom they can have no spiritual intercourse whatever.

In Mevagh (diocese of Raphoe) there were:—

Catholics, - - - - -	4298
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	855

Here the tithes were £350 a year (independent of church cess), five-sixths of which are paid by Catholics.

The reader will observe that our previous examples have been taken from a district in which Not-Catholics bear some decent proportion to Catholics; but the moment we leave that favoured land and move South, or West, or East, the injustice is infinitely more glaring. Those who know something more than the surface of human nature will anticipate that the oppressiveness of the incumbent increases in a still more rapid ratio, and is answered by a deeper hatred. This is confirmed by experience. In those counties, where Catholics stand in the most overwhelming preponderance, it is observed that clergymen are less anxious to lull the natural irritation of the people by conciliatory manners and temperate exaction of their revenues, than where the demand receives some colour from the services they actually render, although to persons of a different faith. In the North some equivalent is given, not indeed to the Catholic, but to the Protestant. Decency as well as justice is not offended by the spectacle of a large salary paid to an individual, under the pretence of ministering to the spiritual comforts of his parishioners, while there is not one individual in communion with him; yet it is a general observation that the demands of the working clergyman of the

North are more moderate, and his demeanour more becoming, than those of the wealthy sinecurists of the South.*

In the South and West of Ireland there are many parishes in which there is neither church nor Protestant; of course these parishes pay tithe! We really are not certain that they do not in every case pay church cess also. An Irish Protestant gentleman, a member of Parliament, has been so good as to furnish us with the following case:

"The parish of Carne, barony of Forth, county of Wexford, contains 800 acres, 200 of which are unprofitable. The tithes amount to £400 a-year. The Protestant population consisted, not long ago, of one elderly gentleman, a bachelor, (dead about three months) and he had been churchwarden for thirty years, for want of a second Protestant; and one widow with four children. The son of the incumbent acted as curate and parish clerk to his father, sometimes even as bell-ringer. Three years since the clergyman endeavoured to get a new church built, saying, the old church was not large enough; the churchwarden, however, frustrated the project, as the burden would have fallen on his Roman Catholic tenants."

We are, ourselves, acquainted with a parish, the tithes of which, by composition, amount to more than £400 a-year. There are but four Protestant amongst nearly two hundred Catholic families. There is no church, nor has the face of the incumbent been seen for years. Church cess (independent of tithes,) is charged on the whole community, because these four families frequent the church of the neighbouring parish. It is, or rather was, in contemplation to build a church there, though it is acknowledged that for three out of the four families, it is much more convenient, from various local causes, to attend the neighbouring church. Then, it may be asked, Why should the parish be burthened with so heavy an expense? For the benefit of those, who have never seen the working of an Irish job, we will explain:—One needy Protestant hoped to obtain the contract for building it; another to dispose, at a *profitable* rate, of a field as its site; and the remainder favoured the scheme, because, from some remaining dregs of party spirit, they were glad of anything which could annoy and oppress their Catholic brethren.

February 9.—Mr. H. Grattan said, in his place in the House of Commons, "I know one individual who has £600 a-year—a perfect sinecure—and who never resides in the parish. I know another who has £700 a-year, and in his parish there are not two Protestants. Again, in another parish there never has been a church nor a resident clergyman, and the people pay £300 a-year to an absentee rector. In a fourth the clergyman has been absent for near twenty years, and the parishioners pay him £600 per annum. In other parishes I know there are no Protestants, except the rector and his family. (Loud cries of hear, hear, hear.) Yet these are but a few instances out of numerous cases."

In the three parishes of New Ross, Duncormack, and the union of St. James, (diocese of Ferns,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - -	17520
Not-Catholics, - - -	1517

* We remember a curious discussion between two Protestant gentlemen, one the representative of a town in Ulster, the other of a town in Leinster, on the cause of this apparent anomaly. It having been suggested that it might arise from an inherent difference in the dispositions of the clergymen, the explanation was rejected at once.—"No, when a northern clergyman comes to us, he is a locust."

Here, where the Catholics are to the Not-Catholics in a greater ratio than eleven to one, the tithes amount to £2675! not to mention three glebes, (one a small glebe, the second of three, and the last of thirty acres,) and the church cess. And all this for the spiritual edification of perhaps 700 persons! Can it be a matter of surprise that the ravenous hunger of the Establishment, and her total sterility of good should be the consequence of such a pampered indulgence? A salary, quite disproportioned to the quantity of service rendered, is perhaps the most effectual mode ever invented to secure the slovenly discharge, and ultimately the utter neglect, of even that over-rated duty. You tell the individual in the most impressive of all language,—that of your acts,—that he is paid for some other cause,—that the office is a mere cloak, a scheme, a pretext for the salary. He naturally, and, indeed, very justly infers, that the duties of a factitious office share its falsehood and insignificance. Contempt is of a contagious nature. Having learned to despise the farce of part, he proceeds to look on the whole in the same light, and to confound the slight share of real utility with the mass of deception by which it is surrounded. In the Irish church the evil is much aggravated. The incumbent, unless blinded by early prepossessions, is sensible that his claims to the tenth part of the property of the Catholic, who receives no equivalent whatever for it, has no ground in justice, but is based solely on law. His claim is no right,—it is a mere creature, a fiction, the mode and degree of resistance to which, is only to be determined by prudence. The consequences on both sides are obvious. Unless some peculiar causes produce an unusual degree of personal affection, even his moderate demands are looked on by the people as unfeeling extortions. The clergyman having broken the standard of right, and set up in its place the rule of legality, is too apt to make his necessities, his avarice, or the patience of the parish, the measure of his claims. Sensible, too, that he can urge no ground of justice in his favour,—that he is but the creature of the legislature,—he treats every opposition to tithes as a personal insult to himself, and a resistance to government. Accordingly, on the first struggles of irritated nature, he shouts *rebellion*, besieges Government with letters for the Insurrection Act, calls out the police and the military, scours the country, fills the jail, transports and hangs half-a-score of Whiteboys; and in a year or two, perhaps,—if, for the present, he escapes the bloodhound chase of their relations,—is found murdered twenty yards from his own hall door,—or, it may be, "the price of blood" is exacted from some one of his young and innocent family by the hands of a hired assassin.

It is indeed one of the worst effects of this wicked system, that it destroys in the minds of the people all respect for law, and produces a strong indisposition to resort to it for redress. In England, generally speaking, an obnoxious enactment does not, in the remotest degree, impair the reverence of the subject for Law. But in Ireland, where it bears the odious character of the sole creator and defender of mischievous institutions, the indignation of the people, having no middle term on which to spend itself, ascends at once to Government, and becomes an insurrection. It is usual to exclaim against the ferocity of the lower orders, and charge as an ineradicable stain on the national character, the frightful crimes committed in those periodical paroxysms. God forbid we should not feel as deep a horror at those sanguinary deeds, as any other individual in the empire; but if we wish to understand the real feelings and motives of the Irish peasant, we must always

bear in mind, that he considers himself engaged in a war with the law and all its adherents, civil and military, where he is perfectly justified in using every sort of stratagem. All his conduct must be estimated in that light. It is a state of open hostility between two parties, whose business it is to deceive and kill as many as they can. If he shoots a man from behind a fence, it is not an assassination, it is merely an ambush,—if he intercepts a proctor, it is a party of the enemy cut off,—if six or seven policemen are killed, it is "a brilliant infantry affair,"—if a house be burned down, the peasant would think himself more justifiable than Sir G. Cockburn, when, in the last American war, he reduced so many private houses to ruins,—for he perils more than that gallant officer; he is exposed to two chances, the sword and the halter. This is a frightful state of things, and awful is the responsibility of those who have taught the Irish peasant to regard law as his natural enemy, and fly to midnight outrage for what Bacon calls "wild justice."

To proceed with the returns. In the union of Doneraile, (diocese of Cloyne,) there is exhibited the following frontless instance of the tithe system:—

Catholics, - - - -	11,707
Not-Catholics, - - -	413

Tithes, £1600 a-year. Church cess, 6d. an acre.—Now as far as all we have seen and heard of the south of Ireland leads us to believe, we may estimate the dissenters at about one-half of those 413 Not-Catholics. For the edification, therefore, of 206 members of the Established Church, the successor of the Apostles in this parish, whoever he may be, (his name is probably to be found in the Bath Court Guide, or wherever the infirm and the gouty wait for the angel of fashion to stir the pool into health,) fleeces it of £1600 a-year, £1550 of which, contrary to all justice but that of the tithe system, is exacted from Catholics.

In the parish of Kildorrery, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - -	5578
Not-Catholics, - - -	74

It is curious that the amount of tithe is not stated. Under that head, we find pencilled "wrote for particulars," and well he might; for in one column, we find, "There are two splendid churches, and a third is about to be built,—one poor thatched chapel;" and in another, "people very poor." If the reader should be confounded at three churches for a *moiety* of seventy-four persons, or one church for twelve, we could, from our experience, suggest some analogies in explanation; but it will probably be sufficient to refer to a case already stated as within our own knowledge.

In the parish of Charleville, (same diocese,) the numbers were:—

Catholics, - - - - - -	5434
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	334

Tithes, £1400. Glebe, £10, and church cess, £90 a-year. Thus, the Catholics of this parish pay over £1300 a-year to a clergyman of a different faith, who, in the nature of things, can make no equivalent for it, and have besides their own chapels and clergy to maintain. We also find that at an expence of about £400, they have erected a school for the education of their children. In one column, the state of the poor is declared to be "wretched for want of employment;" but out of the husks of indigence and misery, the Establishment can squeeze £1300 a-year in tithes, independent of a glebe worth £10 a-year, and an annual cess of £90.

In the union of Ballyholoe and Kilfaughnabeg, (same diocese,) the numbers were:—

Catholics, - - - - - - -	7646
Not Catholics, - - - - - -	332

Tithes, £800 a-year, glebe, £50 a-year, and a church cess of 1½d. an acre, *though there was no church in the parish!*—so uniform in all its variations is the oppression of the Establishment! If the amount of plunder be less, the ostentation of the injustice is more offensive,—if the practical grievance be diminished, the violation of principle is greater.

In the union of Ardfield and Rathbarney, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - - - -	5960
Not-Catholics, (including Police) -	84

Here we have the consolation of knowing, that the majority of the eighty-four are of the Establishment. Granting them to be two-thirds or sixty persons, What is the sum paid by Catholics? In tithes, £712, and in church cess, £48 a-year. Government trembling for the morals of its police, fleeces the parish of £760 a-year, and exhibits the fine example of iniquity rendered subservient to the purposes of virtue. But it may be well doubted, whether this peculiar combination of circumstances endears either the Government or the police to the people.

In Castle Lyons, (same diocese,) the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - - - -	6359
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	193

Tithes, £1456; glebe, 10 acres; church cess, £60 a-year. Adopting the same calculation as before, we find this would amount to a poll tax on each Catholic, male and female, of about fourteen shillings a-year. In Ireland, the average rate of wages is perhaps stated high at sevenpence a-day for a male, and fivepence for a female. It is therefore plain, that each Catholic male would contribute to this bloated unchristian church twenty-four days, and each Catholic female thirty-three days labour. We ask pardon for these cool calculations.

One more instance out of this fertile diocese. In Clondrohid, the numbers were—

Catholics, - - - - - - -	5070
Not-Catholics, - - - - -	38

Tithes over £1000 a-year; glebe, 60 acres; church cess, £165 a-year. A church, the yearly expense of maintaining which, is £165, for we suppose twenty persons, whom the clergyman could receive in his parlour! Indeed, one-half of these twenty persons may be presumed to be of his own family.

It was at Skibbereen in this diocese, that the Rev. Mr. Morrit, about ten years since, while levying a distress for tithe, caused to be shot—we cannot at this moment exactly say how many persons; (in Ireland it is difficult to keep an account of the loss of lives caused by the tithe system, for the marks of one are soon swept away by another sanguinary torrent;) but we remember that a Rev. Gentleman, a member of the Established Church of that country, and now a political Coryphæus, did at that time pronounce Mr. Morrit, "the worst enemy the Church had in Ireland." The Establishment now can dip her hands, up to the elbows in blood, and feel no horror. How dreadful is the change in her language! The slaughter of Newtonbarry is toasted at judicial orgies, and the wish of the old blood-thirsty debauchee of Otway, is become a war-cry in Ireland.

Let us turn to Kildare and Leighlin, the focus of determined resistance to this system :—Are there here no abuses to shock the natural feeling of justice, and irritate men, by particular iniquity? In the union of Paulstown and Gorebridge, the very first on the list, there were—

Catholics, - - - -	5261
Not-Catholics, - - - -	289

What were the tithes?—£2,040 a-year. But how many churches? Actually four churches for the Episcopalians in 289 Not-Catholics. That is, adopting the same rule as before, one church to thirty-six members of the Establishment. The burthens of this unhappy parish stood thus :—The tithes; the original expense of four churches, each probably not much under £1000; the constant taxes for their repair, solely at the discretion of a few Protestant parishioners; the fixed salaries for sextons, pew-openers, &c. &c. And yet the actual pressure of all this, though surely not inconsiderable, is nothing to the rage of heart occasioned by the reflection that all of it must be paid according to the pure will and pleasure of another; that, over the amount, the mode, the time, the party burdened has no control. It is the leer of men going to vote away his money—it is the demand of the sum, enforced by the instant seizure of his cow—it is the utter injustice of the whole transaction, that burns, with a slow, dry fire, the heart of the peasant. It is true, indeed, that, on many of those occasions, Protestant parishioners, from none but the most honourable and disinterested motives, throw themselves between the Catholic population and those exactions; but it is questionable whether this does not aggravate the disease. At any rate, a whole nation, in whom we wish to preserve an erect, independent, self-relying spirit, should not hang on the bounty or humanity of any individuals. The noble feelings that are engendered in a generous mind, by sympathy with the oppressed, and the glow of honour that flushes the face of a manly protector, are much too dearly purchased by the inferiority of millions, and the loss of self-respect in a whole nation.

The reader has probably, if he ever dipped into the present situation of tithes, heard of Graigue, in the diocese we have now arrived at. It does not necessarily follow, that, where tithes are low, the pressure may not be considerable, and the irritation great, because the breaking out of the ulcers is determined by a variety of local circumstances. We may, however, be assured that, *cæteris paribus*, the indignation will bear proportion to the magnitude of the injustice. In Graigue there were,—

Catholics, - - - -	7441
Not-Catholics, - - -	127

Tithes, £1600 a-year, with two houses and glebes, independent of a church cess of £60 a-year!

Killaben (same diocese)—

Catholics, - - - -	5855
Not-Catholics, - - -	326

Tithes, £1400 a-year.

Geashill and Ballycane (same diocese)—

Catholics, - - - -	7559
Not-Catholics, - - -	1140

Tithes, £1705 a-year, with a glebe of 91 acres, besides a church cess of threepence an acre on 22,500 acres.

Castletown (diocese of Killaloe)—

Catholics, - - - -	2798
Not-Catholics, - - -	72

Tithes, £1081 a-year, with a glebe of three acres, and a church cess of twopence an acre on 15,000 acres.

Kinvarra (diocese of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora)—

Catholics, - - -	4376
Not-Catholics, - - -	2

Tithes, £360 a-year! The clergyman being paid, we suppose, for educating himself and his wife. Yet even this solution fails in Kilmoon—

Catholics, - - -	769
Not-Catholics, - - -	—

Tithes, £300 a-year! and off 769 Catholics!

To these we could add, from the same prolific source, numerous instances of equal oppression, but our limits warn us to stop. Enough has been stated to demonstrate the iniquity of the system. Indeed, the only thing singular is, that it should have been tolerated so long. "But the march of the human mind is slow." Great abilities, great evils, and extraordinary circumstances were required to create that policy of national combination of which the abolition of tithes is the most striking, as the Association was its most splendid result. For the latter, in the history of popular struggles, it will be vain to seek a parallel. The former is as extraordinary in character, and as complete in success. A system, the growth and reproach of centuries, has been overthrown in one short year—*by submission to the law.* We hear, indeed, of hurlers' meetings, of proctors beaten, and threatening notices; but it is a great mistake to suppose that these are any more than the eruptions which attend any great change in the constitution of the body politic. So far from being the result of the system, they are directly opposed to it in spirit and practice,—they did even thwart its success. The system is the very reverse of violence,—it is humble submission to law,—it is the extremity of passive obedience, but dictated by the most determined spirit of resistance. It is a practical servility, excusable only because we know it to be the fruit of an untameable liberty. The cattle are seized—impounded—brought to auction; but a plague seems upon them—no one will bid a shilling—no one will buy them. TITHE had been branded on them by the owner the moment they were seized. A Roman could not shun with greater horror any thing devoted to the infernal gods than a whole people the cattle branded with that single word. They are driven to Dublin under a guard of police, perhaps soldiers, and there shipped for Liverpool; but their evil fame has gone before; the obnoxious word is on them, and there too no buyer can be found. The consequence is, that no cattle are seized, and tithes are, therefore, at an end. Every person, not interested in their continuance, with whom we have conversed, acknowledges this. A provision for the number of clergymen really required by the wants of Protestants, is just and necessary. A liberal provision for the present incumbents none are disposed to refuse; but the tithe-system, in its present amount and distribution of income,—its prodigal salaries,—its scandalous sinecures,—its mass of jobs, is over. The Irish people have decided the question for themselves; and we know that a powerful body of their representatives share their indignant determination.

In this post-mortem inspection of tithes, a rational and useful curiosity would justify us, without resorting for excuse to that natural feeling which has been so vividly expressed by the poet—

> ——— pedibusque informe cadaver
> Protrahitur. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo
> Terribiles oculos, voltum, villosaque setis
> Pectora semiferi, atque extinctos faucibus ignes.

But another motive governs us. Much still remains to be done. Parliamentary sanction is necessary to legalize the abolition of tithes decreed by the Irish people. The very forms of justice must be rigidly observed; and we were anxious, by a detailed practical examination of the system—by clearly exhibiting the various particular instances of its oppression—to detach from the cause any honest man whom ignorance or prejudice may still range on the side of so much iniquity.

THE UPPER HOUSE.

"True," says the stickler for things as they are, "there are many and striking anomalies in the state of the representation, and in the whole frame of the British Government; but forms and regulations which appear irrational and dangerous to the simple men of the present generation, are in reality mysteries of wisdom and beneficence, handed down to us by our sagacious and venerable ancestors."

The assertion, that with all its apparent inconsistencies, the machine works well, has been so often and confidently repeated, that it looks like heresy to call in question the truth of the dogma. It is rather, however, surprising that the mischievous conduct of the Peers has not provoked some prying reformer, not having the fear of coronets, ermine, and lawn sleeves, before his eyes, to apply the boasted test to the House of Lords itself. In ordinary life, when an improver meets with an obstacle which baffles all his efforts, he becomes very inquisitive into the intrinsic value of this insurmountable impediment to his operations; and however indispensable to the working of the engine, this incorrigible part of the machinery may always have appeared, he is compelled, at last, to inquire if it may not be superseded with advantage.

Let us institute a similar course of inquiry into the functions of the Upper-House of Parliament. To fix the value of the House of Lords as a part of our legislative machinery, we have only to ascertain, whether, in the instances in which it has rejected the bills passed by the Lower-House, it has proved itself the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the country, or an obstacle to improvement.

The following examples of the working of the Upper House are extracted from Aitken's Annals of the reign of George the Third, a period sufficiently extensive and important for the purpose of the present investigation. In the domestic transactions of each year, the author notices every bill of national importance, passed by the Commons, and rejected by the Lords.

In 1772,

The Bill brought in by Sir George Saville for relieving dissenting ministers from the obligation to subscribe the doctrinal articles of the Established Church, passed the Commons with an inconsiderable opposition, but was rejected by the Lords, at a second reading, by a majority, including proxies, of 102 to 29.

In 1773,

The same Bill again passed the Commons, by the same majority, and was once more rejected in the House of Lords.

In 1780,

A Bill passed the Commons to prevent members of Parliament from engaging in Government contracts, but was thrown out by the Lords.

In 1783,

Mr. Fox's East India Bill passed the Commons; but while the bill was before the Lords, influence was used to alarm the King, who put a note into the hands of Earl Temple, to the effect, "that he should deem those who should vote for the bill, not only not his friends, but his enemies; and that, if Lord Temple could put this in stronger words, he had full authority so to do."—The result was, the Ministers were left in a minority of 79 to 87.

In 1792,

A Bill for the gradual abolition of the Slave Trade passed the Commons, and was lost in the Lords.

In 1794,

Mr. Wilberforce's motion for the abolition of that branch of the Slave Trade, which went to the supply of the islands and territories belonging to foreigners, was carried in the Commons by 63 to 40, but was thrown out in the Lords by 45 to 4.

In 1808,

Mr. Banks brought in a Bill for preventing the grant of offices in reversion; which having passed the House, was thrown out by the Lords. Having, however, been again introduced, with a limitation to one year, and some other alterations, it was suffered to pass into a law.

In 1810,

Mr. Banks made a motion to render perpetual the Act for preventing the grant of offices in reversion; the bill passed the Commons, but was thrown out, at the second reading, by the Lords.

It must be kept in mind that there is no selection here, but that every case, mentioned by Aitken, is given, whether it makes for or against the Upper House; so that, in striking the balance, the reader has only to consider how many of the preceding instances of rejection were advantageous, and how many of them were pernicious, and how great would have been the amount of loss sustained by the empire, had not the superior wisdom of the hereditary legislators interfered.

It ought likewise to be borne in mind that no period was more fruitful in Acts of Parliament encroaching on the liberty of the subject; in suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act; in gagging bills; in green bags filled by spies and informers, and their profligate employers; in acts for crushing the rising liberties of foreign states, and squandering the resources of the country. How many of these were stopped in their progress, and rejected with scorn, by this boasted safeguard against the rash acts of the Commons? Verily, the Upper-House is guiltless of the sin of Quixotism in favour of suffering humanity. In vain shall we look over the dreary waste of their legislation, during the long reign of George the Third, for a solitary instance of their interference to protect the country from the unwise, the wasteful, the profligate, the despotic acts, hatched in such abundance in the Lower-House.

Their guilt is, however, not merely negative. They have not only refused to exert their power in opposition to the aggressions of the Commons upon civil and religious liberty. We have seen them stand, when the minister of the day, by accident, permitted a measure, favourable to humanity or the interests of the people, to escape from the Lower-House, prepared, with their hereditary powers, to give it the *coup de grace* in the Upper. Not only was the individual measure strangled,

but the hopelessness of any attempt to legislate in favour of freedom, was made manifest. Had some small portion of these bills been permitted to struggle through the Upper-House, philanthropic and liberal representatives might have been encouraged to originate, and perhaps, to carry measures still more beneficial. But, seeing that all their anxious toil, should it even be successful in the Commons, was sure to be defeated in the Lords, rational men ceased to vex themselves with what they knew would prove labour in vain.

No people pay greater deference to rank and wealth than the British. They are proud of their Corinthian capital, and predisposed to confide in its integrity and wisdom; they will submit to absurdity and injury, when proceeding from members of the ancient aristocracy, which, in a plebeian, would rouse their scorn and indignation:—it is curious to observe this feeling manifesting itself, not only in the obsequious Tory, but in the philosophical Utilitarian, and the violent Radical. This national prejudice, if we may so call it, gives to the Peers an immense influence for good or for evil. They have the power to confer incalculable benefit on the ranks below them; and, were they even in a slight degree to prove themselves the *Decus et tutamen patriæ*, the people would be lavish in their praise.

It is not true that the lower orders entertain a feeling of hostility to the higher ranks; but the long continued pressure of poverty and suffering which they consider as in some degree attributable to the measures of Parliament, sympathising rather with the prejudices and interests of the Aristocracy, than with the feelings and necessities of the great body of the people, has, for some time, irritated them against an oligarchy which, most unwisely for themselves, struggles to retain a power which the mass of the country consider unjustly usurped and corruptly exercised, and which the people have determined to resume.

John Bull is the most patient of all living creatures; but the insults and injuries of his rulers may goad him to gambols which they may rue. He has borne much and long, but there is a period to the endurance even of the most patient of animals. The conduct of the Peers in rejecting the Reform Bill, has left him looking with a determined sullenness at their House. They may yet appease him, and all will be forgotten. But if, instigated by the Father of Mischief, they treat with contempt the prayers of a united people, and resolve to mock them with the shadow of a representation, and to perpetuate on their necks the yoke of an oligarchy, then ———

SONNET.

OFT have I felt—more deeply ne'er than now—
How short 'tis doomed my term of life shall be:
Tho' placid seems the volume of my brow,
There is a fount within, where none may see,
Whence streams of living sorrow ever flow,
Wasting the spirit, as the senseless stone
Is worn away by sure degrees, tho' slow,
O'er which the torrent gushes ceaseless on.
My heart is all too busy—fond to draw
A tide of thought even from the meanest things;
And the deep mysteries of old Nature's law
O'erwhelm my soul with such imaginings—
Could every cloud of grief be now dispelled,
Mind on itself would prey—its might can not be quelled!

GERTRUDE.

THE SCOTTISH REFORM BILL.

At the period that we write, the fate of the Scottish Bill is still uncertain. What modifications it may receive in committee cannot be foreseen. Probably it will not receive many. We shall notice one or two which it would be well to introduce, premising always that we are not dissatisfied with the measure, either in principle or in detail. We would merely suggest, not press our amendments. It truth, we cannot, with very much patience, advert to the conduct of those semi-reformers, or anti-reformers, or under whatever category they may be most properly classed, who would embarrass the progress of the English Bill by arguments drawn from the defects of the Scottish Bill. It must be evident to every unprejudiced thinker, that in no way could the rejection of the latter be more certainly provided for, than by any fancied amendment which might lead to the rejection of that which, in respect both to Scottish and Irish Reform, must ever be looked on as a necessary preliminary; that were the English Bill to fail, the other two would perish as certainly as would the members by the removal of the head. In the integrity of the English measure the people of Scotland, indeed, are more deeply interested than are the English themselves. The English could bear the loss of reform. With all their rotten and nomination boroughs, their schedules A. and schedules B., they have a host of places where neither oligarch nor aristocrat possesses influence. Under all the difficulties of the present system, England has yet been able to return a large majority of members pledged to reform. Doubtless the temporary excitement of the last election did much; the name of the King, the countenance of the King's Ministers, did much also. There is a fashion in all things. Reform was followed, and is still followed by many, because it is the prevailing mode. But, apart from temporary and accidental causes, the example given during last election of what the people can do when they choose to unite, will not be forgotten in future elections. The rejection of the bill, therefore, as far as England is concerned, would effect but little for the enemies of reform. A majority they might possibly secure, but not to support the practice, however it might enable them to keep up the principles of the old system. Come what may, England henceforth *is* reformed. How stands the case with Scotland? Our excitement was much more deep and pervading than the excitement in England, yet it did not enable us to return a majority favorable to our political regeneration. We did all that men could do, but we could not overcome moral impossibilities; we could not convert the ignorant, the interested, and the base, into honest and enlightened friends of their country; we could not expand the little narrow selfish heart of a borough-jobber, so as to admit the common weal of a whole people. And if, even in the torrent and fervour of our zeal and affection for the cause, we were yet compelled, *multa gementes*, to behold a majority of anti-reformers sent to the great council of the nation, to misrepresent the sentiments of Scotland, what hope is there that, when the torrent has slacked and the fervour has cooled, we shall, by our unaided efforts, be able, at any future election, to change that majority into a minority? For us then, in the case of the Reform Bill being rejected, there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of all the evils of the old system, aggravated, as they doubtless would be, by the hatred of that faction which has so long domineered over us, and whose

fears have, during the last twelvemonths, been so seriously awakened. There is another reason why the English might sit down, if not with pleasure, at least with patience, under a misfortune which must sink us in utter despair. In the English representative system, imperfect and vicious as it is, there is much that is sound and good. If the inferior portion be monstrous and deformed, the superior is comely and fair. In our system, all is alike loathsome: it is to look upon

> "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
> Nurture could never stick."

Of the English the vital parts are yet in full and active play; disease has assailed the extremities only. Ours is a spotted lazar; from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, there is no soundness therein. The English system asks reform; ours requires reconstruction. Regarding the question in this view,—and this is the true and obvious view,—can anything be more absurd than the argument of those who object to the Scottish Bill that it gives to Scotland only eight additional members? We never had a member—we have none now, in the proper and legitimate meaning of the term. The gentlemen who nightly address the House of Commons, whether on Scottish grievances or Scottish gratitude,—and there are some very excellent men among them,—are as much the representatives of Scotland as they are of Kamtschatka. The bill, then, honestly interpreted, does not give us eight members, it gives us fifty-three members. It carries with it the abolition of the whole of the rotten and nomination system under which we have groaned for the last hundred-and-thirty years; it puts in schedule A. the whole of our mock electoral system, and replaces it by a system which freemen can exercise and rational beings approve.

Those who in their simplicity, or their craft, object to fifty-three members for Scotland, while England has 500, would do well to remember how long and how patiently they have tolerated, in Scotland, its present chosen five-and-forty, and to ponder for a little on their value, as well as their number. If Ministers had laid down as the principle of enfranchisement, as well as of disfranchisement, the amount of population and of taxes, then, we admit, Scotland might have justly complained. But they aimed at no nice balancing of the various parts of the empire—they neither parcelled it out into commercial nor departmental districts. Old names, old boundaries, old forms, old anomalies, and irregularities even, whatever did not tend directly to mar or to destroy the great principle of free election, they religiously maintained. Among other anomalies, they retained the distribution of members in the three great portions of the empire, with only such modifications as the lapse of years, and the creation of new interests, imperatively demanded. To find fault with the scheme, because such are its workings, is to blame it for effecting what it proposes to effect. He whose fig-tree gave him wild instead of cultured figs, might reasonably complain, but these objectors complain of their fig-tree because it does not bring forth nectarines.

And why should we suppose that, with a representation of 53 members, we shall suffer any damage, from which, with a representation of seventy, we should escape? We would speak of the dying, as of the dead, the truth and nothing but the truth; and to the representation of Scotland, as at present constituted, we feel compelled to give credit, for a close and earnest attention to matters of mere local interest. The system has

much to answer for on the score of general principle; it has at divers times been attended with great and gross oppression; venality has been its father, and corruption its mother and its sister; but still those who worked it were children of the kindly north; they felt that yearning of the heart towards their birth-dame, which in Scotsmen, neither lapse of years nor distance of place ever wholly obliterates—which many waters quench not, neither do the floods drown. Of the local interest of the country it is, then, impossible, under the new system, to entertain a reasonable fear; and why should we fear for its general interests? On whom has the burden of their vindication been hitherto laid? Has it not been on the members of England? And has ever John Bull,—proud, passionate, boasting but honest, downright, free-hearted, open-handed, John Bull, shewn himself unequal to the task, or unwilling to buckle to it? And "if these things have been done in the green tree, what will not be done in the dry?" If with all the checks which Sarum and Gatton interposed to prevent the expression of public opinion, no act of oppression has hitherto been perpetrated in any nook or corner however obscure, which the free men of England did not stand forward to denounce, shall we fear for their zeal when these checks are removed? We arrive, then, at what we deem no forced nor illegitimate conclusion; that all cavilling at the intended number of our members, or at their distribution, is unwise and uncalled for in reformers, and that in anti-reformers it is the basest and most despicable hypocrisy, meant not to better the Scottish bill, but to inflict, through its sides, a deadly wound on that in which it lives and moves—the English bill. In a word, not deeming the Scottish bill a perfect measure, nor a complete measure, nor pretending that it might not be amended, both by addition and alteration, we still hold that it is well on our part to receive it in the spirit of thankfulness; to bid God bless the giver, as honest Sancho says, and not to "look the gift horse in the mouth."

We have dwelt on these preliminary considerations at some length, but the subject is an important one. We shall now proceed to compare the present and the intended systems.

The present number of members, we need hardly observe, are, for the sixty-six boroughs, fifteen; for the thirty-three counties thirty. Of the boroughs, Edinburgh returns one member; the remaining sixty-five boroughs are distributed into fourteen groups, nine of which consist of five, and the remaining five of four boroughs each. From the way in which the election is gone about, there is, in reality, no more than one elector in each borough, with the exception of Edinburgh. In the following table, however, we have thought it best to consider the whole of the members of council in the light of electors.

Electors under the present law, in each of the groups of sixty-six boroughs, (Edinburgh included), by which the fifteen borough members are returned:—

Names.	Electors.	Names.	Electors.	Names.	Electors.
Edinburgh,	33	Dysart gr.	94	Haddington gr.	99
Aberdeen, group	82	Elgin gr.	74	Inverkeithing gr.	122
Ayr gr.	83	Forfar gr.	131	Kirkwall gr.	80
Crail gr.	94	Fortrose gr.	70	Selkirk gr.	100
Dumfries gr.	95	Glasgow gr.	84	Wigton gr.	72

Of individual boroughs, Inverkeithing has the greatest number of electors—thirty-nine; and Inverary the smallest number—nine; of the

remainder three have more than thirty; twenty-two more than twenty; and thirty-nine have fewer than twenty electors each. The total of the borough electors of Scotland amounts to 1313. The thirty-three counties are arranged as in the following table; where the parliamentary return, from which it is compiled, does not specify the "paper votes," the average of one half of the whole number has been used—these cases are distinguished by an asterisk.

ELECTORS, under the present law, in each of the thirty counties or groups of counties, by which the thirty county members are returned. The first column gives the name of the county; the second the entire number of freeholders enrolled; the third the number of freeholders who vote on bare superiority:—

Aberdeen	180	90*	Dumfries	82	40	Orkney	43	28
Argyll	113	84	Edinburgh	172	141	Peebles	46	16
Ayr	196	93	Elgin	33	17	Perth	239	92
Banff	51	32	Fife	228	42	Renfrew	142	103
Berwick	147	28	Forfar	120	60*	Ross	81	40
Bute and Caithness	68	56	Haddington	106	60	Roxburgh	149	79
Clackmannnan and			Inverness	88	58	Selkirk	50	19
Kinross	35	22	Kincardine	82	48	Stirling	130	58
Cromarty and			Kirkcudbright	166	98	Sutherland	20	6
Nairn	36	24	Lanark	224	112	Wigtoun	70	35
Dumbarton	71	52	Linlithgow	65	40			

Perth it will be seen has the greatest, and Clackmannan and Kinross the smallest number of electors. The number of electors in the thirty-three counties is 3233; whereof 1673 vote on superiority. The entire constituency of Scotland, under the present election laws, thus amounts to 4,546; which gives, on an average, one member for 100½ electors; and one elector for 518 of population. Such is the present state of our representation; let us attend to the proposed state.

The number of members, we have already stated, is intended to be fifty-three, of which thirty will be county members, and twenty-three borough members; the increase being wholly in the latter class. In the arrangement of the counties there is very little alteration. Nairn will be joined to Elgin, instead of being joined to Cromarty; Cromarty will be joined to Ross; Clackmannan and Kinross remain as they are at present. There is this difference, however, in the conjoined counties—the plan of alternate voting, by which the aristocrats, at the Union, sought, and not without success, to secure their monopoly as entire as circumstances would permit, is no longer recognised. The three groups of minor counties will, for all political purposes, be considered as forming, each, one indivisible whole. The district of Cowall in Argyleshire, which is cut off from the rest of the county by Loch Fine, is to be attached to Bute; the detached portions of Stirling and Perth are joined to Kinross, to which they naturally belong; and the Shetland "lairds" will no longer have to lament that accidental omission,* by which they have hitherto been deprived of their franchise; they will be joined, not nominally, but really, to their neighbours of Orkney.

Of the boroughs, Edinburgh and Glasgow will in future, return two members; and Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and the newly created boroughs of Paisley and Greenock one member each. In the Fortrose, Dysart, Inverkeithing, Haddington, Dumfries, and Wigtoun groups, the bill

* There is in Shetland no valued rent.

makes no alteration. The other groups are arranged as follows. The new boroughs are distinguished by capitals, and boroughs that have changed their places by Italics:—

1*st*,	LEITH	3*d*,	Elgin		*Forfar*		Dumbarton
	PORTOBELLO		Cullen	5*th*,	*Coupar*		KILMARNOCK
	MUSSELBURGH		Banff		*St. Andrews*	7*th*,	Linlithgow
	FISHERROW		Inverury		Anstruther, E.		Lanark
2*d*,	Kirkwall		Kintore		Anstruther, W.		FALKIRK
	Wick		PETERHEAD		Crail		AIRDRIE
	Dornoch †	4*th*,	Inverbervie		Kilrenny	8*th*,	Ayr
	Dingwall		Montrose		Pittenweem		Irvine
	Tain		Arbroath	6*th*,	Renfrew		Campbeltown
	Cromarty		Brechin		Rutherglen		Inverary

The first bill disfranchised the small and insignificant group of the Anstruther boroughs, which, by the census of 1821, contained only 6067 inhabitants. In the present bill it is saved from the executioner, by being conjoined with Cupar and St. Andrew's. The only disfranchisements are, the boroughs of Selkirk and Peebles, in the counties of the same name, and Rothsay in Bute county. These three boroughs, which contain, by the census of 1831, about 9,000 inhabitants, are thrown into their respective counties, with the view of procuring for each so numerous a constituency as may give it comparative independence.

The new arrangement is of small importance compared with the change in the qualification; in that alone lies the real practical reform, which it is the object of the bill to introduce. We have stated the number of borough and county electors, and nothing can be more ridiculously disproportionate to the augmented and still augmenting population of the country. But the paucity of voters is not the worst feature in the system. In the boroughs they are, without an exception, self-elected and irresponsible. It is true, that, in a considerable number, there is something approaching to freedom of election in the trades' representatives, but the trades' representatives are invariably the minority of the elective body. Of the boroughs, those, in which there are no trades' representatives at all, or in which the merchant counsellors exercise a control over the trades' electors, are much more tolerable than those in which the electors are left free and powerless; they do not aggravate injustice by hypocrisy.

In the counties, also, by the strange system of separating the superiority from the possession of property, we have contrived to create a constituency which, as a national political engine, is unequalled in the world of ancient or modern times, for its inefficiency and absurdity. Whatever might be the original intention of the division of representation into country and town, it is pretty clear, that its ultimate object, in England, has been to connect, in the former the real, in the latter the personal property of the kingdom, with the existing government. In Scotland, we have contrived to mature a system which combines the closeness of the rotten boroughs of our neighbours with the beggary of universal suffrage. Our borough electors require no qualification and possess none save a doubtful residence, and for that purpose a pigstye will suffice as well as a palace; our county electors require indeed a qualification, but one that has no connexion with property, and from them no residence is required. The borough representatives of Scotland might be returned by men who did not possess a shilling, and the

county representatives by men that did not possess a shilling's worth in the kingdom whose highest interests were intrusted to their care. *Mais nous allons changer tout cela*, the constituency of Scotland will henceforth carry with it value as well as number, instead of being destitute of both.

In the counties the constituency will in future consist of—

1st. The present electors, during the period of their natural life.

2nd. Owners in possession of houses, lands, or other heritable property, heritable debts excepted, of the clear annual value of L.10.

3rd. Life-renters of any such houses, lands or other heritable property.

4th. Tenants for life, or for sixty years without breaks, of houses, lands or other heritable subjects, of the clear annual value of L.10.

5th. Tenants for twenty years, of houses, lands, &c. of the clear annual value of £50.

6th. Tenants, *being occupants*, of houses, lands, &c. of the annual rent of £50 or upwards, held on lease of not less than five years.

7th. Tenants, *being occupants*, who have paid a "grassum" of not less than £300, on any lease of not less than five years, whatever the rent may be.

Joint proprietors and occupants have all the privileges of sole proprietors or occupants, provided the amount of the property or leasehold be sufficient to give a title to each.

The precise addition, which will be made to the electors of counties, by extending the suffrage to the six classes of persons above described, is not very easily estimated. The number of persons, who hold the *dominium utile* of freehold property above £10 and under £400 valued rent, amounts, according to the parliamentary returns, to 7,754. Even out of these freeholders, therefore, not a few of the counties might obtain a respectable, if not a numerous, constituency. Dumfries would have, 500; Ayr, 600; Fife, 750; Lanark, 1,000; Orkney, without including Shetland, 1,300. The average for the various counties, would be about 370.

Under the third head fall to be enumerated the parochial clergy, with the exception of sixty or seventy, whose manses are in boroughs, and who do not possess glebes—the dissenting clergy, for the most part—and a few of the parochial schoolmasters. These three classes will amount to about 1,300. For calculating the number of the other voters of this class, or of any portion of those of the remaining classes, we possess no certain nor authentic data. To the number of farming tenants we might, perhaps, approximate. The valued rent of the entire kingdom somewhat exceeds £3,600,000; if from that amount we deduct one sixth for lands occupied by the owners, and allow one agricultural tenant on an average, for each £200 of the remainder, we shall have £15,000 tenants for the whole of Scotland. As lands, with us, are rarely if ever held on shorter leases than seven years, and as, unless in the highlands and islands, and in the neighbourhood of great towns, few leases fall short of L.50 rent, by far the greater number of our farmers will be entitled, under the new system, to a vote. On a rough estimate,—and until the actual registration of the electors take place, any estimate must be a rough one,—we should be disposed to say, that the county electors will be increased not less than tenfold; that, with three or four exceptions, when nearly all the property of a county is in the hands of one great family, the smaller counties will have from 500 to 1,000, and the larger from 1,500 to 2,000 electors.

In the boroughs we possess more certain means of estimating the advantages of the bill. The electors of boroughs are in future to consist of the actual occupants, whether proprietors, life-renters, or tenants, of any house, warehouse, counting-house or shop, which, without or with any land owned or occupied under the same landlord, shall amount to the annual rent of £10.

In plain English or plain Scottish, every man, who occupies a house or part of a house of any kind, or a house and a "yard," provided the two belong to the same "laird," and are together worth £10 a-year, will have a vote for the borough in which they are situated. Joint occupants have the same privileges in boroughs as in counties.

The number of persons who will become possessed of the franchise, in consequence of its extension to £10 householders, will, at the lowest estimate, exceed 35,000. The number of £10 houses in the existing boroughs and their respective suburbs, striking off the three disfranchised boroughs of Selkirk, Peebles and Rothsay, and not including the newly enfranchised boroughs of Paisley, Greenock, Leith, Portobello, Musselburgh, Fisherrow, Peterhead, Kilmarnock, Falkirk and Airdrie, are estimated in the parliamentary returns at 30,376. Instead then of a constituency of 4,546, or, making allowance for the electors, who possess qualifications in more counties than one, of 4,000 individuals representing no interest under heaven but their own, we may fairly calculate, under the bill, on a constituency of not less than 65,000, representing all the varied interests of the community, from the decent thrifty shop-keeper and industrious tradesman up to the Duke of a quarter of a million of revenue.

It was our intention to enter into a detailed criticism of the measure which we have been describing, but space would fail us. We shall restrict ourselves to two remarks. An objection to the qualification clauses of the Scottish Bill will naturally suggest itself, founded on their departure from the corresponding clauses of the English Bill. It was to be expected, that in this particular, the two measures were, *mutatis mutandis*, to be the same; the answer hitherto given to the question "why are they not so," is by no means so satisfactory to the querist, as it appears to have been to the respondent. It is a principle in the English Bill, that no description of property should remain unrepresented; there is a restriction with respect to amount, but, with that exception, in borough or in county, every man has, or may have, a vote. In Scotland this will not be the case. Take, for instance, feu-duties within borough, no amount of this very common description of property will give a qualification to its owner. Suppose the Earl of Moray to occupy a house worth ten pounds, for six weeks in the course of the year, he would have a vote for the two city members; but, supposing his Lordship not to occupy a house in Edinburgh, the thousands *per annum*, which he draws from his splendid property of Drumsheugh, would not suffice to give him a vote either for borough or county. How many of the houses in Edinburgh, and in every borough and town in Scotland, are held in feu? Taking the boroughs, not in their present limits, but in the limits to be assigned them by the Bill, certainly not less than one-half.

This is not the only description of property which will not be represented. In smaller towns of Scotland, nothing is more common than for a man to be owner of houses to the amount of £80, £100, £120 *per annum*, not one of which is worth £10. Dornoch is a case in point. There is not a house worth £10 *per annum* in the borough. Supposing

the whole of Dornoch to be the property of one man, he would not possess, nor would one of his tenants possess, a single vote, either for the borough, or for the county of Sutherland. It may be very proper to assign but one vote to one property; but here are two instances of property to a large amount, from which no vote is, in any way, derivable. Nor are these cases got up; they are *bona fide* existing cases in every borough in Scotland. Mr. Jeffrey's answer, when twitted with his inconsistency in giving a vote to the owner of freehold property, within borough, in England, and denying it to the owner of freehold property, within borough, in Scotland, was, that, from the latter, nothing was taken away—he never had a vote. Now this, with all submission, was a pitiful answer. If the Reform Bill had no other object than to confirm existing rights, the Lord Advocate might keep it to light his cigar. The proper subject for consideration is, whether one rule should be laid down for one quarter of the kingdom, and another for another. If it be for the benefit of all classes, that the borough freeholder should, in England, retain his qualification; by parity of reason, the borough proprietor, whether of feu, or of houses, should, in Scotland, be clothed with it.

The case of owners of feus, or of small houses, in the neighbourhood of boroughs, is peculiarly hard, for, were no extension of the borough to take place, they would necessarily obtain a vote for the county. The measure, which is one of grace to every one besides, is to them a measure of deprivation. The rule we would lay down, which is in strict conformity with the spirit of the Bill, is this—that property, whether freehold, or burgage, or leasehold, or ranking under what title soever, should, although situate within borough, give to the owner a vote for the county, of which the borough formed part, provided always, that the owner, by himself or tenants, did not, or might not, acquire, by virtue of it, a vote for the borough itself.

The clause of the Bill, (the 33d.) to which these remarks apply, contains a compensatory proviso of an exceedingly edifying character. After declaring that no property, within borough, shall give a right of voting in the county, it adds, that no property *without* the borough shall give a right of voting in it. To make every thing secure it ought to have subjoined, nor without the kingdom.

There is an objection which we have heard urged against the Bill, in which we, by no means, concur. We have heard the Bill objected to because it gives a vote to the established clergy, and, by necessary consequence, where they have a qualification, to the dissenting clergy. It is said that politics ought not to be mixed up with religion; and, it is added, that the clergy, themselves, are averse from the boon which the act holds out, on the ground, that, by accepting it, they may chance to disoblige those whom it is their interest to oblige. We shall not enter on the question, how far politics should mingle with religion; but, certainly, from those who uphold the necessity of a church establishment, it seems strange to hear doubts of the propriety of such a mingling. For our part, we should be disposed to question the soundness of that man's faith who did not feel warmly for the welfare of his country, and who was not prepared to brave the censure of his nearest friend in its vindication. We have no doubt that the Established Clergy will constitute a most valuable and independent class of voters; and we should be sincerely sorry that any such absurd and injurious an anomaly should enter into a bill of general enfranchisement as their disqualification.

No, if we must have changes, let them be changes in the right direction, let them be confirmations of the principles of the Bill, not violations; let them be enlargements of the freedom, wherewith it is destined to make us free, not restrictions of it. More members, more voters, we will receive with joy and rejoicing; but, if that may not be, if we may have nothing but the Bill, let us, at least, have—THE WHOLE BILL.

LAY OF THE LEAST MINSTREL,

By the Author of "Nights of the Round Table," &c. &c.

BLESSINGS be on thee, merry Siskin,
Fluttering through my narrow hall,
Round on airy winglet whisking,
Blithesome, though an exiled thrall:

For thou wast borne from far, my Birdie,
Strapped on a roaming Savoyard's back,
Trained to tune up thy hurdy-gurdy,
To store the merry varlet's pack.

But bless thy stars, my witless PETER,
And prize my cabin snug and *bien*;
Where thou may'st churm thy High-Dutch metre,
With seeds a store, and water sheen;—

To dip thy bill, and lave thy bosom,
And flirt adown thy dappled wing,
Till drops roll from my living blossom,
Like pearls from Beauty's severed string.

And pranks hast thou, and wiles a many,
Sweet *Minne-singer* of the Rhine,
Best known to me—but prized by any
That love to note *wee* ways like thine;—

Now on that mirrored shadow peering,
Thou little deem'st thy pretty self;
Now, on the lattice, singing, veering,
A restive, shy, but gladsome elf:—

Scanning aloft, with curious eye,
Those sable giants† sailing past;
Or viewing, in the storm-vexed sky,
The sea-mews tossing on the blast.

But presto—whisk!—that shade? alas!
Why plume thy wings in quivering pride?
Think'st thou that mockery thing of glass
Can ever be thy life-warm bride?

—Go, gentle bachelor, content thee
To trill, in aimless repetition,
Thy love-lays, tuned to measures dainty,
Like brother bards of small condition.

And notes hast thou breathe not of gladness,
Congenial more with moods of mine
Snatches of mirth, with strains of sadness,
Born of the land of love and wine.

Pensive and low, thy veiled voice swelling,
Like Judah's songs, by Babel's stream;
As if thine infant vine-branch dwelling,
Were rising in some elfin dream.

Come tell me of that forest-bower,
With thoughts of which thy bosom swells:—
Say, hung thy father's tiny tower,
By Rolands-Eck or Drachenfels?

From what *plumed* baron of the Rhine
Does PETER date his *high-born* race?
What *hatchments*, with the Goldspink line,
Enriched their blood, refined their grace?

Little wott'st thou of family story,—
Ah, Peter, less thou reck'st, I fear!
Thy young breast beats—but not for glory—
A minstrel, but no cavalier.

Hadst thou heard Brunswick's battle-cry,
Come rushing down the bold, broad Rhine,
Shivering the leafy canopy.
Where nestled the ‡Aberdevine;—

Even thy bead-drop of German blood
Had kindled to heroic blaze;
But, tush! such "Tales of field and flood"
Happed in thy great great-grandsire's days.

Remember'st thou thy tiny mother,
What eve thy lore in flight began,
Thine, and that scarce-breeched brat's, thy brother,
In circlets safe of half a span?

O! how her little breast was beating,
When first ye poised your timid wings,
Advancing bold, but swift retreating,
Like imp burst from his leading-strings.

But fledgling brave, wast thou, my Fairy,
I trow her matron pride rose high,
When from the vine-twig's tendrils airy,
Peered *Peterkin*, askance and shy.

Fader, in wider air careering,
Would wile thee to the topmost blossom;
But thou, small rogue, sly downward veering,
Sought'st *wee mama's* soft *croodlin* bosom.

And July's moon rode brightly by,
Red strawberries through the leaves were glowing;
Our PETER now could feed and fly,
Yea, cross small brooks, *sans* sails or rowing.

Remember'st then, my grave *Recorder*,§
An eve of balm, the broad earth mute,
When, by the grey Rhine's castled border,
Thou wak'dst thy little *Zauber Flote*?

A faint, low churm, a louder trill—
When all abashed, thou stinted'st singing—
Listen'dst, and, "at its own sweet will,"
Let out thy voice, melodious ringing.‖

And did *Frau Siskin* praise her pet?
And what, pray, said yon small *Meinheer*?
But, Peter,—it were best forget,—
All, all, are perished—thou art here!

A mortal lot is thine and mine,—
So, Peter, best all be forgot,—
And ours the mutual task divine,
To sweeten each a mortal lot.

I moisten Peter's merry whistle,
And Peter lilts, my small apostle.

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† The crows, special objects of wonder to Peter.

‡ Aberdevine is the proper name of Peter's tribe.

§ A young bird beginning to try its voice in song is called a *Recorder*—its little, bashful, lisping, first attempts are termed *recording*. Save the expanding faculties of childhood, nothing can be more sweetly engaging than this process—not even the unfolding of flowers.

‖ It is scarce necessary to tell that, in this stanza, Chaucer and Wordsworth, the *first* and the *latest* of England's Poets, have been pressed into the service of illustrating Peter's education.

PRESENT ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

It was conjectured from the first, that the Tory lords would not be such bad tacticians as to repeat their stab at Reform in the same place, and that they would take to themselves the grace of allowing of the second reading. The Ultras, whose passions have an organ in the Quarterly Review, are displeased with this temporizing policy, as they term it, which proceeds from apprehensions in which their bloated presumption does not permit them to share: but many of the peers are perfectly sensible of the danger of their position; they are not lulled to security by the "grim repose," and have some notion of the peril of stirring up the wrath of a nation. They perceive that a second rejection of the Bill will have an effect materially different from the first, as it is scarcely possible that the Ministry can continue in office, and carry on with the hope of success. Lord Grey and his colleagues, who have stood between them and the people's resentment, should be withdrawn, and a bitter conflict of unexampled inequality would commence—the few with their riches on the one side, the many with their wrongs on the other. Then would the oligarchy find themselves in the condition of the ass in the fable loaded with treasure; for their possessions, in turbulent times, would be more troublesome to defend, than available for defence or attack, and, according to the extent of them, the obnoxious individual's sensibility to annoyance and injury would be increased. These are considerations to be looked forward to by men who incur the hazard of convulsing a country; and those who see their way, however stern their resolves may be, perceive the prudence of evading the popular hatred by every art in their power, and breaking the force of it by frittering away the provocations in a warfare of detail, allowing of various changes of position, which make it difficult for the public to fix upon any particular act in the process, as chargeable with the responsibility and odium of the ultimate defeat. Now, Lord A. votes for a part of the bill, and presently he votes against an important clause; and, again, he votes for another. Lord B. alternates with him; and each pleads that he has shewn no factious hostility, and only exercised a fair discretion, adopting the good and rejecting the questionable parts; and, yet, by this process, the measure is stabbed in a hundred places! "Thou canst not say I did it," is, however, the defence of each conspirator.

The pride of the Ultra-Tories disrelishes this plan of operation which implies an awe of the popular resentment. They would break the sticks in bundle, and not condescend to pick and choose, and break this, and pass that. Despising that insignificant body, the nation, which they have so long abused with impunity that they mistake its patience for impotence, they hold in contempt those who would shuffle with it rather than trample it fiercely under foot. Their laugh at the more prudent intriguers, reminds us of the story of the young reprobate who derided the barefooted friar, saying, "Father, if there should happen to be no other world, you will be in sorry case after all your mortifications."—"Son," answered the other, "if there should be another world, your mistake will be the more serious of the two."

If there should happen to be such a thing as spirit in the nation, the Ultra-Tory error would have the more serious consequences to the blunderer. Either policy, however, must be disastrous. Both members of the faction would hook the whale with their trout-line; the only difference is, that the Ultras would strike hard, and refuse to give an inch,

while the moderate Tories would let the reel run, and give the mighty creature play to avoid his plunges, and cunningly to prevent his discovering that he is caught—which discovery he is not likely to make when tickled with such tackle. With a flap of the tail, or a spurt of water, either fisher in troubled waters would be canted mast high. That they can hold the nation in captivity with their angling rod, we have no sort of apprehension; but it is not equally certain that they may not catch a gudgeon in Lord Grey. While the cause is in the hands of Ministers, it is not absolutely safe; whenever it may be thrown down to the people it will soon be secured. Lord Grey has all in his power; he can retrieve as many blunders as he chooses to commit save one, and for that one he is now reported to be reserving himself, viz. the postponement of the creation of Peers, till he perceives the necessity on the bringing up of the report, when, with a majority, any damage is to be repaired that may have been done in committee. Thus all the moral effect of a series of victories is to be given to the enemy, and as the *Times* has sagaciously observed, the half-reform Lords will say the House is so pledged "to those great changes, that though we voted against them with ministers, now that they are carried, it will be childish to disturb them; so that on the report, we shall deem it our duty to oppose the Ministers and defend the alterations."

But, suppose the necessity for a creation should not have been made apparent before the bringing up of the report,---suppose the wily Tories should play a game a foot deeper than Lord Grey's,—suppose they should join his ranks, and swell his minority to a majority in committee, and desert, at the last moment, on the third reading?

All as yet is speculation; and we write but on rumours, which are all adverse, indeed, to confidence in Lord Grey. He has the cards in his hands; and is it possible that he will lose the game rather than play his trumps?—All that we know is, that he has the power for any patriotic purpose; and if we suddenly saw in the Gazette a list of the new creations, our only surprise would be at the vigour and decision so manifested. For the final issue we have no fears; but, for the sake of public confidence and suffering industry, we earnestly desire the means for the end to be produced,—the security against the possibility of miscarriage—*the new Peers.*

SONNET.

WRITTEN AMIDST THE RUINS OF FINCHALL ABBEY.

THESE ivied walls, which leaning seem to nod
To very ruin, who would help to rend
In rage or bigotry, doth sure offend
'Gainst Nature's self, as well as Nature's God.
Pale contemplation sat upon that sod,
Beneath the shade, where cliff and foliage blend;
And he, whom the harsh world would not befriend,
Here found contentment, and could bless the rod.
Snatch'd from the bondage of life's restless round,
Forgot alike ambition, love, and pride,
In "measureless content" could I rest here,—
Forgetting I had e'er heard other sound
Than the fantastic breezes when they sigh'd,
Or the clear music of the lonely Wear.

T. D.

ANE CROUSE CRAW.

AIR—"*The Campbells are coming.*"

To the vot'ries of Freedom,—'twas the Editor spoke,—
Unharness your shoulders from EBONY'S ;* yoke —
Our watch-word's "the King and the People," I ween,
Then crowd to the banner of Tait's Magazine!

CHORUS.

Oh! talent and genius shall stamp every page,
There's song for the youth, and there's lore for the sage,
And terse little articles, pungent and keen,
Shall sprinkle the pages of Tait's Magazine.

She bursts into light with the birds and the flowers,
And the treasures of MIND o'er the kingdom she pours;
Her risible powers shall exterminate spleen;—
Then rush to the banner of Tait's Magazine.
For talent and genius, &c.

She shall speed thro' the land over mountain and plain,
Like Pallas new sprung from old Jupiter's brain;
'Neath the flash of her eye all her rivals must quail,
For great is the TRUTH, and must ever prevail!
For talent and genius, &c.

'Tis a subject for Wilkie—the best, tho' the last—
To paint her antagonists standing aghast,
With spite in their faces, and tears in their e'en,
As they gaze on the glories of Tait's Magazine.
For talent and genius, &c.

Her trembling opponents wax deadly and pale,
For her star's in the zenith, her shout's on the gale;
And multitudes—myriads, hail her their Queen;
March on to thy glory, then, Tait's Magazine!

For talent and genius shall stamp every page,
There's song for the youth, and there's lore for the sage,
And terse little articles, pungent and keen,
Shall sprinkle the pages of Tait's Magazine.

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* And soon some trusty brother of the *trade*
Will do for thee what thou hast done for thousands.
Blair.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

[Under this head we propose to give:—1st, A Historical Register of the past month. 2d, A Commercial Register, relating to the same period. 3d, Short Reviews of the publications of the month. 4th, Criticism on the new Music of the month. To these may be added, occasionally, notices of novelties in the arts of Painting and Sculpture, and of the Drama. The Magazine is published on the last day of every month; and these records of the leading events in Art, Literature, Politics, and Trade, are brought down regularly to the latest possible period.]

POLITICAL HISTORY.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

THE speech delivered from the throne at the opening of the present session, on the 6th of December, 1831, indicated the line of policy intended to be pursued by Ministry, in so far only as it touched upon the topics to which their attention was principally directed. For our part, we prefer the American mode of entering into a detailed account of the domestic condition and foreign relations of the State, and an explicit statement of the political measures which the rulers have in contemplation. The only legitimate objects of free governments are to promote the happiness of the people at home, and defend against foreign aggression. These can in no way be furthered by secrecy, mystery, and *coups d'état*, (we had almost written *de theatre.*) The brief prorogation which preceded the re-assembling of Parliament, and other specialties, are, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for Ministers on the present occasion, but the general principle ought never to be lost sight of.

The subjects recommended to the attention of Parliament were:—Reform, Cholera, the state of Ireland, the Financial arrangements for the year, our relations with France, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal. We shall endeavour to follow the progressive insight into the views of Ministry on each of these important topics, afforded by their gradual development in the course of the debates.

REFORM.—In the speech from the throne, "a speedy and satisfactory settlement" of the question of Reform is urgently recommended. The future proceedings of the Ministry showed that they adhered to their original purpose of remodelling our constitution by three separate bills, applicable to the varying exigencies of the three incorporated nations. —That for reforming the representation of England, was brought up and read for the first time on the 12th December. The bill had been considerably amended in regard to precision of expression; and some of its minor arrangements had been modified in order to evade the quibbling objections of the preceding session. The Opposition modestly claimed these parts as their own, but like unnatural parents attacked them as fiercely as if they had been the brood of their adversaries. The theme most fertile in discussion was "certain anomalies in the application of the principle upon which the right of returning a member was conceded or denied." The friends of the measure were at times silly enough to argue this point. The only answer was:—"The present basis of the representation is too narrow and unequally distributed. The basis proposed to be substituted is better, but makes no pretence to perfection. That could only be obtained by an entire alteration of our elective system." Between the cavils of enemies, and the attempts of *precisian* friends to plaster it into perfect smoothness, the bill was reported "not a whit the worse of the wear" for the tugging and tearing it had met with in Committee, on Wednesday the 14th of March.—The Irish and Scotch bills were each read for the first time on Friday, the 19th of January; and then allowed to lie over till the tug of war regarding the English bill should be over. The Irish members complain loudly that a fair proportion of members has not been allotted to Ireland. To this we would make nearly the same answer as to the Tory objections to the English bill:—"The measure professes to be no more than the nearest approximation to perfect right, rendered possible by the present state of strength and enlightenment of the reforming interest. Will you, because you cannot get more members, refuse a more perfect control over

those you have?" Nevertheless let us have the matter fairly and fully discussed. We are anxious to see the measure as perfect as possible. A clamour has been raised on similar grounds against the Scotch Bill by Sir George Murray and other equally stanch reformers. On this head we refer our readers to an article on "The Scotch Bill" in our present number.—The proceedings in the House of Commons relating to the question of reform, have however been comparatively uninteresting. Every one knows that the measure is safe enough there. It is the caballing and intriguing that is going on out of doors, and above all the sickening uncertainty regarding the firmness of ministers that has prolonged the popular fever. A rally has been attempted by the Tories in Edinburgh and two or three other places, but the voices of the malcontents have died away melancholy, as the voice of a solitary wanderer in the desert. Lords Wellington and Londonderry set at defiance all rules of etiquette in hopes to bully the King into submission. The corporation of Dublin, thinking like Looney M'Twolter, that "they were the boys for bewitching him," came over and made their bow to Majesty, and went back with a flea in their ear. Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, sullied a fame hitherto spotless, by holding out delusive prospects of an accommodation. A knot of hollow reformers entered into a bond to accept the bill with *any* alterations the Lords might make upon it. And amid all this base falsehood, trickery and contempt of every principle of common honesty or even decent hypocrisy, NO WORD OF PEERS. By this time next month we shall know better. Meanwhile the Unions

Lie couching head on ground, with cat-like watch.

In every town-land, borough and parish the friends of Reform know each other and are prepared to act in concert. An affiliation of all the Unions, to pay no direct tax, but to allow themselves to be distrained, would be the work of a week. *In matters of legislation and finance members of Parliament are our Representatives; in the task of forming a Constitution they are our Delegates.*

CHOLERA.—In the king's speech the arrival of this unwelcome guest was announced, and effectual measures to guard against it were said to have been taken. These measures have been utterly devoid of use; and the bills since introduced do not seem to be much more effective. There has been a great deal of talk about the matter in *the* House—little to the purpose.

STATE OF IRELAND.—The passage in the speech from the throne which refers to this unhappy country is as follows. "In parts of Ireland a systematic opposition has been made to the payment of Tithes, attended in some instances with afflicting results; and it will be one of your first duties to inquire whether it may not be possible to effect improvements in the Laws respecting this subject, which may afford the necessary protection to the established church, and at the same time remove the present causes of complaint."—In pursuance of this recommendation, Lord Melbourne moved the appointment of a Committee on Irish Tithes, in the Lords, on the 15th of December; and the same evening Mr. Stanley moved for a similar Committee in the Commons.—On the 7th of February, Earl Grey, in presenting a petition on this subject, used the words: "I think it absolutely and imperatively necessary, before we proceed to legislate on this subject, generally, that the authority of the law, as it at present stands, should be fully vindicated." This caused great alarm; but, on the 14th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called up by the manly and indignant eloquence of Mr. Walker, explained, that the noble Lord, at the head of the Government, merely intended to say, by way of apology, for the extraordinary assistance lent to the Irish tithe-proctor; "that when extraordinary powers were necessary to enforce the law, they ought not be given unless they were accompanied with a remedy for the grievances complained of." In the course of the discussion an insidious attempt, on the part of Mr. Croker, to attribute different sentiments to the Irish Secretary, drew from Mr. Stanley the explicit declaration, that "the extinction of the present system of tithes was contemplated by government."—On the 16th, the Committee of the Lords, and on the 18th, the Committee of the Commons presented their first reports. Both agreed in recommending the extinction of the tithe system in Ireland; but both agreed in attributing more importance to the embarrassments of the clergy than to the sufferings of the peasantry.—Mr. Stanley having given notice of a motion on the subject, twenty-four Irish members met, on the 5th of March, to determine what course they ought to pursue. On the 8th, Mr. Stanley moved, "That this House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider the subject of Tithes in Ireland." This was met by a counter-motion that further inquiry should be delayed until the Committee had finished their investigations, and

submitted their reports and evidence to the House. The original motion was agreed to by a majority of 314 to 31. —On the 13th, Mr. Stanley moved a string of resolutions, concluding with a proposal to commute the Church's claim to tithes for landed rights. It is evident that the force of events has driven Ministers to entertain a bolder scheme than at first; but they must go further. The only measure which can settle the question, is to place the Catholic and Presbyterian churches in Ireland on a footing of equality with the Episcopalian, and abrogate tythes for ever.---Some other Irish grievances have been adverted to, but no legislative proceedings having been founded upon them; they tell only as indications of public feeling, for which the reader is referred to the head of "Ireland." The most important bills introduced with a view to the benefit of Ireland, are:---"A bill for consolidating and amending the laws relative to Jurors and Juries in Ireland;" and "A Bill to repeal an act, &c. entituled, 'an Act to amend the Law of Ireland, respecting the Assignment and Subletting of Lands and Tenements,' and to substitute other provisions in lieu thereof;"---"An Act to extend the Jurisdiction of Civil Bill Courts in Ireland, from the late Irish currency to the present currency of the realm;" and "An Act to enable his Majesty's Postmaster-General to extend the accommodation by Post, and regulate the Privilege of Franking in Ireland." The urgency of the Irish distillers has extorted a partial repeal of the malt drawback, to the manifest detriment of many individuals in Scotland, and without any rational prospect of advantage to themselves. Any thing that bolsters up the old rotten system of seeking to alleviate impolitic burdens by the costly counter-agent of appointing officials to repay what ought never to have been exacted, ought to be eschewed.

FINANCE.---The King's speech promised that the estimates for the ensuing year should be formed "with the strictest regard to economy. It has been proposed by Ministers, that the financial year shall, in future, begin on the first of April and close on the 31st of March. This accounts for the manner in which the estimates are here stated.

Civil Government Charges from 1st January 1832, to 31st March 1833, -	£195,000	0	0
Civil Contingencies for same period, - -	200,000	0	0
Miscellaneous Estimates for same period, -	496,543	0	0
Navy Estimates from 1st January to 31st March 1832, -	1,090,207	16	7
Victualling and Medical Departments for same period, -	332,881	18	0
Army Effective Service, from 1st January to 31st March 1832,	901,631	3	4
Non-Effective, for same period,	729,860	18	8
Commissariat, for same period,	116,440	1	5
Ordnance, for same period,	341,163	0	0
Grand Total of Naval Estimates for 1832-33,	4,908,034	14	7
Commissariat, 1832-33,	328,750	7	6
Ordnance, 1832-33, -	1,015,359	0	0
Army Extraordinaries from 1st January 1832, to 31st March 1833, - -	300,000	0	0

The Army Estimates of Effective and Non-Effective for 1832–33, have not yet come to hand.

In the whole of these estimates, there is a visible struggle to retrench. This praiseworthy effort is particularly conspicuous in the Naval department.—The Army Estimates are the most obnoxious to censure; so much so, that Sir Henry Parnell's determination not to move them in their present form, was one of the principal causes of his resignation. The evil lies in the anomalous arrangement which places the whole real power in this department in the Commander-in-Chief's office. *The Secretary at War is, in most matters, merely a clerk to register the acts of the Horse Guards. The Duke of Wellington, through the instrumentality of his creature, Lord Hill, is, at present, the real minister in this department.*—The charge of the debt continues exactly where it was.—Exertions have been made to simplify the system of management in some departments of government in a manner that promises immediate retrenchment, and increased power of future control. This remark is applicable, in particular, to Sir James Grahame's bill, to "amend the laws relating to the business of the Civil Departments of the Navy, and to make other regulations for more effectually carrying on the Duties of the said Departments." The benefits of the Bill for uniting the office of Surveyor-General of Works with that of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, is more questionable. The Board of Works might have more advantageously been merged in the Ordnance department.—Ministry have committedo ne unfortunate blunder

in their pecuniary arrangements:—we allude to their payment of the interest and instalment of the Russia-Dutch loan without consulting Parliament.—A deficiency in the last quarter of last year, which was laid hold ofby the Opposition, was of little consequence, and clearly attributable to a measure carried into effect by themselves when in office.—Some interesting information on the head of Finance will, most probably, be elicited by the Financial Resolutions which Colonel Torrens has announced his intention of moving on the 29th of March.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.—We have not yet got quite rid of our accursed habit of poking our finger into other people's pies, and getting it scalded for our pains. What had we to do lecturing the Belgians and Dutch as to the best arrangement of their internal affairs? All that was allowable for us or any other *civilized* nation was to see that no third party interfered with their arrangements.—A convention has been entered into with France, for the effectual suppression of the African slave-trade. The reciprocity treaty with that country is not yet matured.

LEGISLATION.—In this department we have had, during the period to which our retrospect reaches, the usual piddling attempts at law-tinkering. When will men learn that the way to amend law is not by rendering it more complicated and contradictory. We have at this moment lying before us no less than ten bills relating to England, three to Scotland, and twelve to Ireland,—all purporting to be amendments on the law as it at present stands, or improvements in the manner of conducting judicial proceedings. Now, it is certain, that the object of most of these enactments is desirable; but in the first place there are few of them calculated to attain their end; and in the second place no care has been taken to ascertain in how far they will assimilate and work in harmony with the already existing regulations. Each of these will, before it effect anything, become "the fruitful mother of a dozen more." Our courts and laws are in many respects defective—miserably defective; but it is not by such puny, unscientific, piece-meal legislation that they are to be amended.—From these remarks an honourable exception must be made in favour of Mr. Campbell's general Registry Bill, and the bills for—"The Limitation of Actions and Suits relating to Real Property, and for simplifiying the Remedies for trying the Rights thereto;"—"For the Abolition of Fines and Recoveries, and the substitution of more simple modes of assurance;"—"For the Amendment of the law relating to the Estate of a tenant by the curtesy of England;"—"For the Amendment of the Law relating to Dower;"—and "For the Amendment of the Law of Inheritance." Each of these has a reference to the rest, and might take its place in a revised system of law. They are the fruit of anxious study—based upon the invaluable researches of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Law of Real Property. In particular the Registry Bill, against which the combined clamour of ignorance and interest has been so portentously raised, is a measure indispensable to the safety of the honest dealer. It is pitiable to see the manly sense of Englishmen truckling to the insinuations of attornies travelling from county to county.* It makes one sad for human nature to see such displays as the opposition of the member for Durham—that happy compound of dulness and pertness—presents.—With pleasure do we enter upon our record, Mr. Sadler's Factory Bill. Directly opposed as we are to this gentleman in his political creed, we are happy to bear testimony to the pure benevolence which has inspired this measure. In a healthy state of society it would be uncalled for; but until our happy days return, it is just that those who are not of age to think and act for themselves should be shielded by the law against that apathy to their sufferings engendered in the breasts of their parents by penury and starvation.

MANCHESTER MASSACRE.—On the 15th of March, Mr. Hunt moved for a Committee to inquire into the events of the 16th of August, 1819. There were for the motion 31; against it 206. This clearly proves that the present parliament is mainly composed of men who see that reform is unavoidable, but not of men imbued with that spirit and those principles which will actuate a reformed legislature. They would politely throw a veil over the atrocities of the expiring system. We say,—"Give them all publicity; let them be graven on our hearts, and on the hearts of our children, and our children's children; that fear and abhorrence may prevent weakness and indolence from hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt." Dr. Lushington, Messrs.

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* Among the petitions against this bill, are to be found many purporting to come from widely distant places, the language of which is verbatim the same. The allegations of one petition are not unfrequently directly contradicted by another. Some of the petitioners honestly confess their ground of objection to be—that the knowledge of the burdens of an estate may render it difficult to obtain money on its security.

Hume, O'Connell, Strickland, and Gillon,—let this be remembered by the people of England—spoke manfully in support of the motion.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

In both countries there has occurred nothing worthy of commemoration since the commencement of the month, but the progress of cholera. Its diffusion since its first arrival at Sunderland has been slow and irregular. In the beginning, its course was northwards; it first reached Newcastle, whence it diffused itself through the surrounding country. Passing over all the intermediate stages, it arrived in Haddington. Thence it spread to Musselburgh, and Portobello. A few cases occurred in Edinburgh. It was next heard of in Kirkintulloch; and in a short time appeared in Glasgow. The next place attacked was London. It was supposed to have disappeared from Edinburgh; but suddenly re-appeared in Canonmills and the village of the Water of Leith, which we certainly have been in the habit of viewing as joined to the town. The disease has been extremely virulent only where it caught the inhabitants unprepared. It seems at its first access almost immedicable. When about to leave a place, it becomes much milder. To this circumstance must be attributed, the immense number of contradictory specifics. Medical men, who at first found all their drugs unavailing, have attributed to their last experimental medicines cures which would have taken place although nothing had been administered. Dissection has hitherto thrown no light on the nature or cause of the disease.

IRELAND.

By the Census of 1831, Ireland must have contained at the commencement of the present year 7,734,365 inhabitants, exclusive of the military, which the present system of government renders it necessary to maintain permanently in that country to aid the police in keeping the people quiet. These millions inhabit 2,450 parishes: of which 1,507 had made arrangements respecting tithes under the Composition Act previous to January 1832. The gross amount of composition is £433,904, 6s. 1d. The whole tithes of Ireland are estimated at £800,000. An article in our present number explains the additional burdens imposed by the establishment upon each parish. The present annual value of the church lands in Ireland we have not been able to ascertain. The Board of first fruits in Ireland has since 1825 expended annually on an average £20,000 in building churches and glebe houses and purchasing glebes. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that resistance to the payment of tithes at present engrosses the public mind in Ireland.—The first decided opposition to the payment of tithe took place in the parish of Graigue (on the borders of Kilkenny and Carlow) in November 1830. The subsequent progress up to the commencement of the present year is beyond the limits of our retrospect. It has gone on increasing since January. In the course of February several meetings to petition against tithes were held in the county of Carlow. There was a meeting in almost every barony of Wexford. But the spirit of resistance has spread beyond the boundaries of Leinster. The inhabitants of the parishes of Kilworth, Kilcrumper, Macrony and Leitrim in the county of Cork, met on the 26th of February to petition against the present oppressive system. Both Protestants and Catholics convened for a similar purpose at Athenry and other parishes in the county Galway on the same day. Even the inhabitants of Pettigo in the distant Donegal, transmitted a memorial to Government on this all-important subject by the hand of the military commandant of the district. But the most imposing of all the meetings were those of Graigue, Naas near Dublin, and the Curragh of Kildare, at each of which, upwards of 10,000 men appeared. The temperate daring of the speakers was every thing that could be desired.—These proceedings of the manly resident landlords and yeomanry of Ireland are not to be confounded with the outrages committed under the pretext of this good cause. Such excesses are perhaps inseparable from moments of popular excitement, which are naturally selected by desperadoes because then "their sounding steps cannot be heard." At any rate this must continue to be the case in Ireland as long as an ill-organised and oppressive government perverts the peasant's sense of right and grinds him to desperation. On the 11th January the Earl of Gosford announced to government an assault committed a few days before upon some of the tithe drivers in the parish of Creggan, county of Armagh. On Thursday the 13th a body of 2,000 men paraded the Barony of Ennisowen in the county of Donegal in a violent and threatening manner, and attacked the house of one individual. On the 23rd. they collected in yet greater numbers at Carndonagh, and broke the windows of the Lieutenant of Police, exclaiming they would not pay rent, tithes

nor taxes until O'Connell had got new laws for Ireland. A party estimated at 7,000 men assembled in like manner at Clonmanny on the 24th and obliged the tithe agent by threats to refund what he had collected. Rockite notices were posted liberally throughout the four provinces. Sir John Harvey, Inspector-General of Police for the province of Leinster, states in his evidence before the Committee on Tithes, that by directing the whole force of military and police which government could bring to bear upon the county of Kilkenny, upon Graigue for two months incessantly, he had not been able to collect above one third of the arrears of tithe due in that parish alone. The Rev. Hans Hamilton stated to the same committee that the disturbed districts (meaning thereby those also in which the opposition was entirely passive) must be proclaimed, and "an overwhelming force of military and police poured in upon them, or tithes must be abandoned;" and to do the Rev. gentleman justice, he seemed most anxious for the adoption of the first alternative.—A Privy Council met at the Castle on the 15th of February, consisting of one Earl and one soldier, the rest clergymen and lawyers, which declared that certain districts of Kilkenny and Queen's County were in a state of disturbance, and required an extraordinary establishment of police. We were not much astonished when Mr. Stanley promulgated his Arms Bill to a wondering senate. The Secretary for Ireland is a clever lad, but he was like many other scions of the Aristocracy sent into Parliament when he ought to have been still at college, to blunder his way into Statesmanship; and your suckling ministers are proverbially fond of "energetic measures." But that men, come to the years of discretion and long resident in Ireland, should have known no better what the time called for is passing strange.—O'Connell managed the matter better. On the 17th of February he dispatched Mr. Thomas Steele on a mission to Ireland. That gentleman attended a meeting of the National Political Union in Dublin on the 23rd, where he was enthusiastically welcomed and called to the chair. He read O'Connell's message to the assembly which briefly and forcibly impressed the mischief which had resulted from outrage, the impediments which violence and crime had thrown in the way of the abolition of tithes. Mr. Steele announced his intention of visiting the disturbed districts, but was assured that the meetings already held, by giving a legal vent to the feelings of the people, had put an effectual check upon disturbances. On Sunday the 4th of March Mr. O'Connell arrived and addressed the Union in person.---The Orangemen have now resolved to try their hand at agitation, and resistance to the imposition of disagreeable taxes. At the very moment that the *protestant* (how a name respectable elsewhere may be rendered odious by the knaves who assume it!) magistrates were clamouring for assistance against what they called insurrection, they refused to act unless relieved of certain fees payable upon the renewal of their commissions. The plea would have been feasible enough, and the manner of urging it unimpeachable from any other quarter. Since that time the enlightened arrangements of the ministry for promoting education in Ireland, have been made a handle for the excitement of factious grumblings: and one baronet with equal piety and good taste has endeavoured to raise the war-cry of "the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

COLONIES.

JAMAICA is the colony in which recent events seem to call most particularly for commemoration.—On Friday the 16th December, 1831, the negroes on the Salt Spring estate, parish of St. James, evinced a spirit of insubordination; and two constables sent to apprehend and convey the ring-leaders to Montego Bay, were assaulted and deprived of their pistols and mules. The town was in a state of alarm, and a thousand confused rumours floated about on Saturday and Sunday. On Monday, immediately after sunset the reflection of conflagrations was seen immediately above the horizon in seven different directions. On the 23rd the trash-houses of York Estate in Trelawny parish were fired; and a strong spirit of insubordination was evinced by the slaves on several other estates. Up to the 30th the number of fires in the parishes of St. James and Trelawny continued on the increase. Nine tenths of the slave population refused to work. The militia had been called out on the 20th, and parties despatched to different stations where insurrectionary movements were expected. At first, wherever they appeared, the negroes retired to the woods. The latter, however, continued to harass their pursuers, and growing bolder by degrees, the parties of militia were withdrawn, lest they should be cut off in detail; and the effective force of the regiment was concentrated in Montego Bay.—Lord Belmore, the governor, who received intelligence of these occurrences

on the 22d, immediately made application to Commodore Farquhar, who, at his request, despatched ships-of-war to Port-Antonio, Montego Bay, and Black River. On the 29th, Sir Willoughby Cotton embarked with two companies of the 84th Regiment for Montego Bay, on board the *Sparrowhawk*. On the 31st, Commodore Farquhar followed in the *Blanche*, with 300 men of the 33d and 84th Regiments; and twelve artillerymen, with two field-pieces and rockets, &c.—On the 29th, the governor having convened a council of war, in due form, martial law was regularly proclaimed. Orders were, at the same time issued to the St. Ann's Western Regiment to assemble at Rio Bueno; the Clarendon Regiment on the confines of Trelawny; the Westmoreland and Hanover Regiments on the confines of St. James's. The object of this arrangement was to cut off all communication between the disturbed districts, and other parts of the island.—These orders had scarcely been given, when intelligence was received from General Robertson that the insurrection had spread into the parish of St. Elizabeth. The General expressed an opinion that his whole force was unable to suppress the insurgents. Accordingly, fifty men of the 77th, were sent on board the *Rose* on the 3d of January, and despatched under the command of Major Wilson, to Black River.—Sir Willoughby Cotton proceeded immediately on his arrival at his destination, to arrange an organized system of operations, in which he was readily seconded by all the militia, with the exception of the Trelawny regiment, of which he found much reason to complain. He succeeded in opening up a communication with Maroon Town, and obtained essential assistance from the Maroons, in tracking the negroes, most of whom retired to the woods. By the 6th, Sir Willoughby was able to write to the Governor that the neck of the insurrection was broken in that district. There have been partial risings at various points since, but the spirit of the negroes seems broken; and, with the exception of a few of the boldest, they are returning to work. Such of the ringleaders as fell into the hands of the military have been shot: the others flogged or pardoned. The amount of lives lost, and property destroyed, is not known, except from vague rumour. Box, a Wesleyan missionary, was apprehended, but liberated by the Governor; there being no tangible accusation brought against him.—On the 31st of December, the governor received intelligence from the custos of the Parish of Portland, that the negroes on three estates had refused to work and betaken themselves to the woods. Captain Tathwell with thirty men of the thirty-third regiment, was accordingly embarked on board the *Hyacinth* for Morant Bay with directions to march thence to Manchioneal; where he found the regiments of Portland, St. George, and St. Thomas, in the east, already assembled. At the same time, forty men of the seventy-seventh were conveyed in the boats of the *Champion* from Port Antonio to Manchioneal. The command of the district was given to Colonel M'Leod, with the rank of Lieut.-General of militia. No farther movements were attempted on the part of the slaves; the burning of a trash-house which occurred, being apparently accidental. The Maroons, however, sent in pursuit of the absconding slaves, found thirty-one houses erected in the deepest recesses of the woods—an indication that their measures must have been taken some time before. The King's proclamation, when read to the negroes in Manchioneal, was treated with undisguised contempt.—On the 14th of January symptoms of insubordination shewed themselves on an estate in St. Anne's parish. This was a quarter in which nothing of the kind had been looked for. An example was made of a ringleader; and two companies of the St. Catherine's militia were marched upon that point to preserve quiet.—Great preparations were made at Kingston, but nothing transpired to shew their necessity.—No occurrence has as yet justified the assertions of the planters that the insurrection was prompted and organized by the sectarian missionaries. The threats against them were, nevertheless, so audacious, that the Wesleyans found themselves under the necessity of claiming the governor's protection. In an interview which three of their number had with his Lordship, at St. Iago, on the 7th of January, this was frankly promised.—Lord Belmore returns to England, and is succeeded by Lord Mulgrave. This arrangement was made some time ago.

DEMERARY and ESSEQUIBO.—The order in Council, dated 2nd November, 1831, was published in this colony on the 12th January, 1832. A protest was immediately drawn up, and signed by the great majority of the proprietors and overseers; a note was appended to this document authorizing certain individuals to appear for the interest of the subscribers, and execute the protest at the Colonial Secretary's Office. They protest against the Order in Council as an

infringement upon the fundamental laws of the Colony and upon the rights of private property; they protest against all authorities and parties concerned in promulgating and enforcing the order; they protest against any obedience they may be forced to yield to its provisions being interpreted into acquiescence or voluntary submission. The paper is eminently characterised by that confusion of language, and that blundering repetition of strong expressions, unavoidable when people are in a towering passion.

ST. LUCIA—The promulgation of the Order in Council was followed by a refusal to furnish government with provisions and other necessaries. A vessel was fitted out to procure the requisite supplies from the neighbouring islands. The colonists endeavoured by the same vessel to forward letters to their correspondents requesting them not to furnish the government with what it wanted. The letters were opened by the acting governor, Lieutenant-colonel Boyden, and an embargo laid upon all vessels from the 18th to the 23rd of January. All shops were shut up, and trade of every kind at a stand-still. The negroes were refusing to work.

It is evident that a crisis is approaching in the history of our West India colonies. They have some reason to complain of our legislature for fettering them with unnecessary taxes and restrictions. On the other hand, they have conceded to us at least a mediative right in their internal arrangements, in return for the protection afforded them by our fleets and armies. This they seek to elude, in the question of negro emancipation, under the pretext that "slaves are not subjects"—thus seeking to remove those unhappy beings from the protection of the laws. There is, we fear, little chance of their seeing the danger in which they stand, till they have pulled down upon themselves a heavier judgment than that of Jamaica.

FOREIGN STATES.

Our intelligence, respecting transactions abroad, since the beginning of the present year, the period at which our historical register commences, is not sufficiently definite and authentic to justify us in recording them. This deficiency shall be amply supplied in future numbers.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

MARCH, 1832.

UNDER this head, we shall record monthly, the state of British Manufactures and Commerce; not confining ourselves to the transactions of the Stock Exchange, or even of "the City," but comprising within our view the great seats of manufacturing industry, and the principal outposts, and examining the causes which affect the prosperity of the Foreign and Home Trade in all its most extensive branches.

At the period when our labours commence, trade is suffering under depression from two great causes; first, the suspension of confidence as to internal tranquillity, owing to the delay in passing the Reform Bill; and, secondly, the appearance of the Cholera in the metropolis, and in one of our great manufacturing districts, in both of which it has had effects like those it produces on the human frame, checking the circulation, obstructing the pores, and oppressing the sources of life and activity. Yet as the disease has fallen upon a subject not previously unhealthy, there is good reason to believe that the patient will, ere long, recover. A more permanent cause, it must be allowed, bears upon the energies of the nation—in some degree limiting the extent of its operations, but still more reducing the profit upon them, namely, the oppressive load of taxation. Low profits and low wages are a universal subject of complaint, and thus industry is kept unduly on the strain with inadequate compensation. The passing of the Reform Bill, whose fruits will be public confidence and economical government; the abolition of the Corn Laws, which would remove an incubus from the productive classes; the opening of the markets of India and China to our merchants, or the modification of the American tariff,—any one of these things—much more all—would give a spring to the national industry, and hasten the return of prosperity. A melancholy reverse would be produced by the spread of the Cholera to the English manufacturing districts.

The currency of the country is in a

sound state, and the bill circulation indicates a healthy condition of trade. There never was less of speculation or overtrading. Stocks are low both in the hands of the manufacturer and the retail dealer. Money is not scarce. The farmers are feeling the beneficial effects of a good harvest and a high price of wool, which enable them to struggle against excessive rents. The manufacturers are, generally speaking, active; and the foreign trade is pretty good. Here are substantial grounds for hope, if the clouds should pass away from the political horizon.

But to descend to particulars:

LONDON, the great centre of commercial and money transactions, is nearly paralyzed by the Cholera. In consequence of the quarantine established in foreign countries, there is a distressing stagnation in the shipping and export trade; and even the country dealers, who are accustomed to make their purchases of manufactured goods in the metropolis, have been kept away by fear of the pestilence. Should this cause continue long to prevail, it will be nearly as ruinous to tradesmen, as it is calamitous to the labouring classes.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE,—by far the largest branch of manufacturing industry,—is, on the whole, in a flourishing state. At *Manchester*, and the other great towns of Lancashire, the weavers, both by the hand-loom and power-loom, are in full employment; though the hand-loom weavers are, and ever will be, wretchedly paid, owing to the facility of learning that employment, the consequent liability to an overstock of hands, and the competition of the power-loom. The demand for goods is large and increasing, both for the foreign and home trade, and stocks are low. The spinning branch is much depressed, and has, for some months back, been a very losing trade. The printers have experienced admirable effects from the repeal of the duty on printed cottons and muslins, by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer; they have made a great advance in the excellence of their work, and have distanced all foreign competition, when quality and cheapness are taken together. The best French prints may equal, or even excel, the best English; but the former are too expensive to meet the English in the general markets of the world. The prospects of the Cotton Manufactures are decidedly good, if the cholera should not reach the manufacturing districts. In Scotland, this calamity has already occurred, and is severely felt. *Glasgow* and *Paisley*, where trade was previously good, have had their activity much restricted, and their prospects clouded, by the existence of the distemper, which is ever found to produce much more alarm at a distance, than in the place where it actually exists. Owing to the quarantine regulations, the shipments of goods are very few; and even when Scotch manufactured goods are sent to be shipped at Liverpool, the foreign consuls there make diligent inquiry, and certify that they came from an infected place. The manufacturers are looking to the necessity of working short hours, and dismissing many of their workmen; and some of the principal houses have bought goods in Manchester to execute their orders. The shipping of the Clyde is necessarily in a very depressed state.

At *Liverpool*, which is so closely connected with the manufacturing districts, and shares their prosperity or distress, trade is decidedly good; it is indeed in a state of unusual activity, owing to the obstruction of the Thames and the Clyde. The demand for cotton is steady and even increasing; and as the quantity imported has been less this year than last, as the stocks are now lower than in March 1831, and as the present crop is believed to be short of what was estimated, and not exceeding an average, the price has risen in all qualities, especially in the low and common kinds. The exports of manufactured goods from Liverpool were greater during the last year, and the first two months of the present, than have been known for many years past, especially to the United States. The Dutch colonies of the East, cut off from the Belgian manufactures, are now considerable customers to the English. There is also an extensive trade to China, especially in cotton goods and yarn, carried on from Liverpool, by the Americans; when the absurd monopoly of the East India Company is at an end, this branch will come into the hands of our own countrymen.

THE WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE, which ranks next in importance to the cotton, is in a less flourishing condition. The mildness of the winter has had an unfavourable effect on the demand for coarse woollens, blankets, and flannels. The cholera in London has occasioned many orders, both for the capital and foreign countries, to be countermanded. The rise in the price of the raw material which, in the low and middle qualities has been great, has also narrowed the profits of the manufacturer; cloth has not experienced a proportionate rise, and the attempt to obtain it has injuriously affected the sale. The country demand is, on

the whole, steady. During the last year, the exports were exceedingly large, especially to the United States; that market being now fully stocked, a reaction is taking place. The trade to Portugal is suspended, in consequence of the critical state of that country, Don Miguel's lawless tyranny, and the monstrous quarantine of seventy days established against English vessels. A good trade is anticipated to Germany and the north of Europe. The important market of Brazil is nearly lost, owing to the total want of confidence in the stability of the Government.

In the *West of England*, the woollen manufacture is much brisker than it has been for a long time past; extensive orders for the East Indies have contributed much to produce this effect. At *Leeds* and *Halifax* the trade is dull, and the mills are working short hours: but the domestic manufacturers in the populous clothing villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire are, for the most part fully employed, though making miserable profits. At *Huddersfield*, trade is more lively, especially in the fancy manufacture.

The WORSTED STUFF MANUFACTURE, whose chief seat is at *Bradford* and the neighbourhood, is in a tolerably good state.

FOREIGN WOOL, of middle and low qualities, is scarce and steady in price. The finer qualities were never cheaper. ENGLISH LONG WOOLS keep up from the scanty supply. ENGLISH SHORT WOOLS were rather lower at the great fair at Bristol in the beginning of this month, and the Leicester market is flat.

The SILK MANUFACTURE. The unfavourable side of this manufacture has been fully exhibited in Parliament: the trade is undoubtedly much depressed, and the manufacturers of Spitalfields, Macclesfield, and Congleton, are suffering severely. Yet the distress of these places is more owing to the successful competition of Manchester, where all the silk weavers are fully employed, than to the competition of the French. The trade has extended immensely since it was partially opened by Mr. Huskisson.

The GLOVE MANUFACTURE at Worcester has been much injured by the competition of Yeovil, Chard, &c. as well as by the new manufacture of cotton gloves at Leicester. The fact, that the importation of the raw material of leather gloves was twice as large in 1831 as in 1829, amply proves that this trade is not going to decay.

THE IRON MANUFACTURE. An excessive supply has for a long time kept prices extremely low, notwithstanding a very great demand. Stocks are somewhat decreasing, and the home and export trade is large, but prices do not rise.

The HARDWARE AND CUTLERY MANUFACTURES of Birmingham and Sheffield are in a state of great activity.

The market for COLONIAL PRODUCE has been greatly agitated, owing to the negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the dreadful loss of property it involves. *Sugar* has consequently risen in price. The attempt made in Parliament to obtain a reduction of the duties, the narrow division by which that attempt was defeated, and the expectation held out by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of some alteration favourable to the West India Interest, keep the trade in suspense.

The commercial world are looking with much anxiety to a modification of the Tariff of the United States. The liquidation of the national debt of that country, which will take place this year, would at once enable Congress to make a great reduction in the duties on imported commodities; nor is it probable that a people like the Americans will consent to pay heavy taxes, when the revenue does not require it, for the mere protection of the manufacturers of New-England. A bill for gradually reducing the high duties on cotton, woollen, and iron manufactures introduced by Mr. MacDuffie, is now before the House of Representatives: its fate is uncertain, yet, that some such measure must soon pass, appears almost inevitable. A modification of the English Corn Laws would accelerate a modification of the American Tariff; and, by each of these measures, the people of Great Britain would prodigiously gain in wealth and comfort.

The "Comparative Statement of British and Foreign Tonnage which have entered the Ports of Great Britain for the last six years, ending 5th January, 1832," presented to the House of Commons on the 5th of March, is inserted here, as a valuable comment upon the alleged decline of the shipping interest, from the adoption of free-trade principles.

Year.	British Tonnage.	Foreign Tonnage.
1826	1,796,250	643,922
1827	1,972,780	715,824
1828	1,955,548	604,097
1829	2,033,854	682,048
1830	2,036,091	736,297
1831	2,236,446	847,320

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MEDICINE.

Supplement to the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal: containing Official Reports, and Analyses of other Recent Publications on Malignant Cholera. Edinburgh: Adam Black.

WE notice this valuable number of one of the most able medical periodicals in Europe, in order to save us from the necessity of lumbering our pages with the titles of the publications on cholera, "in number numberless," spawned, like premature births, under the influence of terror. The most valuable are briefly indicated in the "Supplement;" which contains, moreover, full details of the cholera, as it appeared in Russia, Poland, and Egypt, and in our own country. The paper by Dr. Christison, detailing the arrangements of the Edinburgh Board of Health, is particularly valuable.

Observations on the Medical Treatment of Insanity. By EDWARD J. SEYMOUR, M.D. London: Longman & Co.

THIS volume contains the substance of the Croonian lectures, delivered in May, 1831, by the author. He confines himself to "the investigation of diseases of the sensorium, arising from the disturbance of its intellectual perceptions, either actually commencing in the brain itself, or secondarily, from the extraordinary sympathy of that organ with viscera, in the other cavities of the body." This we hold to be anything rather than clear language. The style is agreeable, the arrangement natural, and the subject interesting. No new light, however, is thrown upon either the nature or origin of the disease, or best modes of cure. The treatise would, as an exercise, do credit to a pupil, but is scarcely worthy of a teacher.

HISTORY, STATISTICS, AND TRAVELS.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Political, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Chronicle for the year 1831. London: Henry Washbourne.

UPON the whole this work is better than its predecessors; and has the merit of more liberal politics. There is still room, however, for the improvement which the Editor promises in the next volume. Of the present one, the part most worthy of commendation is the abstract of parliamentary proceedings which is executed with fairness. We are not insensible to the apology that the Chronicle of foreign events has been necessarily limited by the importance of the occurrences at home: but this portion of the book is of unequal execution; and the narrative of Polish affairs is particularly meagre.—Though a reformer, the author in his chapter on Domestic History, has hazarded various opinions and insinuations which *he* may perhaps refer to in proof of his impartiality, but which are too like paltering to the views of the crafty, worthless faction, which foresees its merited extinction in the success of Reform. He thinks that the connexion of "*the enlightened and honourable portion*" of the advocates of Parliamentary Reform, with the system of incendiarism and destruction of property, is utterly impossible. Truly, the Reformers are much obliged to him for the cautious admission. A raging Conservative could not have been more nicely guarded in his language. The cloven foot appears again, when we are informed that the "*respectable*" part of the press exerted itself to maintain order after the rejection of the Bill by the Lords; the "*worthless portion*" of it to promote discord and anarchy; but that the people remained quiet notwithstanding its endeavours, and "the imprudent violence of many of the public speakers." The decision of the Peers did indeed produce discord; but we know of no portion of the press which laboured to create anarchy; and the language of the public speakers though determined, was almost uniformly moderate—sometimes too moderate.—We are not surprised that a writer so accommodating to lordly prejudice, should direct his pointless arrows against Political Unions; that he should deem the existence of these "clubbists" as he terms them illegal, inconsistent with monarchy, nay, perhaps dangerous to the security of property; and that he is inclined to think they should instantly have been suppressed by Government! How comes it that not a word is said of the Charles-street gang? Are open associations to concentrate public opinion, more unconstitutional than secret cabals for the universal diffusion of bribery, and the strengthening of all manner of corrupt influence? The Charles-street people may not have deserved notice in the historical summary; but, at least, the doings of these public robbers might have had a place in the "Notabilia," with as much propriety as the tricks of private rogues. —By the way, the Editor ought not hereafter to permit so many trifling events to

appear in these "Notabilia." Take the following example; it is, to be sure, one of the strongest:—"October 31.—A fine dray horse, belonging to Messrs Reid and Co., drawing a butt of beer out of the cellar of a public house in High-street, Marylebone, fell back into the cellar, a depth of eighteen feet, and was so much injured by the fall, that it died in a few minutes"—p. 363.—There is a collection of public documents, lists, tables, &c. which will be useful. We direct especial notice to the list of pensioners in 1831, enjoying pensions of £1000 and upwards. A list of the division in the House of Peers on the Reform Bill would not have been misplaced.

Practical View of Ireland from the Period of the Union; with Plans for the Permanent Relief of the Poor, and the Improvement of her Municipal Organization. By JAMES BUTLER BRYAN. Dublin: W. F. Wakeman.

Mr. BRYAN starts with the declaration that the "Regeneration of Ireland evidently depends upon the *just* application of the science of *social economy*." He has not however shewn himself adequate to this delicate task, either in his acquaintance with the principles of that science, or with the exact circumstances of the society to which he seeks to apply them. His book is loose, rambling, and declamatory. It affords sufficient ground to doubt a man's knowledge of any science when he abandons argument for appeals to the feelings. We can place little reliance upon assertions guaranteed by such a reference as—"an eminent stock-broker in Dublin informs me," and yet this, or something equivalent, is frequently Mr. Butler's only authority. In short, our objections to his book are:—That he has told us nothing about Ireland we did not know before; that he has suggested no remedies for her ills that have not often been discussed; that he has brought forward no new argument in their favour.—Some facts, however, which he states, remind us of what cannot be too often repeated:—1st, There are no poor laws in Ireland, and consequently the proprietors have no interest in seeing that their land is not overstocked; and England and Scotland are turned into poor-houses for maintaining the redundant pauperism of Ireland. 2d, Under the present wretched system, the Irish peasant is continually on the brink of starvation; the marked increase of disease in Ireland of late years is in a great measure the consequence of inanition. 3d, The Irish are burdened with a heavy taxation for the payment of an alien priesthood. The Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland is of no direct use; for the majority of the people dare not listen to its doctrines. It is of no indirect use in the support of morality in any higher degree than the Romish Church. The morals of both are the same, although their faith may differ. 4th, The judicial system of Ireland is so burdened with incompatible legislative and executive functions, that the temptation to jobbing is not only held out to, but pressed upon its officers. 5th, There is very inadequate provision made for the protection of personal freedom. In the year 1828, the number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales was 16,564: the number not prosecuted, or against whom no bills were found, was 1,627, about one-tenth of the whole number. The number of persons committed for trial in Ireland during the same year was 14,683: the number not prosecuted, or against whom no bills were found, was 3,169, considerably more than one-fifth.—With a population thus plundered, famished, and unprotected by the law, need we wonder that the landed proprietors of Ireland hold their domains solely by the tenure of British bayonets?

Historical Researches into the Politics, Intercourse, and Trade of the Carthaginians, Ethiopians, and Egyptians. By A. H. L. HEEREN, translated from the German. Two volumes 8vo. Oxford: D. A. Talboys.

THIS is an ably executed translation of a portion of Heeren's voluminous publications on the statistics of the ancients.—The portion of this work which the author has devoted to Egypt and Ethiopia consists principally of a *precis* of the monuments these nations have left behind them; and an attempt to infer from their nature, and from the few meagre traditions which classical authors have preserved, the institutions and moral and intellectual development of the people who executed them. The commercial details are brief and unsatisfactory, confined to an enumeration of the principal articles, and a sketch of the high roads of Egyptian and Ethiopian trade.—The essay on Carthage is much more complete and satisfactory. Strange that we should know so much of the domestic economy of a people, whose very language has so completely perished, that we can but vaguely guess at the great family to which it belonged!—The Carthaginian state in its principles much resembled that of Rome. The power was vested in the inhabitants of the principal

city; to which the other towns of the empire owed a more or less implicit obedience.—That portion of northern Africa, bounded on the south by the lesser Syrtis and Lake Loudeah,—on the east and north, by the Mediterranean, and having an indefinite boundary to the west, was densely peopled and highly cultivated. The Balearian Islands, Sardinia, and Malta, the west of Sicily, and the southern parts of Corsica, were subject to Carthage. She had frequent factories along the coast of Africa to the Strait of Gibraltar, and along the coast of Spain.—The land commerce of Carthage extended eastward through the desert to Egypt, and possibly southward to the Niger; her maritime commerce over the whole Mediterranean, beyond the Straits, southward along the coast of Africa, northward to the Scilly Isles.—Her war-fleets were more numerous, her vessels of greater bulk, and better appointed than those of any other nation. In addition to her own citizens, she could, by her wealth, command the warlike services of the numerous barbarian tribes in the neighbourhood of her settlements.—At the time she thus flourished, the only other nations of any consequence upon the waters of the inland basin, terminating on the west at the Strait of Gibraltar, on the east at the double Strait between Tunis and Sicily (which is commanded by Malta,) and between that island and Calabria, were the Romans, Etrurians, and Massilians. The Romans had as yet no fleet; the other two were comparatively limited in their extent of territory and other resources. Under these circumstances, the vain dream of appropriating all the shores of a sea, and by that means the waters themselves, whose exits and entrances admitted of being so easily guarded, was any thing but unnatural. But Carthaginian greatness was held together by a rope of sand and not calculated to endure. Power, even when concentrated in one person, is uncertain; how much more so when it is the common property of a large multitude, whose respective rights and relations are undefined? That state alone can endure, whose institutions, giving to *every* citizen a share in their establishment, give him a pride and interest in their perpetuation. Carthage was weakened by internal dissension; and fell before the Romans. The disease was natural and necessary; the conquerors were accidental—had they not effected her overthrow, some other people must have done it.—Carthage has left us no trace of her language; but translations of two commercial treaties—of the narrative of one sea voyage, and of the fragments of a work upon husbandry have come down to us.

Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery; illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co.

THE author of this memoir, Mr. Biddle, an American, has rendered essential service to the early history of his native continent, by ascertaining, with more accuracy than any former writer, the precise date of its discovery, and the extent and locality of the investigations made by its first discoverer. His tone is triumphant and sarcastic, but really his forerunners have given him some cause. —Sebastian Cabot was the son of John Cabot, a Venetian merchant, resident in England. He was long supposed to have been a native of Venice; but Richard Eden says, in his "Decades of the New World,—'Sebastian Cabote tould me that he was borne in Brystowe, and that at iiii (four) yeare ould, he was carried with his father to Venice, and so returned agayne into England, with his father, after certayne years, whereby he was thought to have been born in Venice.'" He came back to England in childhood —"*pene infans*;" and there remained, till he reached man's estate.—Lewis Sebastian, and Sancius Cabot, with their father, were the first, after Columbus, to project a voyage to India, by a north-westerly route; and their scheme was approved of, and put into execution under the patronage of Henry VII. Their first patent, is dated the 5th of March, 1496. They were thereby authorized "to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which, before this time, have been unknown to all Christians." A fifth of the profits of the enterprise was reserved to the King; and the exclusive resort and traffic assigned to the patentees. The expedition sailed from Bristol, in May 1497, under the command of Sebastian; and we learn from an ancient Bristol manuscript, that, "In the year 1497, the 24th June, on St. John's day, was Newfoundland found by Bristol men, in a ship called the *Mathew*." Having reached latitude 67 and a-half, Cabot bent his course southward, coasting along the continent of Labrador, until he came to a latitude corresponding with that of the Straits of Gibraltar. According to Peter Martyr, "*ad occidentem profectus tantum est,*

ut Cubam insulam a laeva longitudine graduum pene parem habuerit." But here he was compelled to abandon farther pursuit, and for want of provisions, return to England.—These facts are now, for the first time, ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, by the discovery of the second patent in the Rolls' Chapel. This document empowers John Kabotta to take at pleasure six English ships, and "them convey and lede to the Londe and Isles *of late found*, by the same John, in our name, and by our commandemente." Ignorance of the existence of this document has kept geographers in the dark regarding the results of the first voyage of Sebastian Cabot, and led them to assign the merit of the discovery to the father in place of the son. Mr. Biddle has completely established the claims of the latter. The patents were conferred upon the father as the responsible undertaker of the enterprise; but it is doubtful, if he even accompanied the expedition. To Sebastian Cabot belongs the honour of having twice reached America, and commenced his *third* voyage from England, when Amerigo Vespucci crossed the Atlantic for the *first* time. And, yet, remarks Mr. Biddle, "while the name of the one overspreads the New World, no bay, cape, or headland recalls the memory of the other."—Regarding Sebastian's second expedition, we only know, from Eden, that he "directed his course by the tracte of Islande uppon the Cape of Labrador, at lviii degrees; affirmynge that, in the monethe of July, there was such could and heapes of ise, that he durst pass no further;" and that, "consyderynge the could and the strangeness of the unknown lande, he turned his course from thense to the west, plowyeng the coast of the land of Baccalaos, unto the xxxviii degrees, from whence he returned to Englande." Cabot made several subsequent voyages to North and South America; filled, at one time, the office of pilot-major in Spain; and, latterly, returning to England, influenced, by his wisdom and experience, various maritime expeditions, from which the greatest commercial advantages resulted to his native country. —Independently of the learning and industry shewn in this volume—throwing light upon many important questions in the history of maritime discovery—its author is entitled to our liveliest gratitude for rescuing from obscurity the too long neglected records of a man, who, in the words of his biographer, "ended, as he began, his career in the service of his native country, infusing into her marine, a spirit of lofty enterprise—a high moral tone—a system of mild, but inflexible discipline, of which the results were, not long after, so conspicuously displayed."

On Financial Reform. By SIR HENRY PARNELL, Bart. M.P. Fourth edition. London: John Murray.

THE laconic preface to this edition contains the history of the practical advance of the principles inculcated in the work. —The increasing contempt for the old fallacy, that trade can be advantageously regulated by taxation, is most gratifying. Since 1831, the duties on leather, printed calicoes, coals, and slates, have been repealed; those on Barilla and French wines reduced. A commission has been appointed to suggest improvements on the mode of public accounts; of this measure, Dr. Bowring's report of the Commissioners on the Exchequer are the fruits. An inquiry has been instituted at Paris by the French and British governments, respecting the best means of removing the restrictions which fetter the commerce of the two nations. Conventions have been held in America:—one by the friends of free-trade at Philadelphia; another by its opponents at New York. Both have published able arguments in defence of their respective views. Meanwhile the State of New York has declared for Free Trade. If these three great nations succeed in freeing themselves from old and illiberal prejudices, the world must follow in their wake. Sir Henry justly remarks, that at home two great objects yet remain to be accomplished:—1*st*, The reformation of our colonial system relative to trade and finance; 2*d*, A *large* reduction of national expenditure. Whenever one or the other is accomplished, he may cherish the proud reflection that he has been one of their ablest, most honest, and most indefatigable advocates.

British America. By JOHN M'GREGOR, Esq. In two vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Blackwood.

MAKING allowance for two or three obsolete whimsies respecting colonial systems, and the advantage of restrictions on trade, we have found Mr. M'Gregor a sensible and intelligent man. Even after the works of Bouchette on the Canadas, and Haliburton on Nova Scotia, he may be read with advantage. Although by no means equally important with the works of these gentlemen, his book does at times serve to clear up some points they have left in doubt. But his most valuable contribution to the statistics of our trans-Atlantic settlements is the account of the island of Newfoundland—concerning which, we seem in this country per-

fectly in the dark.—Newfoundland extends nearly acrosss the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; between 46° and 51° of north latitude; and 52° and 59° of West longitude. Its form is triangular, the line of southern coast forming the base, and the northern extremity the apex. Mr. M'Gregor nowhere states the amount of population; but the census of 1827 gave 36,000, and Bouchette estimated it in 1831, at 75,000. These settlers are all located on the coast. The interior is scarcely known, but from two journies by an enterprising gentleman of the name of Cormack. In 1822, he accomplished a pedestrian excursion across the southern and broadest extremity of the island, from Trinity bay on the east to St. George's on the west. The general character of the surface was a succes ion of lakes, rocks, marshes, and scrubby trees. Granite prevailed every-where. He met indications of iron, and found coal. The eastern half of the interior is low and picturesque; to the westward it is rugged and mountainous, with little wood. The mountains are seldom in ridges. There are large tracts of peat marsh. Mr. Cormack was of opinion that bridle roads might easily be made in the interior. In October 1827, Mr. Cormack departing from the Bay of Exploits in lat. 49° N. crossed to Red Indian Lake about the same latitude, in the centre of the island, and returned to the point, whence he started, by the river which carries off the waters of that basin—a circuit of 220 miles. The country was found to be for the most part low and marshy, with hills to the north and to the west. The principal part of the settlers in Newfoundland inhabit the peninsula of Avalon, which is almost divided from the mainland, into two parallel islands by the bays of Trinity and Conception; which, indenting the east side of the island, almost meet those of Placentia and St. Mary, entering from the south. Scattered settlements extend along the east coast to Twilingate in 50° north latitude; and all along the south coast. St. John's town, the capital, has a population fluctuating between 10,000 and 15,000. For the last three years Newfoundland has exported on an average, fish, oils, and furs, annually, to the value of L.494,000. She maintains, beside her trade with the mother country, a lively intercourse with our West Indian settlements, and with Prince Edward's Island: exchanging her fish with the former for colonial produce; and her surplus importations with the latter for grain, cattle, lumber, &c. The fisheries on their own coast and that of Labrador, and the seal-fishing occupy the greater part, of the inhabitants. The prosperity of Newfoundland has been materially impeded by the want of a local legislature—which we trust a popular government at home will soon see the justice and expediency of conceding.

Journal of a Tour in the State of New-York, in the year 1830; *with Remarks on Agriculture, in those places most favourable for Settlers.* By JOHN FOWLER. London: Whittaker, Treacher, and Arnot.

Mr. Fowler deserves great credit for preserving his temper, and writing about the portion of America he has visited in such a liberal spirit, for he was literally hunted from New York up the Hudson to Albany, and thence the whole length of the Erie canal to Buffalo, by relays of bugs. His descriptions are most graphic, and shew that he *felt* his subject, but (unlike some other travellers) he does not confound the inhabitants with the vermin of some of their inns, and vituperate the former for the injuries inflicted on him by the latter.—His book contains much valuable information for intending agricultural emigrants. The most northern point of the State of New York, is situated in lat. 45° north. It extends from north to south, 304 miles, and from east to west, 316 exclusive of Long Island. Its area, exclusive of all large waters, is computed to be 27,656,960 acres; its population 2,000,000 exclusive of foreigners not naturalized. The State is intersected by the Hudson, navigable from the city of New-York to Albany; by the Champlain canal and lake, from that town to the British frontiers in lat. 45° north; from the same central point westward, by the Erie canal to Buffalo. The great mass of the population is concentrated along these lines of water communication. The points of commercial intercourse are New York, the port of the state: Albany, the centre of internal communication; and Buffalo on Lake Erie, rising into importance. The Commerce of the City of New York exceeds that of any other in the United States, and is perhaps only second to London and Liverpool in the commercial world. Silver is the legal tender. The State monies are dollars (4s. 6d. E. at par.) and cents (hundredth parts.) There are numerous banking establishments throughout the State, which issue notes from a large amount down to five dollars. Legal interest is seven per cent., but more may be obtained. The manufactures of the State are thriving, and on the increase, but do not yet vie with those of the Eastern States.—Mr.

Fowler is most minute and particular in his details of the agricultural statistics of the places he visited.—Long Island, 115 miles long, 20 broad, and divided into three counties, has good soil on the north coast, extending from the western extremity about thirty miles to the eastward. On the south the soil is sandy—in some places not worth cultivating; to the east it is chiefly pine-barren. Indian corn is the staple produce, yielding 25 to 50 bushels (of 56 lbs.) per acre, and worth from 50 to 60 cents per bushel. Hay, (chiefly of artificial grasses,) 30 to 40 cwt. per acre; price 8 to 10 dollars per ton. Horses for farming cost from 60 to 75 dollars; milch cows from 15 to 40. There is a great deal of fruit grown, and it pays well. There is plenty of marine vegetable manure. The most general fencing is stone walls, which cost 125 cents the rood. Farming men get 8 to 12 dollars per month, board wages, for eight months of the year; women 5 per month for the whole year round. The roads are good, though sandy; repairing them costs each farmer 5 or 6 dollars per annum for every hundred acres he occupies. The communication with New York is ready and cheap. In 1830, a farm of 200 acres with a superior house, good farm-house, and excellent outhouses, well fenced and in high cultivation sold for 30,000 dollars. Long Island is better fitted for an opulent farmer than for one of limited means.—In the neighbourhood of Utica, on the Erie canal, the soil is fully as well adapted for grazing as for raising crops. Woodland is fully as valuable as cleared. Farms in the vicinity of the canal are valued at from 25 to 50 dollars per acre—the wild land, ten miles from it, sells at from 5 to 10. Not enough of land is rented to establish a rate of rental, but it may be stated at from 1 to 1½ dollars per acre. It is held almost invariably by the year. The *share*, or *halving* system is prevalent—the farmer finding the seed and teams, doing the whole work, and dividing the produce with the landlord. Wheat produces from 12 to 35 bushels per acre; Indian corn from 15 to 50. The price of the former averages 1 dollar for 60 lbs.; of the latter 56 cents for 58 lbs. Hay returns from 20 to 60 cwt. per acre; and sells at 5 dollars per ton. The value of horses and cows is much the same as in Long Island. Manure is too much neglected. The usual fences, (*worm*, or crooked rail fences), cost 50 cents per rod. The roads are repaired by a levy on the farmers, and a poll tax of a day's work on every capable man in the parish. Labourers' wages vary from 5 to 12 dollars per month exclusive of board.—These two points may serve to give a general idea of the state of the agricultural interest in New York.—Internal communication throughout the upper part of the State is much facilitated by branch canals. The slovenly manner in which the roads are necessarily laid out in the less peopled districts render the dust an intolerable nuisance during the dry months. Cloathing is somewhat dearer than in England, food much cheaper. Fever and ague prevail to a considerable extent in the upper country; and are imagined to be most prevalent where the water is bad. The city of New York is at intervals subject to extraordinary mortalities. Crimes against property are most frequent at New York and Albany; they are rather on the increase.—These seem the most important particulars reported by Mr. Fowler. The following passage we quote for the satisfaction of Captain Basil Hall:—"On all occasions the utmost deference and most respectful attention is ever paid to the ladies."

BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., ***late of Bristol, and Sketches of his Sermons, preached at Cambridge, prior to*** 1806. By JOHN GREENE, formerly resident at Cambridge. London: Westley and Davis.

THIS is a specimen of the most pleasing kind of biography—the reminiscences of an attached friend. With the genius of Hall every body was acquainted; but here we have him in his native, simple, homely, hearty character, a fine example of the dissenting clergymen of England—a body of men who have done more to bring knowledge temporal and eternal, home to the bosoms of the community, and to keep alive the flame of civil and religious liberty, than any other in the state. The day is approaching when the nation must judge between a lordly establishment and those who have in reality broke the bread of life to the people; and that it may come well prepared to judgment, we recommend the earnest perusal of the "Memoirs of Calamy," the "Correspondence of Doddridge," and these "Reminiscences of Robert Hall." We are proud to do justice to the splendid talents, and truly Christian spirit of many members of the English establishment, and we are no bigots in regard to forms and ceremonies; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, while our rich endowments have proved hot-beds of all corruption and worldly-mindedness, the dissenters of

England, rivalling the holders of fat livings in genius and learning, have left them far behind in their cultivation of the Christian graces.

Memoirs of great Commanders. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In Three Vols. London: Colburn and Bentley.

A SELECTION of well-conceived and beautifully narrated biographies—the produce of the leisure hours of a man of genius. We are, however, utterly unable to account for bigotry evinced by Mr. James in the life of Oliver Cromwell. Had that great man reigned "by divine right," and been really guilty of all he is here charged with, his biographer would have found apologies in plenty. It would seem as if superior minds, when they addict themselves to wallowing in the quagmire of superannuated prejudice, have a power of immersing themselves more completely than their neighbours.

The Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. HENRY STIBBING. Second Edition. Three Volumes. London: Edward Bull.

To have a second edition called for is a compliment richly merited by these elegant memoirs. The author announces a volume of illustrative translations from the most esteemed portions of the minor poetry of Italy.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XXVIII. *British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. London: John Murray.

THIS number contains, among others, the life of the most eminent of the Scottish painters.—In the life of Jameson, (the Scottish Vandyke,) the author takes a brief retrospect of the history of art, at a period when our national chronicles of even political transactions, are obscure. The sketch is curious and interesting.—The lives of Ramsay, Runciman, and Raeburn are barren in incident; but Mr. Cunningham's estimate of their power is uniformly correct.—By far the best-written memoir in the volume is that of Ramsay, who, in the opinion of Flaxman, was the first of English painters for poetic dignity of conception. The enthusiasm, application, and extreme sensitiveness of this son of genius, and the gradual "darkening down" of his excited spirit to a state of mental imbecility, are forcibly and feelingly delineated.—The biography of Copley, an artist of considerable celebrity, and father to the present Lord Lyndhurst, is given to the world, for the first time, in this volume.

Histoire de Napoleon Bonaparte, a' l'usage des Ecoles. Par L. A. J. MORDACQUE. A Londres: Porque. & Co.

IN this work, the author has confined himself to the simple narrative of Napoleon's life. It is written, in a plain, perspicuous style, and from the fascinating and instructive nature of the subject, is well adapted *pour la jeunesse.*

POETRY.

The Summer Fête. A Poem, with Songs. By T. MOORE. London: Power.

AFTER all, Mr. Moore is the only person alive who can parody Mr. Moore's poetry. His ode to "The Fair Pugilist," with its attendant note, in the "Memorial to Congress," is worth all that the small wits of the day put together have given us, and takes most provokingly the joke out of their mouths. In the same manner any person stumbling upon the following passage, might hesitate whether to attribute it to the grand and serious of "Lalla Rookh," or to the levity of "The Summer Fête."

> How gay ——
> Shone out the high-born knights and dames,
> Now grouped around that festal board;
> A living mass of plumes and flowers,
> As they had robbed both birds and bowers—
> A peopled rainbow, swarming through
> With habitants of every hue.

We doubt, however, whether the poet has this time been happy in the selection of his subject. It is so flimsy that any attempt, by dint of *persiflage*, to make it look more so, is seeking to "gild refined gold." The songs, we suppose, always excepting that of the Greek Mariners, are really those sung on the occasion the poem is meant to celebrate, which accounts for their dulness. The poem itself, however, shews that the light grace of Moore's fancy is yet undimmed by time. There are passages well entitled to stand beside the picture of the Marchesa:—

> "All gentle and juvenile, curly and gay,
> In the manner of Ackermann's dresses for May."

Who that has ever had his ears subjected to the painful process, but must admit the full justice of this remark:—

> —— That most painful process tuning,—
> That process which must oft have given
> Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound,
> So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
> He specifies "harps ever tuned."†

The description of the motley group assembled at the Fête is Moore all over:

> Accordingly with gay Sultanas,
> Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—

† ——Their golden harps they took—
Harps ever tuned.
Paradise Lost, Book 3.

Circassian slaves, whom Love would pay
Half his maternal realms to ransom;—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay
In looking most profanely handsome;—
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the Arcadian shades,
And fortune-tellers—rich, 'twas plain,
For fortune-*hunters* formed their train.

The grave astonishment of Father Thames

To find
Such doings on his moral tide—

is exquisite. We must protest, however, against the unconscionable quantity of champagne that Mr. Moore pours into his ladies. The music seems to have been composed under the soporific influence of the words.

NOVELS AND PROSE FICTION.

My Old Portfolio; or, Tales and Sketches. By HENRY GLASSFORD BELL. London: Smith and Elder.

THIS little book convinces us that its author is a man of genius in the strict acceptation of the term. There are passages in the volume of intense and commanding passion,—there are passages full of the most delicate and acute sense of the beauties of nature,—and (most decided proof of all,) there are passages of rich racy humour, in which the author shews himself able to control the whirl of his emotions, and smile as he recollects, whither he is allowing himself to be hurried away. This last we hold to be the surest proof of our position. A man may have a forgetive fancy, and yet produce nothing but abortions. A man may have glowing passion, yet melt with his own fires. But when intellect is added to both in such proportion, that he can feel whither the others, if uncontroled, would hurry him,---and, instead of becoming their slave, transform them into his instruments,—then is he possessed of real genius, capable of producing something that will live. In Mr. Bell's "Harry Pemberton," we find passionate power; in his "Summer Thoughts and Rambles," "Fruits in their Seasons," a fine fresh feeling of nature; in his "Mynheer von Wodenblock," "Rise and Progress of a Small Volume of Poems, with some Account of their Decline and Fall," "The Living Mummy and the Leyden Professor," and "Love on the Clyde," original, daring, and felicitous humour. We might point out what seem to us faults in some of the more ambitious sketches, but it is not worth while, for we know the next will be better. We say this, notwithstanding Mr. Bell's solemn vow, "to be occupied for some years to come with studies of an abstract and severer nature." We know that he could as soon cease to breathe as abandon his loved employment. This, however, we will say for him, try what course in life he will, he has that in him which must command success.

Orcadian Sketches; Legendary and Lyrical Pieces. By DAVID VEDDER. Edinburgh: William Tait.

THERE is a frank, hearty, manly power in Mr. Vedder's sketches that fairly takes us by storm. With Orkney, we have hitherto been acquainted, chiefly through the instrumentality of Malcolm, and beautifully does he paint it in summer loveliness, and delightfully reflect in the mirror of his own gentle mind, the quaint manners of its inhabitants. Mr. Vedder, we suspect, however, has given us a more correct picture,—it smacks of the roughness and asperity of the reality. The Laird o' Yarpha and Magnus Halero are pictures, of which the subject belongs to the Dutch school, while the execution has much of the savage daring of Rosa. There is also a fine specimen of the last of the feudal lairds,—the vermin seem to have been game to the backbone. Like the Norway rat, they bite in the last agony. The Nautical Reminiscences are spirited, but too abrupt, as if the author's materials for spinning his yarn had been rather scanty. "My Native Parish," is a fine picture of "the march of mind." There is much that is worthy of praise in the verses at the end of the volume. Some of his songs are truly excellent, and shew that the tail of the mantle of Burns, and Ramsay, has descended upon Vedder.

MUSIC.

INTRODUCTORY.

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the modern history of music, is the gradual assimilation of the three great schools of this art. Looking only a few years back, we find certain distinctive systems of musical composition invariably pursued by the Italian, German, and French composers. In the Italian School, music relied for effect on the most obvious modulations, the simplest progressions, and harmonic arrangement. The French aspired to revolutionize the science, and employ the powers of music in the excitation of lofty and sublime emotions. The resources of art were made subservient to declamatory passion. What seemed mere pastime to the Italians

and French, the Germans made matter of grave and laborious investigation. Hence resulted those profound revelations of harmony, which the master-spirits of that country introduced with such extraordinary effect both into their operatic and instrumental compositions.—The present reigning style of musical composition in these countries, partakes largely of the characteristics of the three great schools blended together. The Germans have departed from the severity of science; and, adopting the simple elegance of the Italians, combine intellectual melody with rich and masterly instrumentation. The Italians, whilst they have preserved their fine fluency of expressive melody, avail themselves so freely of the results of German research, that their music is daily assuming more and more of a scientific and elaborate character. The French adhere no longer on their stilted ideas of unities and declamation. Their composers have found an easy access to the lively national sensibility, by uniting the graces of melody and harmony, and retaining only a spice of the old predilection for noisy and ostentations brilliancy. Every thing denotes an amalgamation of national characteristics, and the rapid formation of a standard of excellence amongst the three European nations, where music has been fostered into its present flourishing condition. Nor are our remarks applicable to operatic music only. The same influences have been at work in instrumental productions.—In England, for lack of home product, foreign music continues to be extensively imported. But although this country can boast of no character by which the musical merits of her composers are recognised abroad, a general appreciation of the best description of art is becoming so prevalent, that we are confident of its ripening, at no distant period, into results that will redound to her fair fame.—We intend to keep an eye upon the progress of musical art, and give a monthly digest of whatever is deemed worthy of notice, at home and abroad. We open our record with rather a paucity of materials, few musical matters of immediate interest occupying attention. In London, the great theatres are possessed with devils; and poor MAYERBEER appears to be getting scanty justice in the fangs of his tormentors. Neither of the houses have the original score, which is kept, *in retentis*, by MONCK MASON, the now opera-house lessee, and purchaser of the work. The drama is, therefore, brought out under manifold disadvantages; and it is deplorable that so great a work should be sacrificed to the cupidity of theatrical management. *Robert le Diable* was written for the grand French opera, and is unquestionably the greatest novelty of the musical age. The composer felt he was about to enter a field, where the most illustrious of his predecessors had gloried to excel; and he was ambitious to be classed and remembered with GLUCK, PICCINI, CHERUBINI, and ROSSINI. The opera proved successful. The most fastidious pronounced it a remarkable production in the history of the art. The subject is truly one of admirable adaptability for dramatic effect; the *Libretto*, by SCRIBE, and GERMAIN DE LAVIGNE, possessing all the elements of a musical drama, replete with passion. We cannot but notice its extraordinary varieties of style. The introduction is descriptive of the fierce and indomitable military spirit of the eleventh century. The second act represents the elegance and refinement of the inmates of a palace. In the third, the spectator is introduced into the company of demons and spectres, where the ear is astounded with mysterious effects, produced by novel means. The fourth act is all passion; and the fifth is solemn and religious.—BELLINI is now the favourite in Italy.—His operas of *Il Pirata*, *la Straniera*, and *la Somnambula*, have had decided success. The style of this author is pure and original—his melody is graceful; but his phrases are rather abrupt for the development and expression of fine ideas. His last opera, *Norma*, has not, we understand, been successful at Milan. A new opera by MERCADANTE, *I Normanni a Parigi*, has produced *furore* at Turin. The music is well spoken of; and must be good, seeing that its representation, occupying four hours, has been repeatedly called for. In Germany we hear of no late novelties of much consequence.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Etudes Preparatoires; and Etudes Specials, pour le Piano. Par CHARLES CHAULIEU.—London: COCKS & Co.

THE author of these studies says, that "*Moscheles*, *Kalkbrenner*, *Herz*, and *Bertini*, have powerfully contributed to complete the musical revolution begun by *Cramer* and *Clementi*." Does M. Chaulieu really mean to say that *Cramer* and *Clementi* have only *begun* a course of study for the pianoforte, which has been completed by *Moscheles*, &c.? If so, we beg to tell him, that the courses of study by *Cramer* and *Clementi* have

never been equalled for completeness. If the pupil has *Cramer's* useful extracts, preparatory exercises, diversions, two books of studies, and "*Clementi's Gradus ad Parnassum*," we cannot, for the soul of us, see where "the evident chasm" exists, which M. Chaulieu seems to think "was left to fill up." Independently of these considerations, we are inclined to think his studies are not calculated to be greatly serviceable or beneficial to the student. He seems to have been much at a loss for matter to fill up the second book; for the last twenty-one pages consist of exercises all in the same time and style. The work is beautifully got up.

Songs. By the CHEVALIER SIGISMOND NEUKOMM. London: CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE.

THE vocal compositions of Neukomm are so superior in every respect to the ordinary class of English songs, that they may be said to form an era in the musical history of the country. In *Napoleon's Midnight Review*, the imitative and descriptive powers of music are displayed with the utmost ingenuity. The *cantata* commences in a slow march style, where the rolling of the spectre's drum is introduced with consummate skill. The overpowering modulation, where the accompaniment is descriptive of the heroes starting from their graves, is one of those happy efforts, which a first-rate genius and well instructed mind, could alone suggest. The organ suspensions, and the close in the major, are wonderfully effective.—Another of Neukomm's felicitous publications is "THE SEA," a charming song, in quite a different style from the former; and in character so popular, that it will be understood by singers and hearers of every degree. To estimate this song, one must enter into the sensations of the mariner, who has passed his days on the "blue and open sea;" and then he will observe how beautifully every word of the Poet is expressed by every corresponding note of the music. —"WINE," is a fine, bold, exhilarating air, of simple construction, but requiring rather greater compass of voice than most singers possess.—The "LOVE SONG" is a very elegant composition, and in such a familiar style, that any young lady, who professes to sing at all, may, with half an hour's practice, make herself master of it; and we will venture to say, that she never made acquaintance with a prettier little song. There are several other compositions of Neukomm we intended noticing; but which we reserve till a future occasion. In the meantime, we shall be delighted, if, by our influence, the music of this fascinating composer become more universally known and practised. The words are principally by Barry Cornwall.

Lays of BYRON, No. I. "*I would I were a careless child.*" No. II. "*The Maid of Athens.*"—*The poetry selected from his Lordship's works. The music composed by* S. NELSON. London: CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE.

UNDER this title, it is doubtless intended to vocalize such parts of Byron's poetry as are at all adaptable to musical rhythm. The words of No. I. are well calculated for this purpose; and Mr. Nelson's music though not conceived in the best style of expression, is graceful and pleasing. In No. 2, the composer has adopted an uncommon, but, for his theme, not uneffective accent. The air is melodious, and the accompaniments judicious; but the composer's want of power and free expression is still more felt in this, than in the preceding song.

La Clockette Rondoletto Brillant, pour le Pianoforte, sur un motif de Paganini. Par L. NIEDERMEYER. *Paganini's Adieu de Vienne, March and Polonaise, for the Pianoforte.* By G. LICKL. London: BOOSEY and Co.

THE *Campanella* rondo will not be soon forgotten by any one who has heard it. Niedermeyer has made an agreeable pianoforte piece upon it. The March arranged by Lickl is bold and effective, and would of itself entitle Paganini to rank very high as a writer in the best style of classical composition.

Rondo Brillant for the Pianoforte By A. DEVAUX. London: BOOSEY and Co.

THE subject of this rondo is brilliantly wrought up. The piece is however beyond the reach of any but a well advanced player.

La Giraffe. Rondeau Arabe, pour le Pianoforte. Par W. PLACHY. London: BOOSEY and Co.

AN allegro, and a little expressive andantino, introduce the rondo *Giraffe*, which is pleasing, although rather elongated.

Mars and Venus; Quadrilles Favorites pour le Pianoforte, composes et arranges. Par SCHNEITZHOEFFER. London: BOOSEY and Co.

THESE are excellent quadrilles, with flute and violin accompaniments, which are often useful to have at hand.

Ten German Waltzes for the Harp. By HENRY HORN. London: BOOSEY and Co.

A collection of some of the best waltzes by Mozart, Beethoven, and others, arranged in a simple manner for the harp.

J. Johnstone, Printer, 19, St. James' Square.